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# NATIVE LIFE IN EAST AFRICA

THE
RESULTS OF AN ETHNOLOGICAL
RESEARCH EXPEDITION

BY

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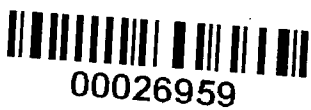

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# Translator's Introduction

THE greater thoroughness and system with which anthropology and the kindred sciences have been cultivated in Germany than in this country, has been repeatedly brought home to us; but in nothing is it more apparent than in the difficulty of finding equivalents for quite elementary technical terms. The distinction between ethnology and ethnography, indeed, is pretty generally recognized, and is explained in works as popular in scope as Professor Keane's *Ethnology* and *Man Past and Present*. But *Völkerkunde*, which includes both these sciences and some others besides, is something which certainly cannot be translated by its etymological equivalent "folk-lore;" and, though the word "prehistoric" is perfectly familiar, we have no such noun as "prehistory," far less a professorship of the same in any university. These remarks are suggested by the fact that Dr. Weule, whose experiences in East Africa are here presented to the English reader, is "Professor of *Völkerkunde und Urgeschichte*" at Leipzig, besides being Director of the Ethnographical Museum in the same city.

Dr. Karl Weule, whose name is less well known in England than in his own country, has in the past devoted himself rather to geography than to ethnography proper. He was a pupil and friend of the late Friedrich Ratzel, whose *History of Mankind* was translated into English some years ago, and whose *Politische Geographie* gave a new direction to the study of that science in its more immediate relation to the historical development of mankind, or what is now called "anthropo-geography." It was Ratzel, too, who suggested to Dr. Helmolt the idea of his *Weltgeschichte*, a comprehensive history of the world, built up out of detached monographs, including three by Dr. Weule, on the historical importance of the three

great oceans. (Only one of these appears in the English edition, with introduction by Professor Bryce, published in 1901). Dr. Weule returned to the same subject in his *History of Geography and Exploration* (*Geschichte der Erdkenntnis und der geographischen Forschung*) and a detached essay, *Das Meer und die Naturvölker* (both published in 1904), with various other monographs of a similar character.

After completing his university studies at Göttingen and Leipzig, Dr. Weule resided from 1891 to 1899 at Berlin, first as a member of the Richthofen Seminary, where his work was more purely geographical, and afterwards as assistant in the African and Oceanian section of the Ethnological Museum. In 1899 he was appointed to the Assistant Directorship of the Leipzig Museum, and at the same time to the chair which he still occupies at that University; and, seven years later, he was entrusted with the research expedition described in the following pages, where its scope and objects are set forth with sufficient clearness to render further reference in this place unnecessary. After his return he was promoted to the appointment he now holds at the Leipzig Museum.

His residence in Africa lasted a little over six months, and the record before us shows that he made good use of his time. Several features in his narrative have the merit of novelty, at least as far as the general reader is concerned; for though the cinematograph and phonograph have been made use of for some time past in the service of anthropology, yet we do not remember to have seen the results of the latter figuring to any great extent in a work of this sort, though Sir Harry Johnston has reproduced one phonographic record of a native air in his *Uganda Protectorate*. (It is very unfortunate that so many of Dr. Weule's cinematograph films proved a disappointment; this instrument is proving one of the most valuable adjuncts to exploration, especially in the case of tribes whose peculiar customs are rapidly passing away before the advance of civilization). Another point which imparts great freshness to Dr. Weule's work is the happy inspiration which led him to collect native drawings; the sketches by his carriers and especially the portrait of the author himself on p. 368 are decided contributions to the gaiety of nations, and strike out a line unworked, so far as I am aware, by previous

travellers. It is a matter of deep and lasting regret to me, personally, that I ever parted with a similar gem of art, picked up at Blantyre, and presumably representing a European engaged in inspecting his coffee plantation.

This whole question of native African art is very interesting. Properly speaking, nothing in the way of indigenous graphic art is known to exist in Africa, outside Egypt and Abyssinia, (if indeed it can be called indigenous in the latter case), except the rock paintings of the Bushmen, which, as is well known, have in some cases attained real excellence. (The best published reproductions up to the present date are contained in the late G. W. Stow's *Native Races of South Africa*.) In South Africa wherever Bantu natives have executed any paintings beyond the simplest geometrical patterns, they are found to have learnt the art from Bushmen. The natives on Mount Mlanje (Nyasaland) decorate their huts with paintings of animals, but these have not yet been sufficiently examined to pronounce on their quality; and, on the other hand, many things render it probable that there is a strong Bushman element in the population of Mlanje (at least in the indigenous Anyanja, who have been only partly displaced by the Yaos). Dr. Weule states that this kind of "fresco" decoration is very common on the Makonde Plateau, but considers that it is entirely on the same level as the drawings of his carriers—*i.e.*, that it shows no artistic aptitude or tradition, and merely consists of scrawls such as those with which innate depravity impels every untaught human being to deface any convenient blank space. The single specimen reproduced in his book is not precisely calculated to refute his theory, yet it is no rougher than some of the cruder Bushmen drawings (which show every conceivable degree of skill and finish); and, if the daubs in question are merely the product of the universal *gamin* instinct, surely, huts having clay walls would everywhere be adorned with animal-paintings, which is by no means the case.

The comparative value of Dr. Weule's various results must be left to the judgment of experts; but it seems safe to assume that he was most successful in what may be called the outside part of his task: in forming a collection and in describing what is visible and tangible in the life and customs of the people. That

he should have failed to penetrate their inner life is scarcely surprising. What does surprise one is that he should have expected to do so at such exceedingly short notice. His disappointment in this respect at Masasi, and subsequently at Chingulungulu, is calculated to provoke a smile, if not "from the sinful," at least from the veteran in African experience. The greater his experience the more is the inquirer inclined to hesitate before putting direct questions even when they cannot be described as "leading"; but Dr. Weule seems to have recognized no other mode of investigation. The wonder is that the elders, officially convened by tuck of drum from village after village and set down to be pumped till both parties were heartily weary of the process, should have told him anything at all—as they undoubtedly did, and much of it, to judge from internal evidence, correct enough. The most sympathetic of travellers does not always find it easy to satisfy his thirst for knowledge, and Dr. Weule's methods, on his own showing, were frequently such that I prefer to withhold any comment.

Dr. Weule devoted a considerable amount of time to the study of the languages spoken in the districts he visited, viz., Makua, Yao, and Makonde; but he does not appear to have published any linguistic documents beyond the songs, etc., given in the present volume. It is not clear whether he was aware of any work previously done in this direction, but he certainly speaks as though he were the first to reduce these idioms to writing, though abundant materials exist in print for the study of Yao, and the late Bishop Maples published a grammatical sketch of Makua which is excellent as far as it goes, not to mention the more recent work of Professor Meinhof. It is also extremely strange that, while insisting on the close relationship between the different languages of the Makonde Plateau, he should have overlooked the curious cleavage between Makua,—which has peculiarities directly connecting it with the distant Sechuana and Sesuto —and its neighbours.

Though the scene of Dr. Weule's labours was repeatedly visited by Europeans, even before the German occupation, not much has been written about it in this country outside the publications of the Universities' Mission. Livingstone

ascended the Rovuma in 1862, to within thirty miles of Ngomano at the Lujende junction; his farthest point being apparently a little higher up than the camp occupied by Dr. Weule in August, 1906. He had hoped to find a navigable waterway to the immediate vicinity of Lake Nyasa; and, in fact, some natives told him that the Rovuma came out of the Lake; but the rapids and rocks made it impossible to take the boats beyond the island of Nyamatolo, which, though not marked on Dr. Weule's map, must be somewhere near the mouth of the Bangala. Most of the names given by Livingstone are difficult to identify on recent maps; but this is not surprising, as native villages are usually known by the name of the chief or headman for the time being. It is true that some of these names are more or less permanent, being official or hereditary designations assumed by every successive functionary; but the population has shifted so much during the last forty years that the old names have been forgotten or transferred to other sites. Thus Mr. H. E. O'Neill, in 1882, found the Yao chief Chimsaka living in the eastern part of the Mavia Plateau a little east of 40° E, having been driven from his former place on the Upper Rovuma, more than two hundred miles to the west, by a raid of the Mangoni (Angoni or Maviti).

The country is still inhabited, as it was in Livingstone's time, by the Makonde, Makua, and Matambwe tribes, with the Wamwera to the north in the hinterland of Lindi, and the Mavia (Mabiha) south of the Rovuma, but they have moved about a good deal within its limits, while the Yaos have penetrated it from the west. The raids of the Angoni or Maviti have also played a great part in these changes. Dr. Weule, as we shall see, made careful inquiries on the subject of these tribal migrations, and the information given to him fits in fairly well with what others have obtained from the Yaos in the Shire Highlands and the Angoni to the west of Lake Nyasa.

Livingstone returned to this region on his last journey, when he landed at Mikindani Bay (March 24, 1866) with those unfortunate camels and buffaloes whose sufferings on the jungle-march made his diary such painful reading. The choice of camels for transport in this country was certainly a mistake;

but a greater mistake—and one which he bitterly regretted—was made in the choice of the men who drove the camels.

On this occasion, Livingstone followed the Rovuma by land as far as Mtarika's (the old village about the Lujende confluence, near Chimsaka's former abode, not the Mtarika's which will be found marked in Dr. Weule's map on the Lujende itself), and struck south-westward in the direction of the Lake, which he reached, near the mouth of the Mtsinje, on the 8th of August. The route followed some years previously by Dr. Roscher, who made his way from Kilwa to Lake Nyasa, sighting it November 24, 1859, a few weeks after its discovery by Livingstone, lies somewhat to the north-west of the country dealt with in this book, and nowhere touches the scene of Dr. Weule's travels.

In 1875, the late Bishop Steere followed in Livingstone's tracks, starting from Lindi on the first of November, and reaching Mwembe (Mataka's village) in a little over five weeks. This was the first of a series of remarkable journeys accomplished by members of the Universities' Mission, of which we need here only mention that of the Rev. W. P. (now Archdeacon) Johnson and the late Rev. C. A. Janson in 1882. The station of Masasi was founded in 1876, and that of Newala in 1882; the buildings of the former were nearly all destroyed in the "Majimaji" rising of 1906, shortly before Dr. Weule's visit, and are only now in process of reconstruction.

The Rovuma valley was further explored in 1882, by the late Joseph Thomson, whom the Sultan of Zanzibar had commissioned to examine its mineral resources, with a view to ascertaining if workable coal-seams existed. His report was, on the whole, unfavourable, though a French engineer, M. D'Angelvy, subsequently (in 1884) despatched on a similar errand, came to a different conclusion. The Livingstone expedition had found coal near Lake Chidia, in 1862; but up to the present day it has not been utilized.

Mr. H. E. O'Neill, when British Consul at Mozambique, did a great deal of exploring, in an unobtrusive way, between the coast and Lake Nyasa, and, in 1882 examined the country inland from Tungi Bay, and south of the Rovuma, being the first European to penetrate the Mavia Plateau and come in contact with that tribe who enjoyed among their neighbours

the reputation of being "so fierce and inhospitable that no one dares to pass through their country." This exclusiveness Mr. O'Neill found to be largely if not entirely the result of the persecution the Mavia had undergone at the hands of stronger tribes, particularly the Yaos, incited by coast slave-traders. They were unwilling to guide him to their villages, and took him there by night so that he might be the less likely to find his way there a second time; but, "when once their natural suspicions were allayed and confidence established, they were hospitable and generous, and showed neither distrust nor reserve. Indeed, they seemed to me to be a particularly simple-minded, harmless folk." Men, as well as women, wear the pelele, or lip ring, as mentioned by Dr. Weule, who never came across the Mavia for himself. Of their wearing their hair in pig-tails, Mr. O'Neill says nothing—in fact, beyond the pelele, there was little to distinguish them from neighbouring tribes, and he was disposed to consider them a branch of the Makonde. His description of their villages hidden away in the thorny jungle and approached by circuitous paths recalls what Dr. Weule says as to the difficulty of finding the Makonde settlements without a guide. In the course of this journey Mr. O'Neill discovered Lake Lidede, and at one point of his march he looked down on the Rovuma Valley from the edge of the Mavia Plateau at almost the same point as that where Dr. Weule saw it from the opposite escarpment, as described on pp. 343-4. It is interesting to compare the two accounts :— Mr. O'Neill's is to be found in the Proceedings of the R.G.S. for 1882, p. 30.

Mr. J. T. Last, starting from Lindi on the 28th of October, 1885, made his way overland to Blantyre, *via* Newala, Ngomano and the Lujende Valley, in eleven weeks. He remarks on the "desolation of the country which was formerly well populated, as the sites of the old villages show; but now there is not a house to be seen"—through the raids of the Magwangara and others. Lions were as numerous as they appear to have been in 1906, and for a similar reason. One of Mr. Last's carriers was dragged out of the grass shelter where the men were sleeping, thus affording an almost exact parallel to the incident related by Dr. Weule on pp. 394-8.

At this time the country was under the nominal rule of the

Sultan of Zanzibar, who stationed his officials at some of the places near the coast and exercised a somewhat intermittent and uncertain authority over the chiefs in the interior. By the treaty of 1890 the whole of the mainland as far back as Lakes Victoria and Tanganyika, between the Rovuma on the south, and the Umba River on the north, was handed over to Germany, while the protectorate over what remained of the Sultan's dominions (viz., the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba) was taken over by the British Government.

It seems improbable that this immense territory can ever be colonised by Germans in the same way in which Canada and Australia have been colonised by ourselves. There are few if any parts where German peasants and workmen could expect to live, labour, and bring up families. So far as the country has been settled at all, it is on the plantation system: European capitalists cultivating large tracts of land by means of native labour. Some coffee plantations in Usambara are, we understand, flourishing fairly well, though not producing wealth beyond the dreams of avarice; but the system, if it is to be extended to the whole territory, does not augur well for the future. It is not a healthy one for employer or employed; it always tends in the direction of forced labour and more or less disguised slavery; and, in the end, to the creation of a miserable and degraded proletariat. Much more satisfactory is the method to which Dr. Weule extends a somewhat qualified approval (though there can be no doubt that it has his sympathies) of securing to the native his own small holding and buying his produce from him, as has been done, to some extent, with the best results, in our own Gold Coast Colony. Dr. Weule remarks, somewhat naively, that a wholesale immigration from Germany would be interfered with if the native "claimed the best parts of his own country for himself." But surely a *ver sacrum* of the kind contemplated is unthinkable in the case of East Africa.

It is possible that the reader may be somewhat perplexed by Dr. Weule's estimate—or estimates—of the native character. The recurring contradictions apparent in various parts of his book arise from the plan on which it is written. In the original edition, the traveller's narrative takes the form of letters addressed to his wife and friends from the successive stages of

his journey. This form has been dispensed with (beyond the dates at the head of each chapter) in translation,[1] because the personal allusions, in a foreign dress, rather detract from than add to the interest of the narrative, and all the more so, as they are not, in a sense, genuine, but have been added, *après coup*, to impart an air of verisimilitude to the letters. The latter, in fact, were not written from the places at which they are dated, but were put into shape after the author's return to Europe, from notes made on the spot, together with extracts from actual letters, not printed as a whole. This material, in order not to sacrifice the freshness of first impressions, has been used very much as it stood, and it will be noticed that, in many cases, the observations made at different places correct and qualify one another.

I am glad to find that Dr. Weule stands up for the native in respect of the old accusation of laziness. He shows that the people of the Makonde Plateau, at any rate, work pretty hard (in some points, as in their water-carrying, unnecessarily hard) for a living. He also defends them against the charge of improvidence, making it quite plain that they take infinite pains in storing their seed-corn for next season, and that, if they do not save more of their crops against a year of famine, instead of making the surplus into beer, it is because they have, under present circumstances, absolutely no means of keeping them. It is true that, in one passage, he seems to depreciate the industry of native women, by comparison with the work done by German maid-servants and farmers' wives. But he forgets to make allowance for the difference of climate—and, perhaps, one may be permitted to doubt whether any human being really ought to work as hard as most German women do in town or country.

On the whole, Dr. Weule is kindly disposed towards the native. He does not seem entirely to have escaped the danger deprecated on p. 41—at least it strikes one that some of the (doubtless not unmerited) castigations bestowed in the course of his pages might have been dispensed with by the exercise

[1] It must also be added that the text has been handled somewhat freely, and many passages eliminated, not because they were in themselves objectionable, but because they added nothing important to the narrative, and fell intolerably flat in translation.

of a little more patience and tact; but he remained throughout on the best of terms with his carriers, and appears to have parted from Moritz, Kibwana and Omari, in spite of the trials to which they had subjected him in the exercise of their several functions, with no ill-feeling on either side. More than once he bears testimony to the uniform good manners of the people whose villages he visited, and to their homely virtues—their unfailing cheerfulness, their family affection, and their respect for parents. At the same time, he relates various incidents calculated to leave a less pleasant impression, though it must be remembered that the proportion they bear to the whole of native life is probably less than that borne by the criminal cases reported in our newspapers to the daily life and conduct of our population in general. Dr. Weule's stay in Africa was surely long enough for him to see that the Bantu native is not in general bloodthirsty or ferocious; that, on the contrary, when not maddened by terror or resentment, he is gentle, reasonable, and even somewhat lacking in vindictiveness compared with other races. Yet, in the scientific report on the expedition (a publication several times alluded to in the course of the work before us) the author is, it seems to me, guilty of a grave injustice.

The reader will note that, on his return to the coast (see pp. 27-9), he spent some time in studying the records of the Criminal Court at Lindi, though he does not here tell us anything about the results of his examination. Now these records certainly afford valuable material for the study of social conditions; but they should be used with discrimination. Dr. Weule does not give what is of the very first importance, the number of criminal cases and their proportion to the population, especially as the serious cases, which are brought for trial to Lindi, represent the whole of an extensive province. But he mentions two atrocities as a proof of the ignorance shown by certain German newspapers, which "during the last two years have thought it necessary to insist, over and over again, on the noble traits in the negro character," and of the "predominance of low instincts in those sons of untamed nature" who have "an innate disposition to violence." One of the cases in question was that of a woman who killed her own mother by a blow with the pestle used for pounding

corn. But it is hardly fair to place this murder on the same footing as a crime committed out of mere brutal passion: the woman's children had died, and she believed her mother to have caused their death by witchcraft. We know what horrible cruelties this belief has induced people not otherwise depraved to commit: an instance occurred only twelve or thirteen years ago, no further off than Clonmel. The other case, which is certainly revolting enough, was the revenge of a husband on a guilty wife. But both of them together prove absolutely nothing without information which would enable us to see whether they are to be regarded as exceptional, or as in any sense typical. The other incident given by way of proving that violence and brutality are "in the blood" of the native, is that of an unfortunate woman who, unsuspiciously passing through the bush, fell in with a band of *unyago* boys, and was by them seized and put into a slave-stick "out of mere mischief and enjoyment of violence." The comment on this is that, unless the woman had been a stranger from a distance (who, under ordinary circumstances would not be very likely to travel alone), she must have known that there was an *unyago* in the neighbourhood, that if she traversed the bush in that direction she would do so at her peril, and that her trespassing on the forbidden ground was an act of the grossest impropriety combined with sacrilege. As for "delight in violence"—surely that, in one form or another, is an inherent attribute of the "human boy" in every part of the world, above all when he conceives himself to have a legitimate excuse?

The mention of the *unyago* mysteries suggests a subject on which Dr. Weule has obtained fuller information than any previous writer—at any rate on this part of Africa. It is surprising that he should have been able to secure so many photographs of the dances—especially those of the women—but these only constitute the more public part of the ceremonial. As to the instruction given to the younger generation, he does not seem to have got beyond generalities except in the case of the two old men who, when very drunk, began to dictate the actual formula in use, though they did not get to the end of it. Whether any tribal traditions, any myths, embodying the religious ideas of a far distant past, are handed

down along with such practical teaching about life as the elders are able to give, does not appear—but from what we know about other tribes it seems highly probable. Among the Anyanja (Wanyasa) of Lake Nyasa, *e.g.*, a story accounting for the origin of that lake is told. But perhaps many of the Makonde and Makua traditions have by this time been forgotten. It is evident that they have led a very unsettled life for the past forty or fifty years, besides being decimated by the slave-trade. (This circumstance, by the by, should always be remembered in connection with Dr. Weule's pictures of native life, which leave a painfully squalid impression. I am far from wishing to idealize the "state of nature"; but neither the Zulus, nor the Anyanja, nor the Yaos of the Shire Highlands are so ignorant and careless of hygiene or so neglectful of their babies as the poor women of Chingulungulu and Masasi are represented by him to be.)

These "mysteries" are universal—or practically so—among the Bantu tribes of Africa, and no doubt most others as well. Usually they are spoken of as an unmixed evil, which Christian missionaries do all in their power to combat, and some are not backward in calling out for the civil power (in countries under British administration) to put them down. The subject is a difficult and far-reaching one, and cannot adequately be discussed here. My own conviction, which I only give for what it is worth, is that it is a great mistake to interfere with an institution of this sort, unless, perhaps, when the people themselves are ceasing to believe in it, in which case there is danger of its becoming a mere excuse for immorality. Otherwise, even the features which to our feelings seem most revolting are entwined with beliefs rooted in a conception of nature, which only the gradual advance of knowledge can modify or overthrow. And we must remember that the problem which these poor people have tried to solve in their own way is one which presses hardly on civilized nations as well. Parents and teachers have discovered the evil of keeping the young in ignorance, or leaving them to discover for themselves the realities of life; but many of them appear helplessly perplexed as to the best way of imparting that instruction.

As regards missions, Dr. Weule has not very much to say,

but I am sorry to find that he cannot refrain from the cheap sneer about "Christianity not suiting the native," which seems to be fashionable in some quarters. It seems to be a mere *obiter dictum* on his part—perhaps unthinkingly adopted from others—for he brings no arguments in support of his view, beyond remarking that Islam suits the African much better, as it does not interfere with his freedom. But some excuse may be found for those who hold that view in the erroneous conceptions of Christianity which have prompted various mistakes on the part of missionaries. It is quite true that such or such a system of complicated doctrinal belief, the product of long ages and a special environment, may not suit the African. It is also true that, if Christianity means Europeanisation—if it means that the African is to be made over into a bad imitation of an Englishman or German—it is impossible that it should gain any real hold on him. But it is no exaggeration to say that no people on earth are more capable—many are not so capable—of appreciating and acting on the spirit of the Gospel, of simple love and trust in the Eternal Goodness and goodwill towards their fellow-men.

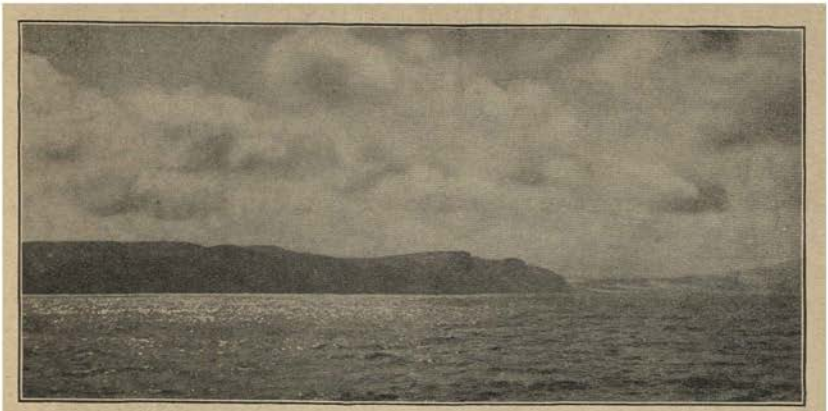
The question is a wide one, which cannot be fully discussed within these limits. Missionaries have often made mistakes and acted injudiciously; they have in some cases done serious harm, not from failure to act up to their principles, but from error in those very principles and a fatal fidelity to them. They may have interfered between chiefs and people, and broken down customs better left alone, or may unwittingly have encouraged the wrong sort of converts by welcoming all and sundry, including fugitives from justice or people discontented with their home surroundings for reasons quite unconnected with high spiritual aspirations. Or again, they may incur blame for the deficiencies of alleged converts who, after honouring the mission with their presence for a time, depart (usually under a cloud) and victimise the first European who can be induced to employ them.

But there is another side to the matter. A man—whether consciously a follower of the Nietzschean doctrine or not—who thinks that "the lower races" exist to supply him with labour on his own terms, is naturally impatient of a religion which upholds the claims of the weak, and recognizes the

status of man as man. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*, in a good many cases. Honestly, I do not think this is Dr. Weule's view. But I cannot quite get rid of the suspicion that he was repeating what he had heard from a planter, and that it was, in strict accuracy, the planter's convenience, and not the native, that Christianity failed to "suit." Anyone who has read a certain pamphlet by Dr. Oetker, or Herr von St. Paul Illaire's *Caveant Consules*, or Herr Woldemar Schütze's *Schwarz gegen Weiss* will not think this remark too strong.

It would be deplorable, indeed, if those writers had to be taken as typifying the spirit of German colonial administration in Africa, or indeed anywhere else. But I do not think we have any right to suppose that this is so. There has been, I think, too much militarism—and very brutal militarism, in some cases—in that administration; but this is an evil which appears to be diminishing. There is a tendency, perhaps, to worry the native with over-minute government regulations, which, no doubt, will as time goes on be corrected by experience. And there is no lack of humane and able rulers who bring to their task the same conscientious, patient labour which their countrymen have bestowed on scientific research; who are trained for their posts with admirable care and thoroughness, and grudge no amount of trouble to understand and do justice to the people under their care. They shall in no wise lose their reward.

A. WERNER.



CAPE GUARDAFUI

# Native Life in East Africa

## CHAPTER I

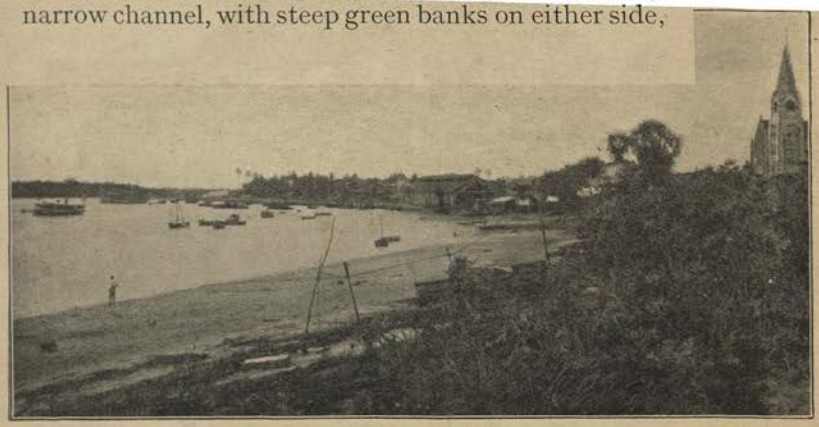
### OUTWARD BOUND

DAR ES SALAM, Whit-Sunday, 1906.

SIX months ago it would not have entered my head in my wildest dreams that I should spend my favourite festival, Whitsuntide, under the shade of African palms. But it is the fact, nevertheless. I have now been two days in the capital of German East Africa, a spot which may well fascinate even older travellers than myself. Not that the scenery is strikingly grand or majestic—on the contrary, lofty mountain-masses and mighty rivers are conspicuous by their absence, and the wide expanse of the open ocean contributes nothing directly to the picture, for Dar es Salam lies inland and has no sea-view worth mentioning. The charm of the landscape lies rather in one of the happiest combinations of flashing waters, bright foliage, and radiant sunshine that can be imagined.

The entrance to the harbour gives to the uninitiated no hint of the beauty to come. A narrow channel, choked with coral

reefs, and, by its abrupt turns, making severe demands on the skill of the pilot, leads to the central point of a shallow bay which seems to have no outlet. Suddenly, however, the vessel glides past this central point into an extraordinarily narrow channel, with steep green banks on either side,



DAR ES SALAM HARBOUR

which opens out, before the traveller has had time to recover from his astonishment, into a wide, glittering expanse, covered with ships. That is the famous bay of Dar es Salam. In presence of the obvious advantages of this locality, one need not have lived for years in the country to understand why the Germans should have been willing to give up the old caravan emporium of Bagamoyo with its open roadstead for this splendid harbour, and thus make the almost unknown native village of Dar es Salam the principal place in the colony.[1]

On the voyage out, I visited with much enjoyment both Mombasa and Zanzibar, though unfortunately prevented by an accident (an injury to my foot) from going ashore at the German port of Tanga. Of these two English centres, Zanzibar

[1] The first to recognise the importance of Dar es Salam harbour was Sayyid Majid, Sultan of Zanzibar, who determined to erect a residence there and divert the trade of the interior to it. The town was laid out on a large scale, and buildings begun, when the Sultan's death in 1870 put an end to the operations. His successor, Sayyid Barghash, disliked the place, and the unfinished town was allowed to fall into ruins.—See the description in Thomson, *To the Central African Lakes and Back*, vol. i, pp. 71–75.—[TR.]

represents the past, Mombasa the present, and still more the future. It is true that Zanzibar has the advantage in its situation on an island at a considerable distance from the mainland, an

NATIVE DANCE AT DAR ES SALAM

advantage of which the mainland towns, however splendid their future development, will never be able to deprive it, since their lines of communication, both economic and intellectual, will always converge on Zanzibar. But since the completion of the Uganda Railway, Mombasa forms the real gateway to the interior, and will do so in an increasing degree, as the economic development of Central Africa—now only in its infancy—goes on. Whether our two great German railways—as yet only projected—can ever recover the immense advantage gained by Mombasa, the future will show. We must hope for the best.

Mombasa and Zanzibar interested me more from a historical than from a political point of view. How little do our educated and even learned circles know of the exploration and development, the varied political fortunes of this corner of the earth on the western shore of the Indian Ocean! Only specialists, indeed, can be expected to know that this year is the jubilee of the French Admiral Guillain's epoch-making work, *Documents sur l'Histoire, la Géographie, et le Commerce de l'Afrique*

*Orientale*, but it is extremely distressing to find that our countryman, Justus Strandes' *Die Portugiesenzeit in Deutsch- und Englisch-Ostafrika* (1899) is not better known. Most of us think that Eastern Equatorial Africa, considered as a field for colonization, is as much virgin soil as Togo, Kamerun and German South-West Africa, or the greater part of our possessions in the South Seas. How few of us realise that, before us and before the English, the Arabs had, a thousand years ago, shown the most brilliant capacity for gaining and keeping colonies, and that after them the Portuguese, in connection with and as a consequence of Vasco da Gama's voyage to India round the Cape of Good Hope in 1498, occupied an extensive strip of the long coast, and maintained their hold on it for centuries ? And yet these events—these struggles for East Africa form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of modern colonization. Here for the first time the young European culture-element meets with an Eastern opponent worthy of its steel. In fact that struggle for the north-western shores of the Indian Ocean stands for nothing less than the beginning of that far more serious struggle which the white race has waged for the supremacy over the earth in general, and in which they already seemed to be victorious, when, a few years ago, the unexpected rise of Japan showed the fallacious nature of the belief so long entertained, and perhaps also the opening of a new era.

STREET IN THE NATIVE QUARTER, DAR ES SALAM

Anyone who does not travel merely for the sake of present impressions, but is accustomed to see the past behind the phenomena of the moment, and, like myself, leaves the area of European culture with the express object of using his results to help in solving the great problem of man's intellectual evolution

in all its details, will find in the voyage to German East Africa a better opportunity for survey and retrospect than in many other great routes of modern travel.

This is the case as soon as one has crossed the Alps. It is true that even the very moderate speed of the Italian express gives one no chance for anthropological studies. In order to observe the unmistakable Teutonic strain in the population of Northern Italy, it would be necessary to traverse the plain of Lombardy at one's leisure. But already in the Adige Valley, and still more as one advances through Northern and Central Italy, the stratification of successive races seems to me to be symbolized by the three strata of culture visible in the fields: corn below, fruit-trees planted between it, and vines covering them above. Just so the Lombards, Goths and other nations, superimposed themselves on the ancient Italian and Etruscan stocks. On the long journey from Modena to Naples, it is borne in upon one that the Apennines are really the determining feature of the whole Italian peninsula, and that the Romans were originally started on their career of conquest by want of space in their own country. The only place which, in May, 1906, produced an impression of spaciousness was the Bay of Naples, of which we never had a clear view during our four or five days' stay. A faint haze, caused by the volcanic dust remaining in the air from the eruption of the previous month, veiled all the distances, while the streets and houses, covered with a layer of ashes, appeared grey on a grey background—a depressing and incongruous spectacle. The careless indolence of the Neapolitans, which as a rule strikes the industrious denizens of Central Europe as rather comical than offensive, requires the clear sky and bright sunshine, celebrated by all travellers (but of which we could see little or nothing), to set it off.

From our school-days we have been familiar with the fact that the countries bordering the Mediterranean—the seats of ancient civilisation—are now practically denuded of forests. Yet the landscape of Southern Italy and Sicily seems to the traveller still more unfamiliar than that of the northern and central districts; it is even more treeless, and therefore sharper in contour than the Etruscan and Roman Apennines and the Abruzzi. But the most striking feature to us inhabitants of the North-German

plain are the river-valleys opening into the Strait of Messina, leading up by steep gradients into the interior of the country. At this season they seem either to be quite dry or to contain very little water, so that they are calculated to produce the impression of broad highways. But how terrible must be the force with which the mass of water collecting in the torrent-bed after heavy rains, with no forest-soil to keep it back, rushes down these channels to the sea! To the right and left of Reggio, opposite Messina, numbers of sinuous ravines slope down to the coast, all piled high with débris and crossed by bridges whose arches have the height and span of the loftiest railway viaducts.

It is scarcely necessary to say anything about Port Said and the Suez Canal. Entering the Red Sea, I entered at the same time a familiar region—I might almost say, one which I have made peculiarly my own—it having fallen to my share to write the monographs on the three oceans included in Helmolt's *Weltgeschichte.*[1] Of these monographs, that dealing with the Atlantic seems, in the opinion of the general reader, to be the most successful; but that on the Indian Ocean is undoubtedly more interesting from the point of view of human history. In the first place, this sea has this advantage over its eastern and western neighbours, that its action on the races and peoples adjacent to it was continued through a long period. The Pacific has historic peoples (historic, that is to say, in the somewhat restricted and one-sided sense in which we have hitherto used that term) on its north-western margin, in eastern Asia; but the rest of its huge circumference has remained dead and empty, historically speaking, almost up to the present day. The Atlantic exactly reverses these conditions: its historical density is limited to the north-eastern region, the west coast of Africa, and the east coast of the Americas being (with the exception of the United States) of the utmost insignificance from a historical point of view.

Now the Indian Ocean formed the connecting link between these two centres—the Mediterranean culture-circle in the west, and that of India and Eastern Asia in the east,—at a time when

[1] Published in English as *The World's History* (4 vols., London, 1901) with introduction by Professor Bryce.

both Atlantic and Pacific were still empty and untraversed wastes of water. This, however, is true, not of the whole Indian Ocean, but only as regards its northern part, and in particular the two indentations running far inland in a north-westerly direction, which we call the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. To-day, when we carry our railways across whole continents, and even mountain ranges present no insuperable obstacles to our canals, we imagine that masses of land as wide as the Isthmus of Suez or the much greater extent of the "Syrian Porte"—the route between the Persian Gulf and the Eastern Mediterranean—must have been absolute deterrents to the sea-traffic of the ancients. In a sense, indeed, this was the case; otherwise so many ancient rulers would not have attempted to anticipate us in the construction of the Suez Canal. But where technical skill is insufficient to overcome such impediments, and where at the same time the demand for the treasures of the East is so enormous as it was in classical and mediæval times, people adapt themselves to existing conditions and make use of navigable water wherever it is to be found. Only thus can be explained the uninterrupted navigation of the Red Sea during a period of several thousand years, in spite of its dangerous reefs and the prevailing winds, which are anything but favourable to sailing vessels.

Only one period of repose—one might almost say, of enchanted sleep—has fallen to the lot of the Red Sea. This was the time when Islam, just awakened to the consciousness of its power, succeeded in laying its heavy hand on the transition zone between West and East. With the cutting of the Suez Canal, the last shadow of this ancient barrier has disappeared, and the Red Sea and North Indian Ocean have regained at a stroke, in fullest measure, their old place in the common life of mankind.

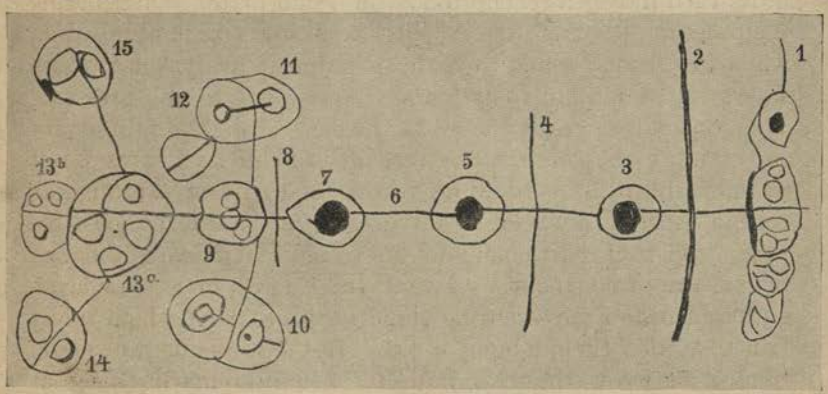
The passengers on board our steamer, the *Prinzregent*, were chiefly German and English; and at first a certain constraint was perceptible between the members of the two nationalities, the latter of whom seemed to be influenced by the dread and distrust expressed in numerous publications of the last few years. Mr. William Le Queux's *Invasion of* 1910 was the book most in demand in the ship's library.

A more sociable state of things gradually came about during

the latter part of the voyage; and this largely through the agency of an unpretending instrument forming part of my anthropological equipment. One day, when we were nearing the Straits of Bab el Mandeb, partly in order to relieve the tedium of the voyage, and partly in order to obtain statistics of comparative strength, I produced my Collin's dynamometer. This is an oval piece of polished steel, small enough to be held flat in the hand and compressed in a greater or less degree, according to the amount of force expended, the pressure being registered by means of cogged wheels acting on an index which in its turn moves a second index on a dial-plate. On relaxing the pressure, the first index springs back to its original position, while the second remains in the position it has taken up and shows the weight in kilogrammes equivalent to the pressure. The apparatus, really a medical one, is well adapted for ascertaining the comparative strength of different races; but its more immediate usefulness appears to lie in establishing cordial relations between total strangers in the shortest possible time. On that particular hot morning, I had scarcely begun testing my own strength, when all the English male passengers gathered round me, scenting some form of sport, which never fails to attract them, young or old. In the subsequent peaceful rivalry between the two nations, I may remark that our compatriots by no means came off worst; which may serve to show that our German system of physical training is not so much to be despised as has been recently suggested by many competent to judge, and by still more who are not so competent.

In his general attitude on board ship, the present-day German does not, so far as my observations go, contrast in the least unfavourably with the more experienced voyagers of other nationalities. It is true that almost every Englishman shows in his behaviour some trace of the national assumption that the supremacy of the seas belongs to him by right of birth. Our existence, however, is beginning to be recognized—not out of any strong affection for "our German cousins," but as a simple matter of necessity. If, for comfort in travel, one must have recourse to German ships; and when, at home and abroad, there is a German merchant-fleet and a German navy to be reckoned with, the first of which keeps up an assiduous competition, while the second is slowly but steadily increasing,

these things cannot fail to impress even the less cultured members of the British nation. Only one thing is, and will be for many years to come, calculated to make us ridiculous in the eyes of Old England—and that is the Zanzibar Treaty. Never shall I forget the looks of malicious triumph and the sarcastic condolences which greeted us—the unfortunate contemporaries of the late Caprivi—when we came in sight of Zanzibar. My friend Hiram Rhodes, of Liverpool, the ever-smiling and universally popular, usually known as "the laughing philosopher," from his cheerful view of life, was not as a rule




MAP OF THE MAIN CARAVAN ROAD, WITH ITS PRINCIPAL BRANCHES. DRAWN BY SABATELE, A MMAMBWE

given to sharp sayings, but with regard to the famous political transaction, I distinctly remember to have heard him use the expression, "Children in politics." Caustic, but not undeserved! Another remark of his, after viewing Dar es Salam: "That is the finest colony I have ever seen!" served, it is true, as a touch of healing balm—but no amount of conciliatory speeches will give us back Zanzibar!

The object of the journey on which I have embarked may now be briefly stated. Several decades since, and therefore before the beginning of our colonial era, the Reichstag voted an annual grant of some 200,000 marks for purposes of scientific research in Africa—purely in the interests of knowledge and without any ulterior intentions from a narrowly nationalist point of view. One might have expected that, after the establishment of our settlements in Africa and the Pacific, this fund

would unhesitatingly have been devoted, wholly or in part, to the systematic exploration and study of these colonies of ours. But this has not been done, or only in a very uncertain and desultory manner—to the great grief of German scientific circles, who, under these circumstances, were forced to content themselves with the occasional reports of civil and military officials supplemented by sporadic research expeditions, official or private.

COURTYARD AT DAR ES SALAM—*Dolce far niente*

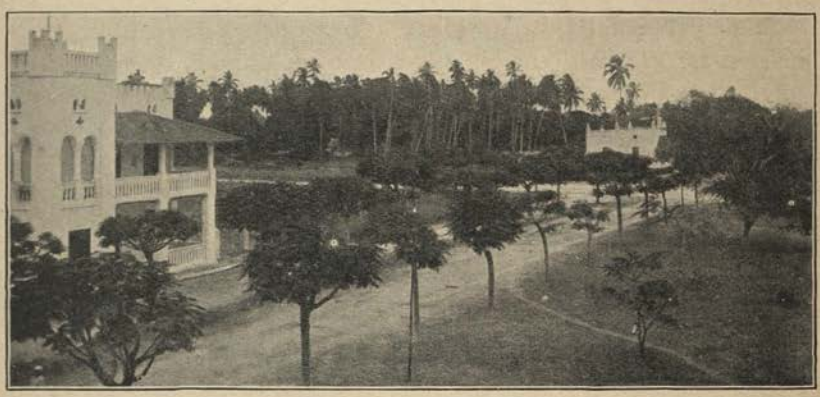
It was not till the first Colonial Congress in 1902 that a more vigorous agitation took place for the application of the African Fund on a large scale to the systematic investigation of our dependencies. From specialists in all branches of knowledge—geography and geology, anthropology and ethnography, zoology and botany, linguistics, comparative law, and the new science of comparative music—arose the same cry, with the result that, three years later, at the second Colonial Congress (October, 1905), we were in a position to state clearly the most pressing problems and mark out the principal fields of research in each subject. It might, however, have taken years to put the work in hand, but for the "Committee for the Geographical Exploration of the German Colonies," and its energetic president, Dr. Hans Meyer, who rescued the proceedings from their normal condition of endless discussions, and translated them at one stroke into action. Dr. Jäger, Herr Eduard Oehler, and myself are the living proofs of this

(in our country) unwonted rapidity of decision, being selected to carry out the instructions of the Committee (which is affiliated to the Colonial Office) and help to realise the long-cherished dream of German science.

The task of the two gentlemen I have mentioned is purely geographical, consisting in the examination of the interesting volcanic area situated between Kilimanjaro and the Victoria Nyanza, while I am commissioned to bring some order into the chaos of our knowledge concerning the tribes who occupy approximately the same region. It must be remembered that the country surrounding Lakes Manyara and Eyasi, and extending to a considerable distance south of them, swarms with tribes and peoples who, in spite of the fact that our acquaintance with them dates more than twenty years back, still present a variety of ethnological problems. Among these tribes are the Wasandawi, whose language is known to contain clicks like those of the Hottentots and Bushmen, and who are conjectured to be the forgotten remnant of a primæval race going back to prehistoric ages. The Wanege and Wakindiga, nomadic tribes in the vicinity of Lake Eyasi, are said to be akin to them. In the whole mass of African literature, a considerable part of which I have examined during my twenty years' study of this continent, the most amusing thing I ever came across is the fact that our whole knowledge up to date of these Wakindiga actually results from the accident that Captain Werther had a field-glass in his hand at a given moment. This brilliant traveller, who traversed the district in question twice (in 1893 and 1896), heard of the existence of these people, but all that he saw of them was a distant telescopic view of a few huts. As yet we know no more of them than their bare name, conscientiously entered in every colonial or ethnological publication that makes its appearance.

Another group of as yet insufficiently-defined tribes is represented by the Wafiomi, Wairaku, Wawasi, Wamburu and Waburunge. All these are suspected of being Hamites, and some of them have evolved remarkable culture-conditions of their own. But, under the onrush of new developments, they are in danger of losing their distinctive character still more rapidly than other African peoples, and, if only for this reason, systematic observations are needed before it is too late.

The same may be said of the Wataturu or Tatoga, who are undoubtedly to be looked on as the remnant of a formerly numerous population. They are said to speak a language related to Somali, but now live scattered over so wide a territory that the danger of their being effaced by absorption in other races is, if possible, still greater than in the case of the others. The last of the tribes which specially concern me are the Wanyaturu, Wairangi and Wambugwe. All of these belong to the great Bantu group, but have, in consequence of



IN THE EUROPEAN QUARTER, DAR ES SALAM

their isolation, preserved certain peculiarities of culture so faithfully that they too will be well worth a visit.

With regard to the original home of the African race, this is a question to which ethnologists have not hitherto devoted very much attention. The Hamites, who occupy the north-eastern corner of the continent, are supposed by all writers without exception to have come from Asia across the Red Sea. Most authorities have been content with comparatively short periods in estimating the date of this migration—indeed, the most recent work on the subject, Captain Merker's book on the Masai (whom, by the bye, he claims as Semites) asserts that both date and route can be accurately calculated, and places the former about 5,000 years ago.

Not only for these, moreover, but also for the great mass of the population of Africa, the Sudanese and Bantu negroes, an original home outside the continent is very generally assumed;

and both these groups are supposed to have penetrated to their present abodes from Asia, either by way of the Isthmus of Suez, or across the Straits of Bab el Mandeb.

This theory I had the pleasure of combating some years ago. There is absolutely nothing to show that the ancestors of the present negro race ever lived elsewhere than in the region which, in the main, they occupy to-day. No branch of this large group can be shown to have possessed any nautical skill worth mentioning; and none has ever ventured far out to sea.

It may be said that no great knowledge of navigation was needed for crossing the Strait of Bab el Mandeb, even if the migration did not take place by way of the Isthmus. The problem, however, is by no means to be solved in this simple fashion. Modern anthropology demands for human evolution periods as long as for that of the higher animals. Diluvial Man has long since been recognized by our most rigid orthodoxy, and people would have to get used to Tertiary Man, even if the necessities of the case did not make him an indispensable postulate. As the youth of mankind recedes into early geological periods, the problem of race-development is seen to require for its solution not merely measurements of skull and skeleton, but the vigorous co-operation of palæontology and historical geology. So far as I can judge, the sciences in question will probably end by agreeing on three primitive races, the white, black and yellow, each having its centre of development on one of the old primitive continents. Such a continent in fact existed through long geological ages in the Southern Hemisphere. A large fragment of it is represented by modern Africa, smaller ones by Australia and the archipelagos of Indonesia and Papua. The distribution of the black race from Senegambia in the west to Fiji in the east is thus explained in a way that seems ridiculously easy.

To account for the great groups of *mixed races*, too, we must for the future, in my opinion, have recourse to the geological changes of the earth's surface. Whence do we derive the Hamites? and what, after all, do we understand by this term, which, curiously enough, denotes a zone of peoples exactly filling up the geographical gap between the white and black races? Furthermore, how are we to explain the so-called

Ural-Altaic race, that mass of peoples so difficult to define, occupying the space between the primitive Mongol element in the East and the Caucasian in the West ? Does not, here too, the thought suggest itself that the impulse to the development of both groups—the North African as well as the North Asiatic —came from a long-continued contact between the ancient primitive races which, according to the position of affairs, *i.e.*, judging by the geological changes which have taken place, both in the south-eastern corner of the Mediterranean, and in the east of Northern Europe—was only rendered possible by the junction of the old continents formerly separated by seas ? In fact the land connection in both these places is, geologically speaking, very recent.

To come back from dreary theory to cheerful reality, I may mention that I have taken a few successful photographs of Cape Guardafui. From the north this promontory does not look very imposing. The coast seems quite near, but in reality we are five or six miles away from it, and at this distance the cliffs, though nearly a thousand feet high, are reduced to insignificance.

The view from the south is more impressive. Here, on our right, the mountains rise in an almost vertical wall to a height of some 3,000 feet, and often look still higher, when their summits are lost in a compact stratum of cloud. Yet the eye always turns back again and again to the Cape itself. It does not indeed appear more lofty than it did from the north, but from this side it presents, even to the least imaginative observer, the shape known to all travellers as the " Sleeping Lion." I am not in general particularly impressed by the fancied resemblances which as a rule give rise to the bestowal of similar appellations, but here I was struck by the absolute verisimilitude of this piece of natural sculpture. The mighty maned head lies low, seemingly resting on the dark blue line of the Indian Ocean, the right fore-paw drawn up close to it. But the royal beast's eyes are closed, and what a splendid piece of symbolism is thus lost to us ! As it is, the image presented to-day is a somewhat tame one. In old times, while the lion was awake, he watched over the busy maritime traffic which the later period of antiquity and the early Middle Ages kept up before his eyes, when Phœnicians, Himyarites, Greeks,

Romans, Arabs, and Persians sailed eastward and southward, and the mediæval Chinese advanced from the east as far as the Gulf of Aden, and even into the Red Sea. That was a time when it was worth while to keep awake. Then came Islam and the rule of the Turk—and, still later, the circumnavigation of the Cape rendered the Egyptian and Syrian overland routes useless. The Red Sea and the Persian Gulf sank into a stagnation that lasted for centuries—and the Lion grew weary and fell asleep.

Even the enormous traffic brought by the opening of the Suez Canal has not been sufficient to wake him; the world is ruled by *vis inertiæ*, and a scant forty years is all too short a time for the sounds of life to have penetrated his slumbers. For that, other means will be required.

There is an Italian captain on board, a splendid figure of a man, but suffering sadly from the effects of spear-wounds received from the Abyssinians at Adowa. I asked him the other day why his Government had not placed a lighthouse on Cape Guardafui, which, as rulers of the country they were surely bound to do. He acknowledged that this was so, but pointed out that the attempt to carry out any such project would involve a difficult and expensive campaign against the Somali, who would by no means tamely submit to lose the profits of their trade as wreckers.

No doubt the captain was right, but Italy cannot in the long run refuse to comply with the international obligation of erecting a lighthouse on this exposed spot, where even now may be seen the melancholy black hull of a French steamer, which, coming up the coast on a dark night, took the westerly turn too soon. But from the moment when this lighthouse throws its rays for the first time over the waves of the Indian Ocean, the Lion will awake, and feel that his time has come once more.

The monsoon is a welcome change, after the enervating atmosphere of the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden, but for any length of time its monotony becomes tedious. Hence the loud rejoicing of passengers on sighting Mombasa and Zanzibar and the speed with which they rush on shore at those ports. At Dar es Salam the first freshness has worn off a little, but the traveller nevertheless sets foot on dry land with an indefinable feeling of relief.

LINDI BAY

## CHAPTER II

### THE UNEXPECTED

LINDI, End of June, 1906.

AFRICA! Africa! When, in past years, men told me that in Africa it is no use making plans of any sort beforehand, I always looked on this opinion as the quintessence of stupidity; but after my recent experiences I am quite in a position to appreciate its truth.

I must go back to the 11th of June. The two geographers and I had fixed our departure northward for the 20th; after getting together the necessary men and baggage we intended to take the steamer to Tanga, and the Usambara railway from Tanga to Mombo, so as to start from the Pangani Valley on our march across the Masai steppe to Kondoa-Irangi. Our preparations were going on in the most satisfactory manner; and I was one morning doing my best to hasten them in Traun, Stürken and Devers' stores, by exercising that persistency in bargaining which can only be acquired by the director of an ethnographical museum. I had not been listening to the conversation going on beside me between one of the salesmen and a European officer of the Field Force; but suddenly the name Kondoa-Irangi fell on my ear, and I was all attention on the instant. "I suppose you are going home by

the——to-morrow?" said one. "No such luck! we are marching to-morrow afternoon. Didn't I just say there's a rising in Iraku?" returned the other.

Kondoa-Irangi and Iraku concerned me closely enough to necessitate farther inquiry. Half instinctively, I flung myself out at the door and into the dazzling sunshine which flooded the street. At that moment Captain Merker's mule-waggon rattled up, and his voice reached me over the woolly heads of the passers-by. "Stop, Dr. Weule, you can't go to Kondoa-Irangi."

Though not in general endowed with presence of mind in any extraordinary degree, I must in this instance have thought with lightning speed, for no sooner had I taken my place beside Merker, in order to proceed without loss of time to the Government offices and ask for fuller explanations, than I had already gone through in my mind the various possible alternatives, in case it turned out—as seemed probable—that I had to give up all thought of the Irangi expedition. In those —to me—critical days at Dar es Salam, there was no one acquainted with the circumstances but would have said, "Get out! the Iraku rising is no rising at all—it is a mere trifle, a quarrel about a couple of oxen, or something of the sort—in any case an affair that will soon be settled." None the less I had to admit that the Acting Governor (Geheimrat Haber, of whose unfailing kindness I cannot say enough) was right when he pointed out that, while a geographer could traverse that district at his ease, regardless of the four columns of the native Field Force (*Schutztruppe*) marched into it, along roads converging from Moshi, Mpapwa, Kilimatinde and Tabora respectively, the case was totally different for an ethnographic expedition, which can only do its work in a perfectly undisturbed country. This condition would not be attainable up North for some time to come. Would it not be better to turn southward, to the hinterland of Lindi and Mikindani? True, a rising had taken place there not long ago, but it was now quite over, and the Wamwera, more especially, had got a very effectual thrashing, so that the tribes of that part would be unlikely to feel disposed for fresh aggression just at present. At the same time, a comparatively large force had marched into the South, both Field Force and police, and the most

important strategic points were strongly garrisoned, so that I could be certain of getting a sufficient escort; while for the Manyara country I could only reckon on a couple of recruits at the outside.

My long-continued study of African races never rendered me a better service than now. It can easily be understood that I knew less about the new field of work suggested than about that which had been so rudely snatched from me; but I was aware that it contained a conglomeration of tribes similar to that found in the North; and I was also able to

THE SS. *RUFIJI*, DRAWN BY BAKARI, A MSWAHILI

form a fairly definite notion of the way in which I should have to plan and carry out my new expedition, in order to bring it to a successful issue. I refrained, however, from thinking out the new plan in detail—indeed, I should have had no time to do so, for I had to be quick if I did not wish to lose several weeks. The permission of the Geographical Committee and of the Colonial Office was soon secured, my loads were packed; two boys and a cook had been engaged long before. The little Government steamer *Rufiji* was to start for the South on the 19th of June. I induced the Government to supply me on the spot with the only map of the southern district at that time procurable, and with equal promptitude the admirably-managed "*Central-Magazin*" had found me two

VIEW NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE LUKULEDI ABOVE LINDI

dozen sturdy Wanyamwezi porters. Other absolutely indispensable arrangements were speedily disposed of, and before I had time to look round, I found myself on board and steaming out of Dar es Salam Harbour.

I had never for one moment cherished the illusion that a research expedition was a pleasure-trip, but the three days and a quarter spent on board the *Rufiji* will remain a vivid memory, even should my experience of the interior prove worse than I anticipate. My own want of foresight is partly to blame for this. Instead of having a good breakfast at the Dar es Salam Club before starting, I allowed the ship's cook to set before me some coffee, which in combination with the clammy, ill-baked bread and rancid tinned butter would have proved an effectual emetic even on dry land, and soon brought about the inevitable catastrophe on board the little vessel madly rolling and pitching before a stiff south-west monsoon. The *Rufiji* and her sister ship the *Rovuma* are not, properly speaking, passenger steamers, but serve only to distribute the mails along the coast and carry small consignments of cargo. Consequently there is no accommodation for travellers, who have to climb the bridge when they come on board, and live, eat, drink, and sleep there till they reach their destination. This is all very well so long as the numbers are strictly limited: there is just room at night for two or three camp beds, an item which has to be brought with you in any case, as without it no travel is possible in East Africa. But the state of things when six or eight men, and perhaps even a lady, have to share this space, which is about equal to that of a moderate-sized room—the imagination dare not picture.

My own woes scarcely permitted me to think about the welfare of my men. Moritz and Kibwana, my two boys and my cook, Omari, are travelled gentlemen who yielded themselves with stoic calm to the motion of the *Rufiji*, but my Wanyamwezi porters very soon lost their usual imperturbable cheerfulness. They all came on board in the highest spirits, boasting to the kinsmen they left behind at Dar es Salam of the way in which they were going to travel and see the world. How the twenty-four managed to find room in the incredibly close quarters of the after-deck, which they had, moreover, to share with two or three horses, is still a puzzle

to me ; they were sitting and lying literally on the top of one another. As they were sick the whole time, it must, indeed, have been a delightful passage for all of them.

There is something strangely rigid, immovable and conservative about this old continent. We were reminded of this by the Lion of Cape Guardafui, and now we find it confirmed even by the official regulations of steamer traffic. The ancients, as we know, only sailed by day, and savages, who are not very well skilled in navigation, always moor their sea-going craft off shore in the evening. We Europeans, on the other hand, consider it one of our longest-standing and highest achievements to be independent both of weather and daylight in our voyages. To this rule the *Rovuma* and *Rufiji* form one of the rare exceptions ; they always seek some sheltered anchorage shortly before sunset, and start again at daybreak the next morning.

On the trip from Dar es Salam to Lindi and Mikindani—the South Tour, as it is officially called—the first harbour for the night is Simba Uranga, one of the numerous mouths of the great Rufiji river. The entrance to this channel is not without charm. At a great distance the eye can perceive a gap in the green wall of mangroves which characterizes the extensive delta. Following the buoys which mark the fairway, the little vessel makes for the gap, not swiftly but steadily. As we approach it opens out—to right and left stretches the white line of breakers, foaming over the coral reefs which skirt the coast of Eastern Equatorial Africa—and, suddenly, one is conscious of having escaped from the open sea and found refuge in a quiet harbour. It is certainly spacious enough—the river flows, calm and majestic, between the green walls of its banks, with a breadth of 600, or even 800 metres, and stretches away into the interior farther than the eye can follow it. The anchorage is about an hour's steam up river. On the right bank stands a saw-mill, closed some time ago : its forsaken buildings and rusting machinery furnishing a melancholy illustration of the fallacious hopes with which so many Colonial enterprises were started. Just as the sun sinks below the horizon, the screw ceases its work, the anchor-chain rattles through the hawse-holes, and the *Rufiji* is made fast for the night. Her furnace, which burns wood, is heated with mangrove logs, cut in the forests of the Delta and stacked

at this spot ready for transference on board. This work is usually done under the superintendence of a forester, whom I am sorry not to see, he being absent up country. His life may be leisurely, but scarcely enviable ; for we are speedily surrounded, even out in mid-stream, by dense clouds of mosquitoes, which, I fancy, will hardly be less abundant on land. The swabbing of the decks on an ocean steamer, in the early morning, just at the time when sleep is sweetest, is represented on the *Rufiji* by the wooding in the Simba Uranga River, and the shipping of cargo in the open roadstead of Kilwa. In the two nights passed on board, I got very little sleep, between the incessant bumping of loads thrown down on deck, and the equally incessant yelling of the crew. There was little compensation for this, either in the magnificent sunset witnessed on the Simba Uranga, or the wonderfully impressive spectacle we enjoyed when steaming out in the early morning. Nothing could have revived us but the fresh breeze of the monsoon on the open sea. No sooner, however, were we outside than Neptune once more demanded his tribute. I do not know whether a healthy nervous system would have been affected by the *Rufiji's* mode of stoking—and if so, how—but to us three sea-sick passengers, who had to share the amenities of the bridge as far as Kilwa, it was simply intolerable. Of the two boats, the *Rovuma*, at any rate, has a digestion sufficiently robust to grapple with the thirty-inch lengths of mangrove-wood, thrown into her furnaces just as they are. The *Rufiji*, however, has a more delicate constitution, and can only assimilate food in small pieces. With the first glimmer of daybreak, the heavy hammer, wielded by the strong right arm of a muscular *baharia*, crashes down on the steel wedge held in position by another native sailor on the first of the mangrove-logs. Blow after blow shakes the deck; the tough wood creaks and groans ; at last the first morsel has been chopped up for the ravenous boiler, and the fragments describe a lofty parabola in their flight into the tiny engine-room. Then comes another crash which makes the whole boat vibrate, —and so on, hour after hour, throughout the whole day. Not till evening do the men's arms rest, and our sea-sick brains hail the cessation of work with sincere thankfulness, for the continuous rhythm of the hammer, which seems quite

tolerable for the first hour, becomes, in the eleven which follow it, the most atrocious torture.

My black followers behaved exactly as had been foretold to me by those best acquainted with the race. At Dar es Salam each of the twenty-seven had received his *posho, i.e.*, the means of buying rations for four days. At Simba Uranga, the *mnyampara* (headman) came to me with a request that I should buy more provisions for himself and his twenty-three subordinates, as they had already eaten all they had. The complete lack of purchasable supplies in the forest saved me the necessity of a refusal,—as it also did in the case of Moritz, who, with his refined tastes, insisted on having some fish, and whom, with a calm smile, I projected down the bridge ladder. That is just like these improvident children of the Dark Continent; they live in the present and take no thought for the future—not even for to-morrow morning. Accordingly, I had to spend a few more rupees at Kilwa, in order to quiet these fellows, the edge of whose insatiable appetite had not been blunted by sea-sickness. Kilwa—called Kilwa Kivinje, to distinguish it from Kilwa Kisiwani, the old Portuguese settlement further south,—has sad memories for us, connected with the Arab rising of 1888, when two employees of the German East African Company met with a tragic death through the failure of our fleet to interfere. The officers in command have been severely blamed for this; but to-day, after examining for myself the topography of the place, I find that the whole deplorable business becomes perfectly intelligible. The shallowness of the water off shore is such that European steamers have to anchor a long way out, and the signals of distress shown by the two unfortunate men could not have been seen.

Under normal circumstances three days is a pretty liberal allowance for the run from Dar es Salam to Lindi by the *Rufiji;* but we did not accomplish it in the time. South of Kilwa we lost the shelter afforded us for the last two days by the island of Mafia and the countless little coral reefs and islets, and consequently felt the full force of the south wind. Being now the only passenger, I had plenty of room, but was if possible more wretched than before, as the supply of oranges—the only thing I felt the slightest inclination to eat—was exhausted.

Soon after midday the captain and mate began to study the chart with anxious looks.

"When shall we get to Lindi?" I asked wearily, from the depths of my long chair.

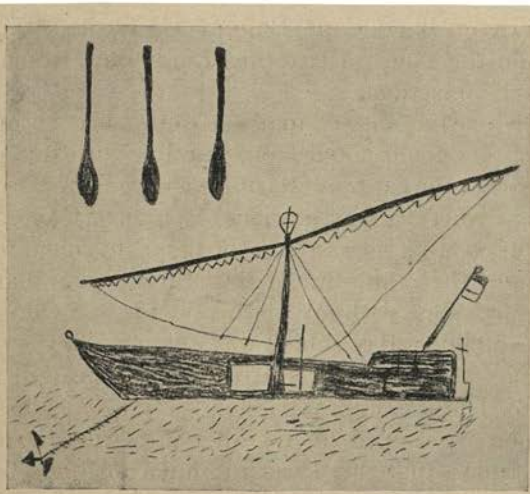
An evasive answer. The afternoon wore on, and the view to starboard: a white, curling line of breakers, backed by the wall of mangroves with their peculiar green, still remained the same. The captain and mate were still bending over their chart when the sun was nearing the horizon.

LINDI ROADSTEAD

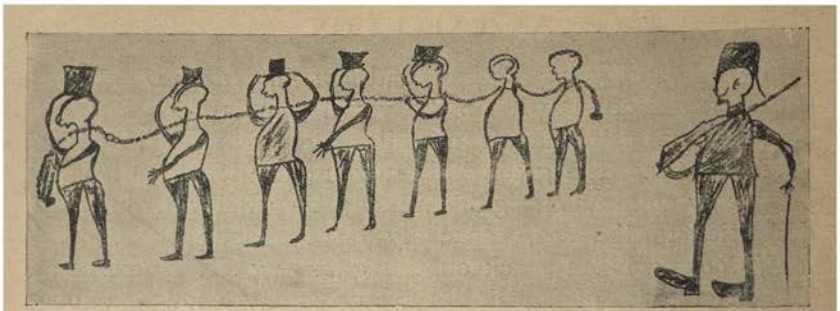
"Is that headland Cape Banura?" I asked, thinking that we were on the point of entering Lindi Bay, which once seen can never be mistaken.

Another evasive answer made it quite clear to me that our two navigators could not be very familiar with this part of the coast. In fact the captain was quite a new-comer, and the mate was acting temporarily in the place of a man on leave. As the sun was now fast setting, we ran into the first convenient inlet, passed a quiet night there, and did the last three or four hours to Lindi on the fourth day, without further incident. Our harbour of refuge was Mchinga Bay, which was unknown to the two seamen and to me—though not, as afterwards appeared, to the two engineers. Unluckily it happened—as it always does when our countrymen are cooped up together in a small space for any length of time—that there was an implacable feud between the after-deck and the engine-room, and the latter had not thought fit to enlighten the former as to the ship's position.

There is something solemn and awe-inspiring about the entrance to Lindi Bay. As the vessel rounds Cape Banura, a mighty basin, perhaps nine miles by three, spreads itself out before us. The green hills surrounding it are not high, but yet by no means insignificant, and they fall away in steep declivities to the sea, especially on the south side. The *Rufiji* looks a black speck on this glittering silvery expanse. The little town of Lindi lies picturesquely enough among groves of coco-palms and *Casuarina*, on a tongue of land formed by the shore at the back of the rectangular bay and the left bank of a seemingly vast river, which we can see penetrating into the country behind Lindi. The geographer knows, however, that this mighty channel—from 800 to 1,200 yards broad—represents the estuary of the tiny Lukuledi, which at the present day could not possibly fill such a bed. What we look upon as its mouth is really the whole valley of a much older Lukuledi, now sunk beneath the level of the Indian Ocean. All our harbours on this coast have originated in the same way :—Dar es Salam, Kilwa Kisiwani, Lindi and Mikindani are all flooded river-valleys. Africa with its unwieldy mass looks dull enough, I admit, on the map ; but examined at close quarters the continent is interesting in all its parts, as we find even before we have landed on its shores.



ARAB DHOW. DRAWN BY STAMBURI, A SOLDIER BELONGING TO THE AWEMBA TRIBE



CHAIN-GANG. DRAWN BY SALIM MATOLA, A MNYASA

## CHAPTER III

### APPRENTICESHIP

LINDI, July 9, 1906.

AFRICA is the land of patience. All my predecessors had ample opportunity for acquiring and exercising that virtue, and it seems that I am not to be spared the necessary trials. After being nearly three weeks inactive at Dar es Salam, to be detained for about the same period in another coast town is rather too much, especially when the time for the whole journey is so limited, and the best part of the year—the beginning of the dry season—is passing all too quickly.

At Dar es Salam the paucity of steamer communication furnished the reason for delay, while here at Lindi it is the absence of the District Commissioner and the consequent lack of available police. The authorities will not hear of my starting without an armed escort, but soldiers are only to be had when Mr. Ewerbeck returns, so that I am compelled, whether I like it or not, to await his arrival. Not that I have found the waiting wearisome, either here or at Dar es Salam. The latter place, with its varied population and numerous European residents, would be novel and striking enough to attract the mere tourist, while, for my own part, I had an additional interest in the preparation for my future work. This consisted in seeing as much of the natives as time permitted. Many a morning and afternoon have I spent in their huts or yards, and succeeded in securing some good phonographic records of the songs sung at *ngoma* dances, besides numerous solos and melodies played by members of

various tribes on their national instruments. On one occasion, indeed, the officials very kindly got up a dance expressly for my convenience. Unfortunately all the cinematograph negatives I took on that occasion were either blurred by shaking or over-exposed, so that we had to be content with some tolerable photographs of the peculiar dances, and the excellent phonographic records of the songs. Of the dances and their accompaniments I shall have more to say later.

WOMEN'S DANCE AT DAR ES SALAM

My stay at Lindi has passed off less peacefully and agreeably than I had hoped. A day or two after landing here, I had to witness the execution of a rebel. Such a function can never be a pleasure to the chief performer, however callous ; but if, after the reading of the long sentence in German and then in Swahili, the proceedings are lengthened by such bungling in the arrangements as was here the case, it can be nothing less than torture even to the most apathetic black. It is true that, as a precautionary measure, a second rope had been attached to the strong horizontal branch of the great tree which serves as a gallows at Lindi ; but when the condemned man had reached the platform it appeared that neither of the two was long enough to reach his neck. The stoical calm with which the poor wretch awaited the dragging up of a ladder and the

lengthening of one of the ropes was extremely significant as an illustration of native character, and the slight value these people set on their own lives.

Lindi forms a contrast to many other Coast towns, in that its interior keeps the promise of the first view from outside. It is true that the long winding street in which the Indians have their shops is just as ugly—though not without picturesque touches here and there—as the corresponding quarters in Mombasa, Tanga and Dar es Salam ; but in the other parts of the straggling little town, the native huts are all embowered in the freshest of green. Two elements predominate in the life of the streets—the *askari* and the chain-gang—both being closely connected with the rising which is just over. The greater part of Company No. 3 of the Field Force is, it is true, just now stationed at strategic points in the interior —at Luagala on the Makonde Plateau, and at Ruangwa, the former seat of Sultan Seliman Mamba, far back in the Wamwera country. In spite of this, however, there is enough khaki left to keep up the numbers of the garrison. This colour is most conspicuous in the streets in connection with the numerous chain-gangs, each guarded by a soldier in front and another in the rear, which are to be met with everywhere in the neighbourhood of the old police *Boma* and the new barracks of the Field Force. I realize now what nonsense has been talked in the Reichstag about the barbarity of this method of punishment, and how superficial was the knowledge of the negro's psychology and his sense of justice shown by the majority of the speakers. Though competent writers—men who, through a long residence in the country, have become thoroughly familiar with the people and their character—have again and again pointed out that mere imprisonment is no punishment for the black, but rather a direct recognition of the importance of his offence, their words have fallen on deaf ears. We Germans cannot get away from our stereotyped conceptions, and persist in meting out the same treatment to races so different in character and habit as black and white. Of course I do not mean to imply that a man can under any circumstances be comfortable when chained to a dozen fellow-sufferers (even though the chain, running through a large ring on one side of the neck, allows each one a certain freedom of

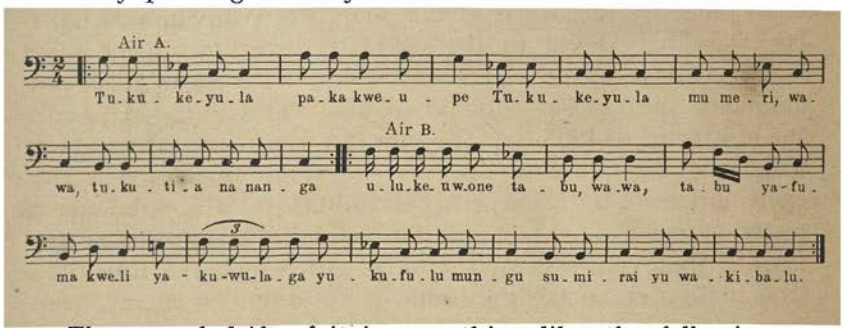
movement), if only on account of the difficulties involved in the satisfaction of natural necessities. But then people are not sent to the chain-gang in order to be comfortable.

However, men guilty of particularly heinous crimes and those of prominent social position enjoy the distinction of solitary confinement. In the conversation of the few Europeans just now resident at Lindi, the name of Seliman Mamba is of frequent occurrence. This man was the leader of the rising in the coast region, but was ultimately captured, and is now awaiting in the Lindi hospital the execution of the sentence recently pronounced on him. As he has a number of human lives, including those of several Europeans on his conscience, he no doubt deserves his fate. As a historical personage who will probably long survive in the annals of our Colony, I considered Seliman Mamba worthy of having his features handed down to posterity, and therefore photographed him one day in the hospital compound. The man was obviously ill, and could only carry his heavy chain with the greatest difficulty. His execution, when it takes place, as it shortly must, will be a release in every sense of the word.

SELIMAN MAMBA

By far more agreeable than these "echoes of rebellion" are the results of my scientific inquiries among my own men and the Swahilis. My Wanyamwezi seem quite unable to endure inaction, and ever since our second day at Lindi, they have been besieging me from early morning till late at night with mute or even vocal entreaties to give them something to do. This request

I granted with the greatest pleasure,—I made them draw to their heart's content, and allowed them to sing into the phonograph as often as opportunity offered. I have already discovered one satisfactory result from our adventurous and—in one sense calamitous—voyage in the *Rufiji*. My men have wrought their sufferings, and their consequent treatment at the hands of the crew into a song which they now delight in singing with much energy and a really pleasing delivery. Here it is :—[1]


Air A.
Tu.ku . ke.yu.la pa.ka kwe.u . pe Tu.ku . ke.yu.la mu me . ri, wa.
Air B.
wa, tu.ku . ti . a na nan . ga u.lu.ke.uw.one ta . bu, wa.wa, ta . bu ya-fu .
3
ma kwe.li ya - ku-wu-la . ga yu . ku.fu . lu mun . gu su . mi . rai yu wa . ki . ba . lu.

The general drift of it is something like the following :— "We were on board day and night, till the day dawned, and then cast anchor. The *Baharia* (sailors) on board said, 'You *Washenzi* (pagans, bush people) from the interior, you will vomit yourselves to death.' But we came safe to Lindi after all, and said (to the sailors) : 'You mocked at God (by saying that we should die), but we came safe to land.'"

This love of singing is characteristic of the Wanyamwezi. In the course of my enforced detention here, I have taken many a photographic stroll, in which my men are always eager to accompany me. On these occasions I have to divide the small amount of apparatus necessary to be taken with me among as many of them as possible, so that everyone may have something to carry. It is never very long before Pesa mbili the *Mnyampara* or caravan headman, lifts up his voice—a very good one too—whereupon the chorus promptly falls in in excellent time. I may here give a specimen of these little marching songs :—

[1] This song is a mixture of Nyamwezi, Swahili and corrupt Arabic ; the last three words being intended for *Bismillahi yu* (= he is) *akbar*.

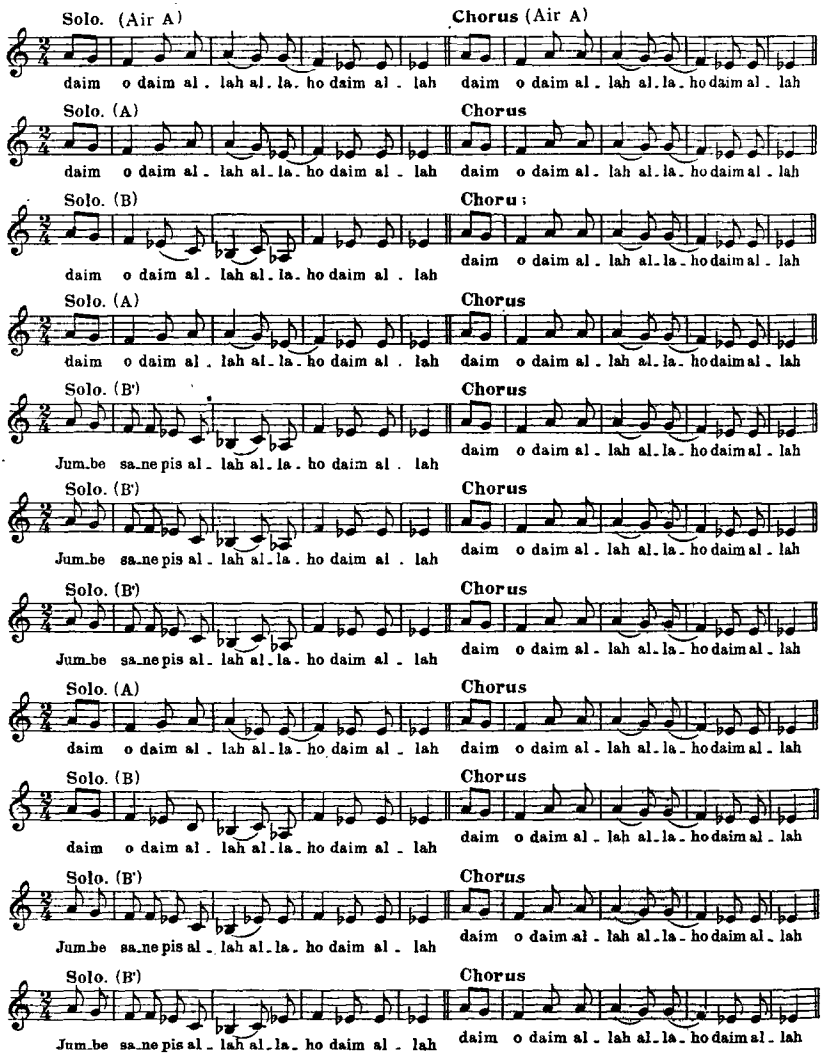
Kabowe kabowe ku meso ; Namuki kabowe ku meso. (1)
Wambunga kabowe ku meso ; Namuki kabowe ku meso.
Ki ! kabowe ku meso ; Wamwera kabowe ku meso.
Ki ! kabowe ku meso ; Wakumbwa kabowe ku meso.

(1) We shoot with our eyes—we shoot the Namuki with our eyes.
The Wambunga, we shoot them with our eyes—the Namuki, we shoot them with our eyes ;
Bang ! we shoot with our eyes—the Wamwera, we shoot them with our eyes ;
Bang ! we shoot with our eyes—the Wakumbwa—we shoot them with our eyes.

To judge by the words of this song, the Wanyamwezi must be exceedingly loyal to the German Government, for they march against all the rebellious southern tribes in turn and annihilate them. The Namuki are identical with the Majimaji, the insurgents of 1905-6. The time is a frantic recitative which makes a reproduction in our notation impossible. The exclamation "*ki*" conveys, according to the unanimous testimony of Pesa mbili and the most intelligent among his friends, the expression of the force with which the Rugaruga (the auxiliaries) smash the skulls of the wounded enemy, even though it should have to be done with a stamp of the heel. At every repetition of the *ki* the singers stamp on the ground so that it quivers—so completely can these peaceable Northerners throw themselves into all the horrors of the late rising ; one can almost hear the skulls crash at every *ki*. This song of defiance is certainly not an original composition of my people's, but has been borrowed by them from some of their tribesmen who served in the last campaign as Rugaruga and are now lounging about Lindi out of work. I have been obliged to engage some of these men as carriers for the march to Masasi ; they are in their whole behaviour much more decided and defiant than my gentle grown-up children from Dar es Salam, so that I shall be glad to get rid of them when my destination is reached. I think the above song must belong to them.

Now that I am on the subject I will reproduce a march of the Sudanese soldiers which in its meaning closely resembles the one just given. This was sung into the phonograph for me by *Sol* (Sergeant-Major) Achmed Bar Shemba and a couple of divisions from the third company of the Field Force by order of that excellent African veteran, Captain Seyfried. The little non-com. stood like a bronze statue in front of the machine,

and the gaunt brown warriors from Darfur and Kordofan closed up behind him, as if they had been on the drill-ground, in two ranks, each man accurately behind the one in front. We had no little trouble in making them take up the wedge formation necessary to produce the desired effect. The song runs thus :—


Solo. (Air A)
Chorus (Air A)
daim o daim al . lah al . la . ho daim al . lah
daim o daim al . lah al . la . ho daim al . lah
Solo. (A)
Chorus
Solo. (B)
Chorus
Solo. (B')
Jum.be sa.ne pis al . lah al . la . ho daim al . lah

YAO WOMEN AT MTUA

The singers, who are principally Nubians, state that this song is in their mother tongue, the Darfur dialect. I have not yet succeeded in obtaining a literal translation. The general meaning of the words, which are sung with enviable lung-power and indefatigable energy, is somewhat as follows:

"We are always strong. The Jumbe (headman) has been hanged by the command of Allah. Hongo (one of the insurgent leaders) has been hanged by the command of Allah."

Thus much as to the results of my musical inquiries so far as they concern the foreign elements (foreign, that is to say, here at Lindi) of the Wanyamwezi and Nubians. I have obtained some records of *ngoma* songs from Yaos and other members of inland tribes, but I cannot tell for the present whether they are a success, as I find to my consternation that my cylinders are softening under the influence of the damp heat, so that I can take records, but cannot risk reproducing them for fear of endangering the whole surface. A cheerful prospect for the future!

Very interesting from a psychological point of view is the behaviour of the natives in presence of my various apparatus. The camera is, at any rate on the coast, no longer a novelty, so that its use presents comparatively few difficulties, and the natives are not particularly surprised at the results of the process. The only drawback is that the women—as we found even at Dar es Salam—usually escape being photographed by running away as fast as their legs will carry them. The cinematograph is a thing utterly outside their comprehension. It is an *enchini*, a machine, like any other which the *mzungu*, the white man, has brought into the country—and when the said white turns a handle on the little black box, counting at the same time, in a monotonous rhythm, "Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-one, twenty-two," the native may be pleasantly reminded of the droning measures which he is accustomed to chant at his work; but what is to be the result of the whole process he neither knows nor cares.

The phonograph, on the contrary, is an *enchini* after the very heart, not only of the black man, but even of the black woman. If I should live to the age of Methuselah the scene in Mr. Devers's compound at Dar es Salam will always remain one of the most delightful recollections connected with my stay

in Africa. After spending some time in the native quarter, watching the dances of various tribes—here a Manyema *ngoma*, there one of the Wazaramo, or yonder again that of some coast people's club, and observing the costumes of the performers, sometimes hideous but always picturesque, I returned

GIRLS FROM LINDI

to my own quarters, at the head of a procession numbering some hundreds of the dancers, male and female, in order to take down the audible part of the proceedings. Everything had gone off in the most satisfactory way; but every time I changed the diaphragms, took out the recorder and put in the reproducer, when the full-voiced melody poured forth from the mysterious funnel in exactly the same time and with the precise timbre which had been sung into it—what measureless and at the same time joyful astonishment was painted on the brown faces, all moist and shining with their exertions in singing and

dancing! Whenever this happened, all the more unsophisticated souls joined in the chorus, to be speedily enlightened by the derisive laughter of the more "educated" element.

But the most delightful instance of *naiveté* came at the close of the proceedings, after I had used up my small stock of Swahili idioms in expressing my pleasure at a successful afternoon. Two women, who had previously attracted my notice by their tremendous vocal power, as well as by the elegance of their attire, came forward again; and, as the crowd fell back, leaving a clear space in front of the phonograph, first one and then the other approached the apparatus, dropped a curtsy in the finest Court style, and waving her hand towards the mouthpiece said, "*Kwa heri, sauti yangu!*"—"Good-bye, my voice!" This incident illustrates the way in which the native mind cannot get away from what is most immediately obvious to the senses. In the very act of uttering their farewell, these two women could hear for themselves that they had not lost their voices in the least, and yet because they had a moment ago, heard them distinctly coming out of the phonograph, they regarded themselves as deprived of them from that instant, and solemnly took leave of them.

As to my inquiries into the artistic aptitudes of the natives, I prefer to give the results in a connected form later on, when I shall have brought together a larger amount of material on which to form a judgment. So much, however, I can say even now: *c'est le premier pas qui coûte* is true, not only for the executant artist but also for the investigator. At Dar es Salam, the matter was simpler. My "boy" Kibwana (literally, "the Little Master"), a youth of the Wazegeju tribe from Pangani, though, like Omari the cook (a Bondei from the north of the colony), he had never had a pencil or a piece of paper in his hand before, had been too long in the service of Europeans to venture any objections when desired to draw something for me—say the palm in front of my window, or my piece of India-rubber. He set to work, and cheerfully drew away, with no anxieties as to the artistic value to be expected from the result.

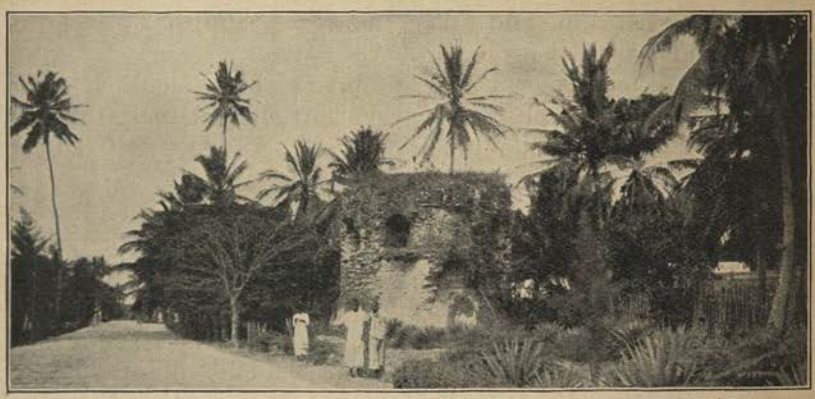
In the case of my Wanyamwezi, with whom I have made a beginning here, in order to give them something to do, a mere order is of little use. If I put a sketch-book and pencil

into the hands of one of my followers with the invitation to draw something, the inevitable answer is a perplexed smile and an embarrassed "*Sijui, bwani*,"—"I don't know how, sir." Then one has to treat the man according to his individuality—with an energetic order, or a gentle request; but in every case I found that the best plan was to approach him on the side of his ambition. "Why, you're a clever fellow, you know—a *mwenyi akili*—just look at your friend Juma over there—he is not nearly as clever as you—and yet, see how he can draw! Just sit down here and begin drawing Juma himself!" This subtle flattery proved irresistible to all but a few, who, despite everything I could say by way of encouragement, stuck to it that they could not do what was wanted. The rest are like the lion who has once tasted blood: they are insatiable, and if I had brought two dozen sketch-books with me, they would all be continuously in use. I found that, instead of leaving the beginner to choose his own subject, it was a better plan (as it is also educationally a sounder one) to suggest in the first instance something quite familiar—a Nyamwezi hut, a fowl, a snake, or the like. Then one finds that they set to work with some confidence in themselves, and that they are inordinately proud of their masterpieces, if their *mzungu* gives them the smallest word of praise. It is obvious that I should never dream of finding fault—my object being, not criticism with a view to improvement, but merely the study of the racial aptitudes and the psychological processes involved in artistic production.

My way of getting at the latter is to stipulate that each of my draughtsmen, as soon as he feels that his degree of proficiency entitles him to a reward, is to show me his work. Then comes a *shauri*[1] usually of long duration, but extremely amusing for both parties. "What is this?" I ask, pointing with my pencil to what looks a perplexing complication of lines. "*Mamba*—a crocodile," comes the answer, either with a slight undertone of indignant astonishment at the European who does not even know a crocodile when he sees it, or somewhat dejectedly on finding the work to be so unsuccessful that

[1] "Discussion"—but it is an elastic term, corresponding in most if not all, of its many meanings to the Chinyanja *mlandu*, the Zulu *indaba* and the "palaver" of the West Coast.—[TR.]

even the omniscient *mzungu* cannot tell what it is meant for. "Oh! a crocodile—very good!" I reply, and write the word beside the drawing. "Yes," the artist never fails to add, "but it is a *mamba* of Unyamwezi," or "of Usagara," or "in the Ngerengere," as the case may be. One is brought up short by this information, and asks, "Why? How so?" and then comes a long story in explanation. This is a crocodile which the artist and his friends (here follow their names in full), saw



RUINED TOWER, LINDI (BUILT BY THE PORTUGUESE)

on the march from Tabora to the coast with such and such a European, and which came very near being the death of him at the crossing of such and such a swamp, or of the Ngerengere river. When writing down the first few of these commentaries, I did not pay any special attention to the fact of their always being connected with a particular incident; but now, after having acquired a large collection of drawings representing either single objects (animals, plants, implements, etc.), or scenes from native life, it has become clear to me that the African is incapable of drawing any object in the abstract, so to speak, and apart from its natural surroundings—or indeed from some particular surroundings in which he has met with it on some particular occasion. If he is told to draw a Mnyamwezi woman he draws his own wife, or at any rate some relative or personal acquaintance, and if he is to draw a hut, he proceeds in exactly the same way, and depicts his own or his neighbour's. Just so with the *genre* pictures, which are not such in our sense

of the word, but might almost be termed a species of historical painting. I have already a whole series of sketches representing a lion springing on a cow, or a hyæna attacking a man, or some similar scene from the life-struggle of the higher organisms, and the explanation is always something like this :—" This is a lion, and this is a cow, but the cow belonged to my uncle and the lion carried it off about four years ago. And this is a hyæna, and this man is my friend—say, Kasona—who was taken ill on the march from Tabora to Mwanza and had to stay behind, and the hyæna came and was going to bite him, but we drove it away and saved Kasona."

These are only one or two specimens of my methods and results. I am convinced that I am on the right tack, though no doubt I shall make many mistakes and need much additional experience.

My dynamometer, which did such excellent service on board the Red Sea steamer in promoting friendly international relations, has not lost its virtue here. When I am at the end of my resources for amusing my men and the friends whom they have gathered round them since our arrival in Lindi, I put the steel oval into the hand of honest Pesa mbili, who, of course, must have the precedence in everything. He presses it, and then, with the whole troop of his black friends crowding round, gazes with the greatest excitement at the dial, as if he could read the mysterious signs engraved on the brass arc. When I have glanced at the scale and announced the result—of course the numbers only, as the kilogrammes would merely serve to perplex them—it is received with a certain quite comprehensible feeling of doubt ; they do not yet know if the number means much or little, having no standard of comparison. The second man begins to excite interest ; if, instead of his predecessor's 35 kilogrammes, he can only reach 30, he is greeted by mildly derisive laughter, but if he excels his rival, he is a *mwenyi nguvu*—a strong man, worthy of the tribute of admiration which he receives with smiling dignity.

So each man takes his turn, and they will go on for hours without tiring. One thing only is felt by the more intelligent to be wanting—it interests them to know which among themselves is the strongest or weakest, but in order to get a higher and absolute standard of comparison, they are all eagerness

to know what their lord and master can do. Of course I am willing to oblige them, at the close of the meeting, and press the instrument, first in my right hand and then in my left. When they hear the result (which, to my great satisfaction, requires no cooking), a unanimous "*A-ah! bwana mkubwa!*" bursts from the admiring circle—literally, "Ah! Great master!"—but about equivalent to, "What a giant you are for strength!"

UNDER THE PALMS

In fact we Europeans, as far as the *spontaneous* putting forth of strength goes, are as giants compared with the African. I made fairly careful records of the figures for each man, not once only, but in several successive trials, so that no allowance need be made for novelty or want of practice, but how inferior they are to us! None of them could compass a greater pressure than 35 kilos with the right hand and 26 with the left, with the exception of one man who attained to something over 40 kilos; while I, even here in the damp heat of the coast region can still manage over 60 with the right and over 50 with the left. And yet nearly all my men are professional carriers, sturdy fellows with tremendous chest-measurement, broad shoulders and splendidly developed upper-arm muscles. What they lack, as has so often been pointed out, is the power of concentrating the strength of the whole body at a given moment of time. These very Wanyamwezi are famous for their almost incredible powers of endurance.

The natives thus, as a whole, indisputably present a picture not without attractions from a psychological point of view; but in the six weeks or so which I have by this time spent on the coast, the Europeans have appeared to me almost more interesting still. Dar es Salam is so large and contains so many of our race that the new-comer does not have the contrasts between black and white forced on his notice, while the contrasts to be found among the white population are less observable on the wider field of a large settlement. Lindi, being very much smaller, leaves no room for either possibility; in the narrowness of its environment and the monotony of its life, there is nothing to modify the shock of contrasted and clashing individualities, and in such a place one sees with startling clearness the enormously powerful and rapid effect of residence in the tropics on the mental balance of a foreign race. It does not belong to my office to point to the—to say the least of it, curious—excrescences of our German class and caste spirit, which here, in a circle of Europeans numbering a dozen or less, brings forth singularly unpleasant fruits. I need not relate how the military element, recently "dethroned" by the establishment of a civil administration, looks down with a superior smile on the officials of that administration, or how the intrusion of the personal element into affairs cuts off every possibility of social intercourse, and, what is worse, of cordial co-operation in common work. To the new-comer, expressing his astonishment at such a state of things, old residents say (with a coolness contrasting strangely with their usual state of chronic irritation): "What do you expect?—this is not the only place where things are so—you will find it the same everywhere!" So it seems to be, if I may judge by all I have heard during these instructive weeks; but one may hope that this disagreeable phenomenon is only one of the many infantile diseases incidental to the early stages in the life of every colony. One thing, however, which I absolutely fail to understand is the furious fits of rage to which every white man who has lived long in the country appears to be subject. I am doing my best in the meantime to go on my way without calling of names or boxing of ears, but everyone is agreed in assuring me that I shall learn better in the course of the next few months. I cannot judge for the present whether

life is really impossible without thrashing people—but I hope it is not the case.

In order not to dwell exclusively on the darker traits characteristic of Europeans in the tropics, I must mention the admirable gifts of household management possessed by most of them. Dar es Salam is so far a centre of civilization as to possess bakers, butchers, and shops of all kinds in plenty, yet even there I fancy that the office of mess president is by no means a sinecure. But who shall describe how the unlucky bachelor in a remote coast town has to rack his brains in order to set before his messmates—not merely something new, but anything at all! Only experience can teach how far in advance one has to provide for all the thousand-and-one trifles which are inseparable from our housekeeping. The price alone makes it impossible to depend to any great extent on tinned goods, and it becomes necessary to have sufficient stores on hand to last for days—sometimes for weeks and months, and, in addition, to concoct eatable dishes out of the wild herbs which the cook and kitchen-boy bring in. On the coast some variety is secured by the abundance of good fish; in the interior this resource fails. And when it happens—as it does just now—that even the standard typical bird of Africa, the domestic fowl, and its product, the egg, are not to be had, then the case is desperate indeed, and catering for a large number of people becomes a serious problem.

It is remarkable, however, how skilled even the most inveterate bachelors among the German residents are in solving this problem—not always with elegance, and certainly not always to the satisfaction of their critical predecessors in office, but yet so as to fill the novice at any rate with astonished admiration. Dr. Franz Stuhlmann, who accompanied Emin Pasha on his last disastrous journey—a thoroughly competent ethnographer and the guardian and cherisher of the African plant-world, so far as it can be adapted to the service of man—has long been a celebrity in the culinary department throughout the whole Colony. Stuhlmann has the reputation of being able to prepare a dainty dish from every weed that grows beside the native path; he is a walking encyclopædia of tropical cookery. Others are less proficient than this, but I cannot yet get over my astonishment at the way in which Captain

Seyfried, for instance, can produce something eatable out of the most elementary ingredients, at his achievements in salting and pickling, at the unimpeachable jellies he contrives to serve up even at the present temperature, and at the variety which always characterizes his bill of fare.

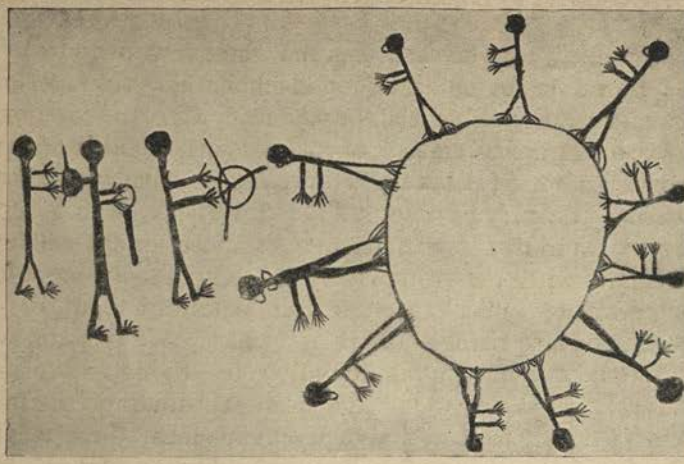
I must here make an end, once for all, of one fallacy prevalent at home. "Why, you surely cannot eat anything in that heat!" is a remark which never fails to occur in any conversation having the tropics for its subject, but which betrays a complete misconception of the conditions. In the first place, the heat is not so unendurable as commonly supposed by us—at any rate during the dry season, on the coast, where a fresh sea-breeze always blows by day. But, in addition to this, the waste of tissue goes on much more rapidly in tropical than in temperate climates. Not even the new-comer is surprised to see "old Africans" consuming an extensive "first breakfast" at a very early hour, in which various preparations of meat figure, though fruit is also conspicuous. At midday even a minor official never thinks of less than two courses and dessert, and in the evening after office hours, all ranks and professions go in for a repast which at home would certainly rank as a public banquet. This seemingly luxurious mode of life, however, by no means deserves the reprehension one may feel inclined to bestow on it. On the contrary, it is physiologically both justifiable and necessary, if the body is to offer permanent resistance to the deleterious influence of the climate. The new-comer is not surprised by the appetite of others because, unconsciously, he shares it. Personally, though I wield quite a creditable knife and fork at home, my performances out here would make me the terror of most German housewives.

The only article of diet I do not get on with is alcohol. At home I can appreciate a glass of beer or wine, and on board the *Prinzregent* we passengers levied a pretty heavy toll on the supplies of "Münchener" and "Pilsener"; but since I landed in this country I have taken no beer at all and wine only in very small quantities, while I have been quite unable to acquire a taste for whisky and soda, the national drink of all Germans in East Africa. Such abstinence is easily understood at Lindi, where there is no ice to be had; but even at Dar es Salam,

where Schultz's brewery supplies the whole town with ice every day, I found I had no taste for alcoholic beverages. This is a great advantage as regards my journey into the interior, as I am saved the inconvenience of taking loads of bottles with me.

I am glad to say that my enforced detention on the coast is nearing its end. Commissioner Ewerbeck, who returned from the interior a few days ago, is most kindly willing to start again with me to-morrow, so as to escort me with a detachment of police through the Wamwera country—the scene of the late rising—as far as Masasi. He has still work to do in the Central Lukuledi Valley, for, though most of the insurgent leaders have long ago been captured and adorn the streets of Lindi in the shape of chain-gangs, the pursuit of others is still going on and will yet cost many a *shauri*. From Masasi, Mr. Ewerbeck will have to return immediately to Lindi, in time for the formal reception of the delegates from the Reichstag, who are to visit the south of the Colony next month, on their much-discussed tour through East Africa.

My first glimpse of the interior, by-the-bye, has hardly been a pleasant one. In the course of the riding-lessons which Captain Seyfried has been giving me, we one evening made an excursion to the Kitulo. This is a long, fairly precipitous range of heights, about 570 feet above sea-level, rising immediately behind Lindi and separating the narrow sandy plain on which the town stands from the back country. A landmark of our civilization—a tower built for the sake of the view —was, some years ago, erected on the top of this Kitulo. When I ascended it by the help of a somewhat decrepit ladder, the sun had already set, and the whole western landscape—precisely the part of the Dark Continent which I wish to penetrate within the next few days—lay extended before me as a dark, menacing shadow. For one moment my mind was clouded by gloomy forebodings, but I speedily recalled my old luck which has never yet forsaken me. "Never mind—I'll get the better of you yet!" I exclaimed, *sotto voce*, as I lit a new cigar with the utmost philosophy, and mounted my mule for the return journey.



THE LIKWATA DANCE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR.
DRAWN BY PESA MBILI, THE MNYAMWEZI HEADMAN

## CHAPTER IV

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE INTERIOR

MASASI, July 20, 1906.

FEW people, I fancy, will know where Masasi is, yet those interested in the Colonies might well be acquainted with its situation, for in its own small way it is quite a civilizing centre. The English Mission[1] has been at work here for nearly the third of a century, and, since the suppression of the rebellion, a native corporal with a dozen black German soldiers has been gallantly maintaining his ground, in a *boma* specially built for the purpose, in case of any renewed warlike impulses on the part of the interior tribes.

I preferred to take up my quarters with the soldiers, not from any hostility to religion, but because the two clergymen at the mission station, about an hour's walk from us, are both advanced in years, and it would be unfair to trouble them with visitors. Besides their station was burnt down during the rebellion, so that they are leading for the moment a more idyllic than agreeable life in their former cattle-shed. In spite

[1] The U.M.C.A. (Universities' Mission to Central Africa). Masasi Station was founded in 1876 by Bishop Steere and the Rev. W. P. Johnson (now Archdeacon of Nyasa).—[TR.]

of this, the two old gentlemen, as I had every opportunity of convincing myself in the course of two long visits, enjoy extraordinarily good health. Archdeacon Carnon, the younger of the two, in particular, took as lively an interest in the German Emperor and his family as if he lived in a London suburb, instead of in a negro village at the ends of the earth. Canon Porter seems to be failing a little, but this is only to be expected as he is getting on for eighty and has been in the country nearly thirty years.[1] In former days I understand that he studied the ethnology of his district (inhabited by Wanyasa, Wayao, and Wamakonde) very thoroughly, so that up to yesterday I had great hopes of profitable results from my intercourse with him and his more active colleague. But in this I was disappointed. At the ceremonious, and, I must say, sumptuous breakfast which the two clerical gentlemen set before us two worldlings, Ewerbeck and me, whenever I began to speak about the inhabitants of the neighbourhood and their tribal affinities, the conversation was invariably diverted towards the Emperor and his family! He must have made a truly extraordinary impression on other nations.

However, our business is with the native African, not with the white intruder, even though he should come in the peaceful guise of the missionary.

My landing at Lindi of itself implied the main course of my journey. A glance at the map of East Africa shows that the extreme south-eastern corner of our colony, considered with regard to population, stands out like an island from the almost uninhabited country surrounding it. The region north of the Middle, and partly also of the Upper Rovuma is (as Lieder, the geologist, whose early death is such a loss to science, described it) a silent *pori* for hundreds of miles, extending far beyond the Umbekuru and into the hinterland of Kilwa—an uninhabited wilderness, where not a single native village speaks of the large and peaceable population found here by Roscher, Livingstone and Von Der Decken nearly half-a-century ago. Only a narrow strip running parallel to the coast some distance inland connects this island of population with the north, while another, much more scantily peopled, runs up the Rovuma to the Nyasa country.

[1] Canon Porter went out to Africa in 1880.

MAKUA WOMEN FROM THE LUKULEDI VALLEY

Being thus cut off from surrounding tribes, the south-east—*i.e.*, the Makonde Plateau, the Lukuledi Valley north of it, and the wide plain to the west of these highlands—forms a compact, well-defined whole, an ideal sphere of work for one who, like myself, has only a limited time at his disposal, but wishes the work done in this time to be as far as possible complete. The Wamwera, whom I had in view in the first instance, have had, to my great regret, to be postponed for the present. I left Lindi on July 11th, with the Imperial District Commissioner, Mr. Ewerbeck. Ngurumahamba, the first noticeable place on the Lukuledi road, still bears the impress of the Coast—there is even a stone house among the huts of the Waswahili; but on the second day we reach the Yao tribe at Mtua. Here we first come in touch with the far interior, for these are the advance guard of the great migration which brought this vigorous and energetic race about the middle of the last century from its old home south-east of Lake Nyasa towards the shores of the Indian Ocean, and which is still going on. As to the way in which these migrations are accomplished, we are apt to be misled by the picture—no doubt a very incorrect

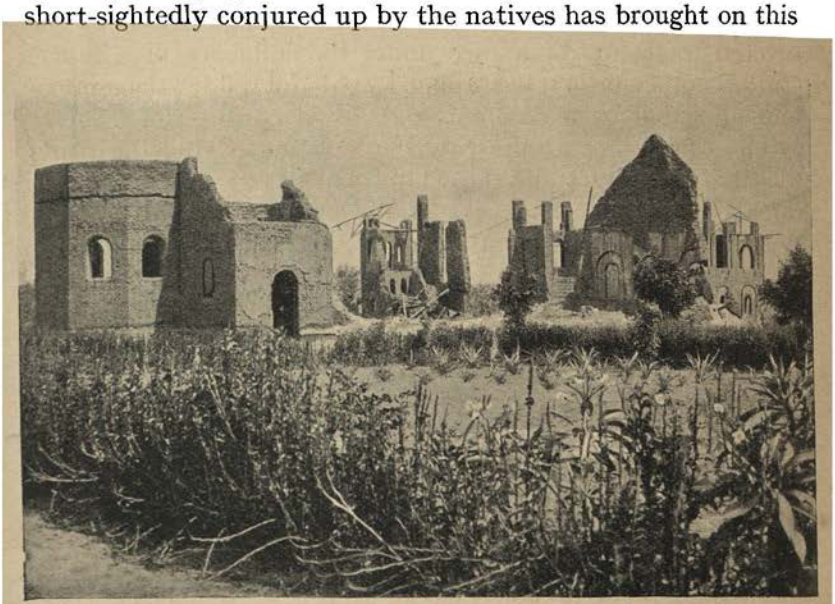
A MAN OF THE MWERA TRIBE AND A YAO

one—which has remained in our minds from our school-days, in connection with the migration *par excellence*—the great westward movement of our own forefathers. We think of men, horses, and waggons, a dense, compact wave of people, rolling on slowly but irresistibly across the countries lying in its track. Here we find nothing of the sort. It is true that these Mtua Yaos are not typical of their tribe in this respect, as they were rescued from the Wangoni, further north, on the eastern shore of Nyasa, about ten years ago by Captain Engelhardt, and transferred to this settlement. But otherwise the immigration of foreign (though still African) elements takes place, here in the south, quietly and almost imperceptibly—a band, a horde, a group of families, sometimes, but not always, under the command of a chief, appears one fine day, hoes a piece of land at a suitable place in the *pori*, builds a few airy huts, and the immigration is complete. Conflicts, more or less sanguinary, between the aborigines and the intruders may have occurred—may even have been the rule—in former times; nothing of the kind seems to happen to-day. Whether the native has become more tolerant, or the firm hand of the German Government, to whom every accession of population must be welcome, has produced a change in his views, I am compelled to leave undecided.

In outward appearance these Yaos can scarcely be distinguished from the Swahilis of the coast. The women are dressed in precisely the same kind of *kanga* (calico printed in brightly-coloured patterns, and manufactured in Holland), as the Coast women, though not so neatly and fashionably as the girls at Dar es Salàm, where the patterns in vogue change faster than even at Paris. They also wear the same coquettish little pin in the left nostril as the Coast ladies. Of Indian origin, this *kipini*, called *chipini* in Yao, has conquered the whole east coast of Africa, and is spreading, as a symbol of higher culture and refinement, among the more progressive tribes of the interior. In its simplest form a mere cylinder of pith, the better specimens are made—according to the means of the wearer—of ebony, tin, or silver. The ebony pins are almost always very tastefully inlaid with tin. To our notions, the *chipini* hardly beautifies the human countenance; but once the beholder is accustomed to its effect, it becomes quite

pretty and attractive, lending a coquettish touch to the brown face it adorns.

The more distant hinterland inhabited by the Wamwera contrasts very unfavourably with the well-cultivated zone near the coast. The condition of Nyangao, the Benedictine Mission station, is a symptom of all the misery which the rebellion so short-sightedly conjured up by the natives has brought on this



RUINS OF NYANGAO MISSION STATION

part of Africa. Up to the summer of 1905, the Fathers and Sisters here were peacefully engaged in their work of evangelizing and teaching, when the poison of the *majimaji* (magic water) idea spread to the Rondo Plateau and the central Lukuledi Valley. Before the unsuspicious missionaries had even any thought of coming disaster, it was already upon them. After fighting desperately for their lives, and losing one of the Sisters, the whole staff had to fly, and all the extensive buildings were destroyed by the rebels. The present state of Nyangao is shown in the accompanying photograph. Three of the Fathers (whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making on board the *Prinzregent*), have ventured back to their old station, and, living in the house formerly occupied by the Sisters,

surrounded by heaps of ruins, have courageously and indefatigably taken up their work once more.

The *Majimaji* rebellion still forms the principal topic of conversation at native camp-fires, though the Lindi District has long been at peace again. Its origin belongs to the most interesting phenomena in military history, showing, as it does, the general and almost instantaneous amalgamation of the severed fragments of a race under the influence of a superstitious notion, once it has gained a hold and welded them into a unit animated by a common and fervid enthusiasm. So far as one can gather at present, the idea underlying the rising was that of shaking off the white man's yoke by means of a concerted effort on the part of the whole native population. Without *dawa*, *i.e.*, charms of some sort, such a rising would have been difficult, if not impossible to bring about, and thus the instigators of this disastrous war had recourse to the *dawa* of the " magic water." As to this, several versions are current. According to one, the real ringleader was a man living near the Pangani Rapids on the Rufiji, who taught that he was commissioned by the Almighty, and communicated with Him by means of a serpent which had its abode in the river. This serpent had told him to make all the men drink the water of the hot springs at Kimambare, which would give them strength and courage to drive the Germans into the sea, and at the same time render them invulnerable to European bullets.

The other version current in Usagara, in the north of the Colony, says nothing of the serpent or the hot water, but states that the sorcerers began by ordering large beer-drinkings in every village. When the *pombe* had produced its effect, the villagers were initiated into the conspiracy, and received their *dawa*, of whose composition no details are given, but which, in this case also, was supposed to possess the power of making them invulnerable, so that the bullets of the Germans would simply be changed into water as soon as they left the rifle-barrel. The Majimaji soon discovered, in the course of numerous battles that this was not the case, but nevertheless, the fanaticism of these natives, who, under a murderous fire, charged up to within a spear's length of the machine-guns—the *bumbum*, as they call them—is truly astonishing.

From the coast to a little beyond Nyangao the character of

the vegetation is essentially different from that which we find farther west. The greater part of the road (the *barabara*, in the carriers' jargon, that is to say, the path cut to the regulation width on which all the long-distance traffic takes place) runs as far as Nyangao through thick scrub from 10 to 15 feet high, from which rise here and there single trees of twice or three times that height. Several times in the course of the day's march the traveller comes across large open spaces in the bush on either side of the path. It is clear from the absence of underwood and the presence of charred stumps that this is old cultivated ground—no doubt the sites of former villages. But where are the huts and where the people who once hoed their gardens here ? Here we find a typical touch of African history, more especially in recent times, when its primitive conditions have been modified by the modern plantation-system with its demand for labour and the necessity for a native military force. Originally and in himself the African is by no means shy, on the contrary, he is inquisitive and fully alive to the attractions of town life and social intercourse. But he cannot stand having his private affairs interfered with. Every caravan of inland natives on their way to the coast, whether to sell their supplies of wax, tobacco or what not, or to engage themselves as labourers to some European, considered that they had a natural right to expect food and drink from the villagers along their route. Even the caravan of a white man is apt to make the same sort of demands on the villagers. How often have I seen my men scatter at every halt, to ask for some service or other—perhaps merely the loan of a gourd dipper—at one or other of the straggling huts, which may be half-a-mile apart. However good-natured and obliging the native may be, he cannot put up with an indefinite continuance of such disturbances to the quiet of his home life, and therefore prefers to pull down his huts and build new ones in the bush at a distance from the main road, where they can only be reached by narrow side paths.

Anthropologically speaking, one might take the Wamwera for Indians, such is the lustrous copper tone of their skins. At first I thought that this marked redness of tint was a peculiarity of the tribe, but have since met with many individuals of exactly the same shade among the Makua of

Hatia's, Nangoo and Chikugwe, and a few among the Yaos at this place and those at Mtua, and Mtama. In fact, it seems to me very difficult to do any really satisfactory anthropological work here—the types are too much mixed, and it is impossible to tell from any man's features the tribe to which he belongs. Probably, indeed, there is no distinction of race at all, for Wamwera, Wangindo, Wayao, Makonde, Matambwe and Makua alike belong to the great sub-group of the East African Bantu. This is one additional reason, when time is so precious, for giving to anthropology even less attention than I had originally planned. Let the gentlemen come out here themselves with their measuring instruments, compasses and poles—we ethnographers have more urgent work to attend to.

The Wamwera are just now in a deplorable condition. The whole of this tribe was concerned in the rising, and though refusing to acknowledge defeat in battle after battle, were ultimately forced to take refuge in the bush. The mere fact of living for months without shelter in the rainy season would of itself cause suffering enough ; and when we add that they have had no harvest, being unable to sow their crops at the beginning of the rains, it can readily be understood that numbers must have perished. Now that most of the ring-leaders have been secured and sent down to the coast, the survivors are gradually coming forth from their hiding-places. But what a spectacle do the poor creatures present ! encrusted more thickly than usual with dirt, emaciated to skeletons, suffering from skin-diseases of various kinds, with inflamed eyes—and exhaling a nauseous effluvium. But at least they are willing to face the white man—a sign of newly-established confidence in our rule which must not be undervalued.

Several hours' hard marching from Nyangao bring us to the residence of " Sultan " Hatia. He is the fourth of his name on this tiny throne of the Makua. The grave of his predecessor, Hatia III, lies in a deep cave on the Unguruwe mountain. This mountain is really a promontory of the Makonde plateau projecting far into the Lukuledi plain. It is visible from the road for several days before we reach it, with its gleaming red cliff-face, which might fitly be described as the emblem of the whole Central Lukuledi region. It also plays a great part in the myths and legends of the local tribes. The

traditions of the past had already gathered round it before the burial of Hatia III; but now that the dead chief rests in a dark ravine forbidden to every profane footstep, from the toil and turmoil of his life, the Unguruwe has become in popular belief a sanctuary where, on moonlight nights, Hatia rises from his grave, and assembles the ghosts of his subjects round him for the dance.

Hatia IV had returned to his capital just before our arrival, having had some months' leisure on the coast, in which to think over the consequences of the rising. He impressed me as a broken man, physically in no better case than his subjects; moreover he was no better lodged, and certainly no better provided with food than they. On the day of our halt at his village, he was more than ordinarily depressed. A few hours previously a lion, whose impudence has made him famous throughout the country, had in broad daylight dragged a woman out of a hut, not far from the chief's dwelling. The prints of the enormous paws were still quite clear in the sand, so that we could track the robber right round the hut in which a man with his wife and child had been sitting at their ease. The great brute had suddenly sprung on the woman who was sitting next the door. Her husband tried to hold her, but was weak from illness, and could offer no effectual resistance. Though for some time the poor creature's shrieks, "*Nna kufa! Nna kufa!*"—"I die! I die!"—could be heard in the bush, growing fainter and fainter, no one could come to her help, for the people have been deprived of their guns since the rising, and even if they had had them, there was no ammunition, the importation of this having been stopped some time ago.

The nephew and heir of Hatia IV is to take the part of avenger. He is a handsome, jet-black youth with a small frizzled moustache on his upper lip, and an enviably thick growth of woolly hair on his scalp. Armed with a rifle, of which he is unconscionably proud, he has come with us from Lindi in order to deliver his people from the plague of lions. Such an expression is, in truth, no exaggeration as far as this place is concerned. It is said that the whole length of the road from Nyangao to Masasi has been divided between four pairs of lions, each of which patrols its own section, on the look-out for human victims. Even the three missionaries at

Nyangao are not safe ; Father Clement, when out for a walk, not long ago, suddenly found himself face to face with a huge lion, who, however, seemed quite as much startled by the incident as the good Father himself.

After examining the architecture of the present Wamwera huts, I can easily understand how the lion at Hatia's could drag the woman out from the interior. Anyone desirous of studying the evolution of the human dwelling-house could very well see its beginnings here. Most of these dwellings are nothing more or less than two walls, consisting of bundles of grass roughly tied together, and leaning against each other in a slanting position. The addition of gable-ends marks quite a superior class of house. Besides this, the Wamwera have been compelled to build their huts, such as they are, in the untouched jungle, since they have lost all they had, even the necessary implements for tillage and for clearing the bush. Their villages, containing their only possessions of any value, were of course levelled with the ground by our troops. The lion is shy of open spaces, but feels at home in the *pori*, which he looks upon as his natural hunting-ground, and where he can creep unseen close up to a hut before making his deadly spring.

One point I must not forget. Even before leaving Lindi, my mouth had watered at the descriptions I heard of the extraordinary appearance presented by the Wamwera women. But I find that these descriptions come far short of the reality. The famous Botocudos of Brazil with their labrets are nothing to the southern tribes of German East Africa. I had long known that the Makonde plateau and the whole surrounding country belong to the region of the *pelele*, or lip-ring, but I have never come across a good illustration of earlier date than my own. The accompanying reproductions of photographs will show the nature of this extraordinary decoration more clearly than any description.

The *pelele*, or, as it is called in Kimwera, *itona*, is only worn by the women, but among them it is universal. It is a peg, in older persons even an actual disc, of ebony, or else of some light-coloured wood bleached snow-white with argillaceous earth, inserted in the upper lip, which is perforated and stretched to receive it. Of course, a disc the size of a two-shilling piece is not inserted all at once : the operation is very gradual and

A MWERA WOMAN

begins by piercing the lip, between a girl's seventh and ninth year, with the end of a razor which is ground into the shape of an awl.[1] The hole is kept open by inserting a foreign body of small size, such as a thin stalk of grass, or the like. It is then enlarged by adding another stalk at regular intervals; and after a time, a strip of palm-leaf rolled up into a spiral is substituted. This, being elastic, presses against the sides of the opening, and so, in due course renders it large enough to receive the first solid plug. Among the Wamwera the diameter of this varies from the thickness of a finger to the size of a florin; the older Makonde women, however, are said to have them twice as large. Naturally I am all impatience to see these people, whose country, moreover, is as yet a complete *terra incognita*, as far as science is concerned.

YOUNG MAN OF THE MWERA TRIBE

Not content with the *itona*, the old women sometimes wear a pin or peg in the lower lip, called *nigulila*. It is long and slender, ending in a round knob, and is intended to divert the eye from the withered skin and faded charms of the wearer.[2] Discs or plugs inserted in the lobe of the ear are also very general. Furthermore, the countenance of these fair ones are covered with extraordinary scars which,

[1] This is more intelligible if we remember the shape of the native razor, which is usually about five or six inches long, with the cutting end like a spatula and tapering back into a stalk-like handle, the end of which could easily be sharpened as an awl.

[2] Mr. J. T. Last says that some of the Makua women, "in addition to the *pelele*, wear a brass or iron nail from four to seven inches in length . . . passed through a hole in the lower lip and left hanging in front of the chin. When a lady cannot afford a metal ornament of the sort, she utilizes a piece of stick which she covers with beads."

at a distance, suggest that they must have passed their youth at a German university. On a close inspection it will be found that these are not scars, left by straight cuts, but consist of a multitude of small keloids arranged in various patterns. The patterns are made by parallel rows of small cuts (usually vertical), which have been prevented from healing by repeatedly opening them during the process of cicatrization. Thus in the course of weeks and months they take the form of conspicuous swellings which, in their totality, give a distinctive character to the whole physiognomy.

Even this is not enough to satisfy the craving of the Wamwera women for adornment. If the cloth draping chest and back slips aside for a moment, either through an incautious movement on the part of the wearer or through the inseparable baby being shifted from its usual place on its mother's back to her hip—the astonished eye discovers that the surfaces thus revealed are adorned with markings similar to those on the face. Even the hips and upper part of the thighs are said to be covered with them. The ethnographer, reflecting on these and other queer manifestations of human vanity, may be tempted, perhaps, to indulge in a

MWERA WOMAN WITH PIN IN LOWER LIP

comfortable sense of superiority. But, after all, the fashion of wearing earrings is not quite extinct in Europe; and the advantages of the corset, considered as an aid to beauty, might be quite as much open to discussion as the African ornaments we have just been describing. I am alluding, of course, to those women who think that tight lacing improves the figure. Otherwise I am inclined to agree with Max Buchner of Munich, who thinks that some form of this article would be of great service to the women of all the less-clothed races among whom appliances for supporting the bust are unknown.

Up to the present, I have been able to see but little of the real life of the inland tribes, yet that little has been very interesting. On the march to Masasi I noticed that wherever the natives had taken an active part in the rebellion, the roads were in perfect order, while in the territory of the friendly tribes they were nearly impassable with high grass, and sometimes bushes. These allies of ours are now, secure in the consciousness of their past services, saying to themselves that they may take things easy for a time, as the "Mdachi" will surely consider their loyalty and make no very severe demands on them. Captain Ewerbeck, however, has been laying down the law with great precision and energy to the Akidas and Jumbes, the district chiefs and village headmen, who are responsible for order within their own districts.

One can enjoy magnificent spectacles by night in Africa. Sitting in front of my tent on the way here, or now, when I step out in front of the Baraza—the rest-house in which I have taken up my abode—I see, wherever I turn my eyes, the red glow of flames on the horizon. This is the burning of the grass—a custom practised by the Africans for thousands of years. It may be remembered that when Hanno, on his voyage from Carthage, sailed down the West coast of Africa, nothing produced such a deep and lasting impression of terror on himself and his crew as the streams of fire seen to flow down from the coast-ranges at night. In my opinion, which, of course, I do not consider decisive, these streams of fire were certainly not, as has so often been maintained, connected with any volcanic phenomena, but resulted from the processes still put into operation by the inhabitants of the Dark Continent every night during the dry season.

ROAD THROUGH THE BUSH IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF CHINGULUNGULU

Much has been written in our Colonial publications with regard to the benefit or injury to be derived from this grass-burning. Some condemn it as deleterious to the growth of trees, while others take the part of the natives and say that only by burning off the high grass and brushwood of the African forest at regular intervals can they possibly get the upper hand of the vermin, which would otherwise increase by myriads. Besides, it is said, the ashes are for the present the only manure that can be applied on a large scale. I do not feel justified in attempting a decision, but confine myself to admiring the magnificent effect of the near and distant fires, reflected in the most varied gradations of light and colour in the misty atmosphere. None of these fires, moreover, is dangerous to the traveller; where the flames seize a patch of completely dry grass, they rush along, it is true, with a noise like the crackling of musketry-fire; but otherwise, and indeed in general, the people have to keep up the conflagration by systematic kindling of the grass in fresh places. In any case they have the direction and extent of the fire fully under control.

This burning is, so far as I am enabled to judge, only possible where the remarkable form of vegetation prevails which characterizes the greater part of Africa, and covers the whole extent of the great plain on the west and north-west of the Makonde plateau. This is the "open bush and grass steppe" (*lichte Baumgras-steppe*) as it has been very appropriately named by the geologist Bornhardt. In fact, this form of vegetation is neither exclusively forest nor altogether steppe; it unites the characters of the two. Imagine a particularly neglected orchard, in some rural part of Germany (where I am sorry to say the farmers still pay far too little attention to this branch of cultivation), and fill up the spaces between the scattered apple, pear or plum trees, not with our modest German grass but with the African variety, two or three yards high and more like canes, mix this with underwood —thorny, but not very close—and finally bind together the tops of the trees (which are not very high—certainly none of them over forty feet—and all varieties having a sort of general resemblance to our maple) by means of a system of airy lianas. Having done all this, you have, without any further strain on

the imagination, a fairly correct picture of what is here generally called *pori*, though in the North the name of "*myombo* forest" is more usually applied to it. During the rains, and just after them, this *pori* must undeniably have its charms,—in fact, Ewerbeck and his companion Knudsen are indefatigable in singing its praises as it appears in that season. Now, on the other hand, in July, it is anything but beautiful: it neither impresses us by the number and size of its trees, nor refreshes us with any shade whatever, nor presents the slightest variation in the eternal monotony which greets the traveller as soon as he leaves Nyangao and crosses to the right bank of the Lukuledi and from which he only escapes after a march of several weeks, high up on the Upper Rovuma. "So this is the exuberant fertility of the tropics, and this is what an evergreen primeval forest looks like!" I thought, after enjoying this spectacle for the space of a whole day. Just as with regard to the alleged want of appetite experienced by Europeans in the tropics, we ought to see that the general public is more correctly informed as to the supposed fertility of Equatorial Africa, and so saved from forming extravagant notions of the brilliant future in store for our colonies.

The *pori* becomes downright unpleasant wherever the owners of the country have just been burning it. To right and left of the road extends a thick layer of black or grey ashes, on which, here and there, lies a dead tree, steadily smouldering away. Now that there is no grass to obstruct the view, the eye ranges unhindered through what at other times is impenetrable bush. For the sportsman this state of things is a pleasure, as he can now see game at almost any distance; but for the traveller, especially if encumbered with a large caravan, it is nothing less than torture. This is not so much the case in the early morning, when the fine particles of dust are laid by the heavy dews; but, when the sun rises higher, marked differences of temperature are produced within a comparatively small area. Tramping on through the glowing heat of noon, suspecting no harm and intending none, the traveller suddenly sees something whirling in front of his feet—a black snake spinning round in a raging vortex, rises straight up, dances round him in coquettish curves, and then vanishes sideways behind the trees, with a low chuckle, as if in derision

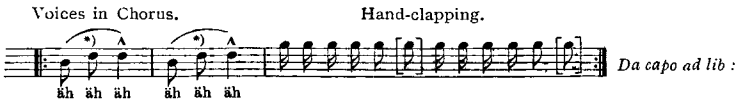
of the stranger and his immaculately clean khaki suit. The native followers have not suffered, being of the same colour as the insidious foe. But what is the aspect presented by the leader of the expedition! Though not guaranteed to wash, he presents a sufficiently close resemblance to a blackamoor, and under the circumstances, the faithful Moritz and Kibwana, as soon as we have reached camp, will have no more pressing task than to prepare the bath for their master and thoroughly soap him down from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. And all this is the work of the *pori* whirlwind.

In these small distresses of life on the march, the imperturbable cheerfulness of the natives is always a comfort. Among the Wamwera on the scene of the late rising, there was little inclination for dancing and merriment—the prevailing misery was too great; but everywhere else, before our camp was even half arranged, the inhabitants of the place had assembled in crowds, and the scene which ensued was always the same in its general features, though varying in detail. The negro *has* to dance. As the German, whenever anything lifts him out of the dead level of the workaday mood, feels irresistibly impelled to sing, so the African misses no opportunity of assembling for a *ngoma*. The word *ngoma*, in its original signification means nothing more than a drum; in an extended sense it denotes all festivities carried on to the sound of the drum. These festivities have an indisputable advantage over ours, in that the instrumental music, dancing, and singing are all simultaneous. The band drums, but also occasionally improvises songs, the audience standing round in a circle form the chorus and at the same time march round the band to the rhythm of the song. This is the usual picture, with all its strangeness so fascinating that the oldest residents in the coast towns do not think it beneath their dignity to honour this expression of aboriginal life by attending from time to time, if only for a few minutes. Other and less sophisticated whites are regular habitués at these festivals, and never let a Saturday evening pass—this being the day when *ngomas* are allowed by law—without standing for hours among the panting and perspiring crowd. One of these dances, executed by the women of every place I have so far visited, on every possible occasion, is peculiarly pleasing.

It is called *likwata* ("clapping of hands"). A number of women and girls stand in a circle, facing inwards. Suddenly arms rise into the air, mouths open, feet twitch in unison, and all goes on in exact step and time; hand-clapping, singing and dancing. With the peculiar grace which characterizes all movements of native women, the whole circle moves to the right, first one long step, then three much shorter. The hand-clapping, in time and force, accurately follows the above rhythm, as does the song, which I shall presently reproduce. Suddenly, at a certain beat, two figures step out of the line of dancers—they trip in the centre of the circle, moving round one another in definite figures, the movements in which, unfortunately, are too rapid for the eye to follow—and then return to their fixed places in the circle to make way for two more solo artists. So the game goes on, without interruption or diminution of intensity, hour after hour, regardless of the babies who, tied in the inevitable cloth on their mothers' backs, have gone through the whole performance along with them. In this confined, hot, and often enough dirty receptacle, they sleep, wake or dream, while the mother wields the heavy pestle, pounding the maize in the mortar, or grinds the meal on the stone, while she breaks the ground for sowing, hoes up the weeds or gathers in the crops, while she carries the heavy earthen water-jar on her head from the distant spring, and while, as now, she sways to and fro in the dance. No wonder if, under such circumstances, the native baby is thoroughly familiar with the national step and rhythm even before he has left the carrying-cloth and the maternal breast. The sight of tiny shrimps of three and four moving with absolute certainty through the mazes of the grown people's dance, would almost of itself be worth the journey to East Africa.

And now come the very profound words accompanying this dance which seems so full of meaning and poetry. The spectator standing by and watching the varied and graceful movements of the women—perhaps working the cinematograph at the same time—is apt, in spite of all previous resolutions, to pay too little heed to the words sung. When, the dance over, he arranges the performers before the phonograph, he is tempted to believe that his ears have

deceived him, so utterly inane are these words. I have made records of the *likwata* at a number of different places, but never succeeded in getting any other result than the following—




The reader will agree that no undue amount of intellect has been lavished on this ditty, but this is a trait common to all native songs here in the South. Even those acknowledged *virtuosi*, my Wanyamwezi, cannot do very much better in this respect. Here we have really every right to say, "We Wazungu are better singers after all!"

* This is not pure D natural, but a sound between D sharp and D natural, though nearer the latter.

MOUNTAINS NEAR MASASI. DRAWN BY SALIM MATOLA

## CHAPTER V

### LOOKING ROUND

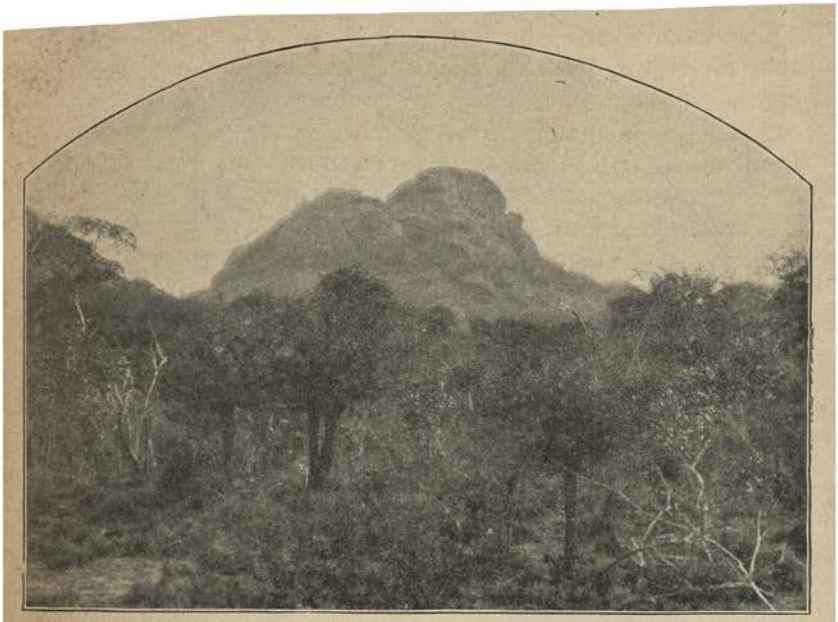
MASASI, July 25, 1906.

I HAVE been here at Masasi quite a week. My abode is a hut in the purest Yao style, built by the natives under the orders of the Imperial District Commissioner, expressly for the benefit of passing European travellers. This hut—or, I suppose I ought to say, this house, for it is a sizeable building of some forty feet by twenty—lies outside the *boma* which shelters the local police force. It is an oval structure whose roof is exactly like an overturned boat. The material of the walls is, as everywhere in this country, bamboo, and wood, plastered inside and out with dark grey clay. My palace is superior to the abodes of the natives in the matter of windows, though they are not glazed. At night, before I creep under my mosquito net into the camp bed, the openings are closed with shutters constructed of strong pieces of bamboo. The floor, as in all native huts, is of beaten earth, which can in general be kept quite clean, but is not calculated for the sharp edges of European boot-heels, which soon play havoc with its surface. The interior forms an undivided whole, only interrupted by the two posts standing as it were in the foci of the ellipse, and supporting the heavy thatched roof. This projects outward and downward far beyond the wall of the house, its outer edge being carried by a further ellipse of shorter posts, and so makes a broad shady passage round the whole house, such as, under the name of *baraza* is an essential part of every East African residence.

The natives give the name of Masasi to a whole district alike interesting from the point of view of geography, geology, botany or geography.

Almost immediately after passing Nyangao, as one comes from the coast, begins the "open bush and grass steppe" already mentioned, while at the same time the edges of the Makonde plateau on the south and of the high ground to the north of the Lukuledi retreat further and further. As one walks on, day after day, across a perfectly horizontal plain covered with the same monotonous vegetation, the journey is by no means exciting. Then, suddenly, at a turn of the path, we see a huge cliff of glittering grey. We draw a long breath and forget all our fatigue in presence of this new charm in the landscape. Even the heavy-laden carriers step more lightly. Suddenly the bush, which has become fresher and greener as we approach the rock, ceases, and instead of the one cliff we now see a whole long range of rocky peaks, which seem to stand as a barrier right across our path. This, however, is not the case, for close to the foot of the first mountain the road turns sharply to S.S.E., running parallel and close to the range. When the range ends, the road ends too, for there, embosomed in a circle of "hill-children,"—as the native would say in his own language, *i.e.*, low hills of a few thousand feet or under,—lies the military station of Masasi.

The dome-shaped gneiss peaks of Masasi are celebrated in geological literature: they are, in fact, unique, not in their petrographic constituents, but in the regularity of their serried ranks. Orographically this whole region of East Africa which I am now traversing is characterized by insular mountains (*Inselberge*), as they are called by the geologist Bornhardt. The name is very appropriate, for, if the land were to sink some three hundred feet, or the Indian Ocean to rise in the same degree, the valleys of the Lukuledi, Umbekuru and Rovuma, as well as, in all probability, several rivers in Portuguese East Africa, and also the whole vast plain west of the Mwera and Makonde plateaus would form one great lake. Here in the west, only these lumpy, heavy gneiss peaks would rise as tiny islands above the waters, while towards the coast the plateaus just mentioned would so to speak represent the continents of this piece of the earth's surface.



THE INSULAR MOUNTAIN OF MASASI

In general these peaks are scattered irregularly over the whole wide area of the country. If I climb one of the smaller hills immediately behind my house, I can overlook an almost illimitable number of these remarkable formations to north, west and south. They are mostly single or in small clusters, but several days' journey further west a large number are gathered into a close cluster in the Majeje country. The Masasi range in our immediate neighbourhood is the other exception. Corresponding to their irregular distribution is a great variety in height. Many are only small hillocks, while others rise to a sheer height of 1,600 feet and over from the plain, which here at Masasi is fully 1,300 feet above sea level. The highest of these hills thus attain about the middle height among our German mountains.

As to the origin of these strange mountain shapes, not being a geologist, I am in no position to form an opinion. According to Bornhardt, who in his magnificent work on the earth-sculpture and geology of German East Africa[1] has

[1] *Zur Oberflächengestaltung und Geologie Deutsch-Ostafrikas*, Berlin, 1900.

described the geological features of this landscape with admirable vividness, all these insular peaks testify to a primeval and never interrupted struggle between the constructive activity of the sea and the denuding, eroding, digging and levelling action of flowing water and of atmospheric influences. He sees this tract in primordial times as an immense unbroken plain of primitive gneiss. In this, in course of time, streams and rivers excavated their valleys, all more or less in the same direction. At the end of this long-continued process, long hill ridges were left standing between the different valleys. Then came another epoch, when stratification took the place of destruction. Whereas formerly, rain, springs, brooks and rivers carried the comminuted and disintegrated rock down to the sea, now, the sea itself overflowed the land, filled the valleys, and probably covered the whole former scene of action with its sediment. This sediment, again, in the course of further ages became hardened into rock. Once more the scene changed; again the land was left dry; and wind, rain and running water could once more begin their work of destruction. But this time their activity took a different direction. They had formerly carried the detritus north or south, but now they swept it eastward, at right angles to their former course, and so gradually ground and filed away the whole of the later deposit, and also eroded the long ridges which had survived from the first period of destruction. Finally, when even this primitive rock had been worn away down to the bottom level of the first valleys, nothing remained of the old sheet of gneiss except in the angles formed by the crossing of the two lines of abrasion and erosion. The superincumbent strata being swept away, the hard gneiss cores of these angles of ground form the very insular peaks I have been describing. Bornhardt's theory is a bold one and assumes quite immeasurable periods of time, but it has been generally accepted as the most plausible of all attempts to explain the facts. In any case it is a brilliant proof of the capacity for inductive reasoning possessed by German scholars.

These mighty masses of rock, springing with an unusually steep slope, direct from the plain, dominate their surroundings wherever one comes across them, but where they appear in such a wonderfully regular series as they do here—Mkwera,

Masasi, Mtandi, Chironji, Kitututu, Mkomahindo, and the rest of the lesser and greater elevations within my horizon,—they present an incomparable and quite unforgettable spectacle. When once the projected railway across the Umbekuru basin is completed, the tourist agencies will have no more popular excursion than that to the Masasi Range.

From a botanical point of view, also, the visitor finds himself well repaid for his trouble. Once in the shadow of these hills, the desolation of the *pori* is forgotten as if by magic; one plantation succeeds another, and patches of all the different varieties of millet bow their heavy cobs and plumes in the fresh morning breeze, which is a real refreshment after the stifling heat of the long day's march through the bush. Beans of all kinds, gourds and melons, rejoice the eye with their fresh green, on either side of the path the *mhogo* (manioc) spreads its branches with their pale-green leaves and pink stalks. Wherever there is an interval between these various crops, the *bazi* pea rattles in its pod. This fertility (astonishing for the southern part of German East Africa) is only rendered possible by the geological constitution of the soil. Wherever we have set foot on the main road, and north and south of the same, as far as the eye can reach, the principal constituents of the upper stratum have been loamy sand and sandy loam. In places where the action of water has been more marked, we find an outcrop of bare, smooth gneiss rocks; or the ground is covered with hard quartzite, crunching under foot. Only where these mighty gneiss ranges break the monotony does anyone examining the country with an eye to its economic value find full satisfaction. Gneiss weathers easily and forms excellent soil, as the natives have long ago discovered; and, though they by no means despise the less fertile tracts, yet the most favoured sites for settlements have always been those in the immediate vicinity of the gneiss islands. Masasi, with its enormous extent, taking many hours to traverse, is the typical example of such economic insight.

Since this would naturally attract people from all directions, it is not to be wondered at if a question as to the tribal affinities of the Masasi people should land one in a very chaos of tribes. Makua, Wayao, Wangindo, a few Makonde, and,

in addition a large percentage of Coast men :—such are the voluntary immigrants to this little centre of social evolution. To these we must add a miscellaneous collection of people belonging to various tribes of the far interior, who are here included under the comprehensive designation of Wanyasa. These Wanyasa are the living testimony to an experiment devised in the spirit of the highest philanthropy, which, unfortunately, has not met with the success hoped for and expected by its promoters. This very region was some decades ago the scene of an extremely active slave-traffic ; the trade, kept up by the Zanzibar and Coast Arabs, preferred the route through this easily-traversed and at that time thickly-populated country. The situation of Kilwa Kivinje on a bay so shallow that Arab slave-dhows, but not the patrolling gun-boats of rigidly moral Powers, can anchor there, is to this day a speaking testimony to that dark period in the not excessively sunny history of Africa.

In order to get at the root of the evil, English philanthropists have for many years been in the habit of causing the unhappy victims driven down this road in the slave-stick, to be ransomed by the missionaries and settled on their stations as free men. The principal settlement of this kind is that among the gneiss peaks of Masasi. The Christian world cherished the hope that these liberated slaves might be trained into grateful fellow-believers and capable men. But when one hears the opinion of experienced residents in the country, it is not possible without a strong dose of preconceived opinion to see in these liberated converts anything better than their compatriots. The fact remains and cannot by any process of reasoning be explained away, that Christianity does not suit the native ; far less, in any case than Islam, which unhesitatingly allows him all his cherished freedom.

Personally, however, I must say I have not so far noticed any discreditable points in the character of the Masasi people ; all who have come in contact with me have treated me in the same friendly fashion as the rest of those I have come across in this country. Such contact has by no means been wanting in spite of the shortness of my stay here, since I have thrown myself into my work with all the energy of which I am capable, and am convinced that I have already seen with my own eyes

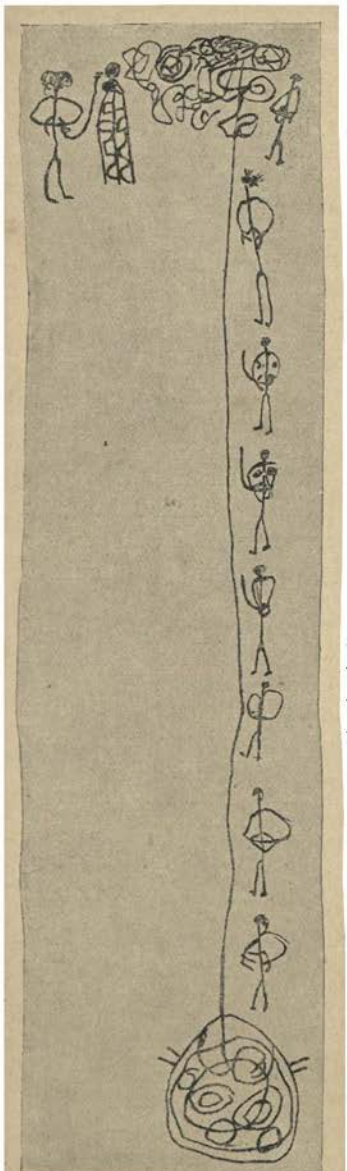
and heard with my own ears a large and important part of the people's life.

The very beginning of my studies was remarkably promising. The Mission station of Masasi lies a short hour's walk north north-eastward from us, immediately under the precipitous side of Mtandi Mountain. This Mtandi is the most imposing peak of the whole range; it rises in an almost vertical cliff directly behind the straw huts of the Mission, ending, at a height of nearly 3,100 feet in a flat dome. District Commissioner Ewerbeck and I had already, when riding past it on the day of our arrival, determined to visit this mountain; and we carried out our project a day or two later. The trip was not without a certain fascination. At 4.30 a.m. in a pitch-dark tropical night, we were ready to march, the party consisting of two Europeans and half-a-dozen carriers and boys, with Ewerbeck's Muscat donkey and my old mule. As quickly as the darkness allowed, the procession passed along the *barabara*, turning off to the left as we approached Mtandi. The animals with their attendants were left behind at the foot of the mountain, while the rest of us, making a circuit of the Mission grounds, began our climbing practice.

I had equipped myself for my African expedition with the laced boots supplied by Tippelskirch expressly for the tropics. When I showed these to "old Africans" at Lindi, they simply laughed at me and asked what I expected to do in this country with one wretched row of nails on the edge of the sole. They advised me to send the things at once to Brother William at the Benedictine Mission, who earns the gratitude of all Europeans by executing repairs on shoes and boots. Brother William, in fact, very kindly armed my boots with a double row of heavy Alpine hobnails, and I wore a pair the first day out from Lindi, but never again on the march. They weighed down my feet like lead, and it soon appeared that the heavy nails were absolutely unnecessary on the fine sand of the *barabara*. After that first day, I wore my light laced shoes from Leipzig, which make walking a pleasure. Here, on the other hand, on the sharp ridges of Mtandi, the despised mountain boots rendered me excellent service.

I prefer to omit the description of my feelings during this ascent. It grew lighter, and we went steadily upwards, but

this climbing, in single file, from rock to rock and from tree to tree was, at any rate for us two well-nourished and comfortable Europeans, by no means a pleasure. In fact, we relinquished the ambition of reaching the highest peak and contented ourselves with a somewhat lower projection. This was sensible of us, for there was no question of the magnificent view we had expected; the heights and the distant landscape were alike veiled in thick mist, so that even the longest exposure produced no effect to speak of on my photographic plates.



OUR ASCENT OF MTANDI MOUNTAIN. DRAWN BY JUMA

This ascent, though barren of results in other respects, has produced one small monument of African art, a drawing of our climbing caravan, which is here offered to the reader's inspection. The native artist has quite correctly indicated the steepness of the mountain by the vertical line representing the road. The confusion of circles and curves at the lower end stands for the buildings of the Mission station:—the foundations of a church vast enough, should it ever be finished, to hold all the converted heathen of Africa and the adjacent continents; the *ci devant* cowhouse, in which the two aged clergymen have found a primitive refuge after the destruction of their beautiful buildings by the *Majimaji*, the boys' school and the girls' school—two large bamboo huts in the native style; and the dwellings of the native teachers and boarders. The curly

BUSH-FIRE ON THE MAKONDE PLATEAU

labyrinth at the upper end of the line is the top of the mountain with its gneiss blocks. The two uppermost climbers are the *kirongozi* or guide and one of our men, the third is Captain Ewerbeck, and the fourth myself. The District Commissioner is readily recognizable by the epaulettes with the two stars denoting his military rank, which belong to the uniform worn on duty by this class of officials. Of all attributes of the white man this seems to make the greatest impression on the native mind, since, in every drawing in my possession where officers are represented, their rank is invariably (and always correctly) indicated by the number of stars. In the same way the native draughtsman never makes a mistake with regard to the stripes on the sleeves of non-commissioned officers, black or white. The advantages of a well-developed corporation are here evident! Ewerbeck and Seyfried are about the same age as myself, and our chest and other measurements are pretty nearly identical. This I suppose must be the reason why the inhabitants of Lindi, and later on those of the interior, have promoted me to the rank of captain; at Lindi I went by the name of *Hoffmani mpya*, "the new captain" (*Hauptmann*). The drawing here reproduced is evidence of my promotion, the artist having bestowed the epaulettes on me as well as on Ewerbeck. The figures behind us are of no importance, they are only the rest of our party. Now, however, comes the psychologically noteworthy point; I figure in the picture twice over, first laboriously climbing the mountain, and then in majestic pose at the top, in the act of photographing the African landscape. You must know that the tripod shown in the drawing is that of my 13×18 cm. camera, the zig-zags between its legs are the brass struts which keep it rigid; the long snake-like line is the rubber tube for the release of the instantaneous shutter—of which, as a matter of fact, I could make no use on account of the mist,—and the photographer is, as above stated, myself. The men behind me are my personal attendants to whom the more fragile parts of the apparatus are usually entrusted. The graphic reproduction of this ascent is no great achievement on the part of the native intellect, but nevertheless it is a very important document for the beginnings of art in general and for the African point of view in particular. To the

ethnographer, of all men, the most apparently insignificant matters are not without importance, and this is why the prospect of working undisturbed for many months in these surroundings is such a delight to me.

Our ascent of Mtandi was concluded, at any rate for the present, by a ceremonious breakfast, to which the two missionaries had kindly invited us. Englishmen, as is well known, live extremely well in their own country; but abroad, too, even in the far interior of a continent, they know how to make the best of things. I was here impressed with the fact that Masasi must be a "very nourishing district," as Wilhelm Raabe would say. We had no champagne, it is true—Archdeacon Carnon had set it before us on the previous day, in a huge water-jug, apologizing for the absence of champagne glasses. We showed him that we were able to appreciate his hospitality, even in the absence of such refinements.

The merriest part of our whole Mtandi expedition, however, was the ride home, with the Mission pupils trotting along beside us. The little fellows looked warlike enough with their bows and arrows, and seemed desirous of shouting each other down. I could not at first make out what they wanted, but on reaching home, that is to say, our police-post, I soon understood that their object was nothing less than to offer me the whole of their martial equipment for my ethnographic collection. But not as a present—giving things away for nothing is not in the negro's line, and in this he resembles our German rustics. On the contrary, these young people demanded fancy prices for the bows which they had made on purpose to sell them to the *mzungu*, that remarkable character who buys all sorts of native rubbish. I purchased such of their wares as seemed suitable for my objects, and thought it advisable to prevent disappointment to those whose offers had been refused by giving each a copper or two out of the famous jar of which we shall hear again later on. Before doing so, however, I instituted a pleasing experiment, instructive for myself and highly enjoyable for the youth of Masasi, in the shape of an archery competition.

Comparative ethnography has for a long time past busied itself with the task of classifying and analyzing all the technical and mental activities of man. Thus some decades ago.

the American, Morse,[1] ascertained that all men who shoot, or ever have shot, with the bow, have certain definite ways of drawing it. There are about half-a-dozen distinct methods, which are so distributed over the globe that, in some places the same release (or "loose" as it is technically called) is known to be common to the whole of a large area, while elsewhere the most abrupt contrasts may be observed between contiguous nations or tribes. It might be supposed that there could be no possible differences in so simple an action as that of drawing a bow; but experiment shows otherwise, and this experiment I have made over and over again in the course of my lectures.

It is a thousand to one that any German (leaving out of consideration the English and the Belgians, who still practise archery according to the rules of the game, and can distinguish a good "loose" from a bad one), when he has taken the bow in his left hand and grasped the arrow and the string in his right, will hold the notch as it rests on the string between his thumb and fore-finger, and thus only indirectly draw the string by means of the arrow. This, which is the "loose" we used on the little toy bows of our boyhood, is the very worst conceivable, as anyone who understands the other methods can convince himself by every shot he tries. It is obvious that the arrow must slip from the fingers if a moderately strong pull is given. The best proof of the inferiority of this particular "loose" is the fact that it is very seldom found among those sections of mankind who still use the bow as a serious and effective weapon, whether in war or hunting. These handle it after a very different fashion. Only where the bow is a mere survival, and only used as a toy by children (the most conservative class in the community), as for instance among ourselves, this method, quite useless for an effective shot, is practised simply because no better is known.

If I felt compelled to take the boys at Masasi Mission as a standard for estimating the culture of the race, I should have to say that here too the bow is a survival, for nine-tenths of the whole multitude shot in the same way as our boys at home, but with one difference; we hold the bow horizontally, the African boys held it vertically, the arrow lying on the left

[1] *Ancient and Modern Methods of Arrow Release.*

side of the string between the index and middle finger. Only one-tenth of the whole number used a different "loose," and these, significantly enough, were older boys, who therefore had evidently taken over with them into their Christianity a considerable dose of old African conservatism.

My competition was arranged with a view, not so much of registering the number of hits and misses, as of observing the method of drawing; but, notwithstanding, I must say that the little archers acquitted themselves by no means contemptibly. It is true that the distances were short, and my mark was scarcely a small one, being a copy of the *Tägliche Rundschau*; but the greater number sent their arrows inside the rings I had hastily drawn on this improvised target. They were proud of their success, too; and when I praised a good shot it was good to see the triumphant looks that the little black hero cast round on his admiring companions.

As to the other methods, if I were asked the question in my Leipzig lecture-room, I should have to answer it at once. As it is, I am enabled to claim the privilege of the investigator and excuse myself from giving further information till I have collected sufficient material by a series of fresh observations. I hope to gratify my readers' thirst for knowledge when I have traversed the whole plain north of the Rovuma, and, encamped on the cool heights of the Makonde plateau, find leisure to look back and take stock of my studies. Till then—*Au revoir, Messieurs!*

MNYASA HUNTER WITH DOG. DRAWN BY SALIM MATOLA

## CHAPTER VI

### NATIVE LIFE SEEN FROM THE INSIDE

MASASI, end of July, 1906.

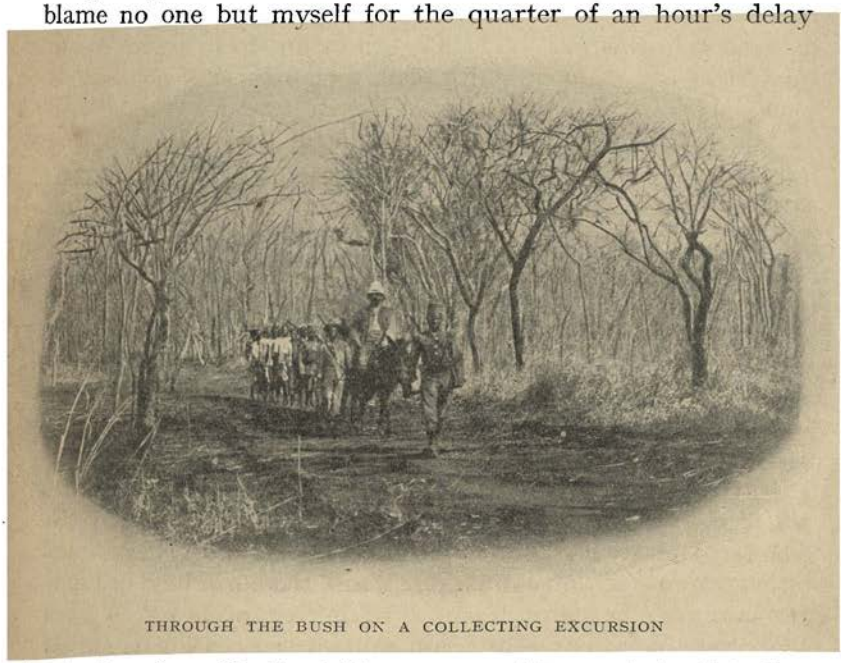
EVERY normal human being is a walking demonstration of the theory of adaptation to environment. I have been in Africa barely two months, and only as yet a fraction of a month in the interior, and yet I feel quite at home already. After all, I could scarcely do otherwise. On the 21st, when we had only lived together a few days, Mr. Ewerbeck marched away before daybreak, by the light of a lantern borne before him through the darkness of the tropic night, to attend to higher duties at Lindi, viz., the reception of the eight delegates from the Reichstag, now fairly embarked on that desperate adventure which for many months past has kept our daily press busy celebrating their heroism.

Nils Knudsen remains behind as the last relic of civilization. His name alone is sufficient to indicate his Scandinavian origin, and he is, in fact, a fair-haired descendant of the Vikings. He joined the expedition so unobtrusively that at first I scarcely noticed the presence of a third European. While Ewerbeck and I marched proudly at the head of our long line of followers, Knudsen usually brought up the rear, and in camp he remained modestly in the background. Now that we have fixed our headquarters at Masasi, he has become prominent by virtue of his office; he is supposed to keep things straight here and exercise some supervision over the native local authorities. Whether this is necessary, I am at present unable to judge, having as yet no insight into the difficulties of internal

administration in a large district like Lindi. However, a man who knows the country as well as Ewerbeck does, would hardly have taken such a measure without good reason. In the meantime I have persuaded Knudsen to quit his tent—which, to judge by its venerable appearance, must have been left behind as too far gone to take away, by Vasco Da Gama when he landed in this part of Africa—and come to live with me in the rest-house. Now he is installed, with his scanty possessions —two old tin trunks, which do not even appear to be full—on one side of the spacious apartment, while I with my princely outfit reside on the other. He is, however, abundantly compensated for the niggardliness with which fortune has treated him by goodness of heart and fineness of feeling. Knudsen's life has been adventurous enough, and recalls to some extent the fate of that English sailor who was wrecked among the aborigines of South-East Australia, and had to live as a savage among savages. My fair-haired neighbour did not fare quite so badly as that; but he has had plenty of time to "go Fanti" had he been so disposed. So far as I have yet ascertained anything about his personal affairs, he started life as cabin-boy on board a merchant vessel, from which he ran away about ten years ago, when it was anchored in a harbour of Madagascar. He wandered about this island for some years, and at last found his way across to the mainland and into the hinterland of Lindi. He says that he never learnt a trade, but professes to know something of a great many, and can act on occasion as mason, builder, carpenter, and locksmith. Indeed he erected all the buildings at the Luisenfelde mines, far south near the Rovuma, which I may yet be able to visit, and was general factotum there as long as they continued working. Since then the municipality of Lindi has appointed him head instructor at the industrial school, from which post he is at present on leave of absence.

Our manner of life here is, of course, essentially different from that followed on the march. Life on the march is always full of charm, more especially in a country quite new to one; and mine has so far been entirely without drawbacks. In African travel-books we find that almost every expedition begins with a thousand difficulties. The start is fixed for a certain hour, but no carriers appear, and when at last the leader of the

expedition has, with infinite pains, got his men together, they have still endless affairs to settle, wives and sweethearts to take leave of, and what not, and have usually vanished from the traveller's ken on the very first evening. In my case everything went like clockwork from the start. I can blame no one but myself for the quarter of an hour's delay



THROUGH THE BUSH ON A COLLECTING EXCURSION

in starting from Lindi, which was caused by my being late for breakfast. On the second morning the *askari* could not quite get on with the folding of the tent, and Moritz with the best will in the world failed to get my travelling-lamp into its case, which was certainly a very tight fit. But with these exceptions we have all behaved as if we had been on the road for months. Anyone who wants a substantial breakfast first thing in the morning, after the English fashion, should not go travelling in Africa. I have given directions to wake me at five. Punctually to the minute, the sentinel calls softly into the tent, "*Amka, bwana*" ("Wake up, sir"). I throw both feet over the high edge of the trough-like camp bed, and jump into my khaki suit. The water which Kibwana, in the performance of his duties as housemaid, has thoughtfully placed at the tent

door overnight, has acquired a refreshing coolness in the low temperature of a tropic night in the dry season. The shadow of the European at his toilet is sharply outlined on the canvas by the burning lamp, which, however, does not confine its illumination to its owner, but radiates a circle of light on the shining brown faces of the carriers and the *askari*. The former are busy tying up their loads for the march, while the soldiers are ready to rush on the tent like a tiger on his prey, so soon as the white man shall have finished dressing and come out. In the twinkling of an eye the tent is folded, without a word spoken, or a superfluous movement ; it is division of labour in the best sense of the word, faultlessly carried out. Meanwhile the traveller goes to his camp-table, takes a hurried sip of tea, cocoa, or whatever his favourite beverage may be, eating at the same time a piece of bread baked by himself, and now stands ready for the march. "*Tayari ?*" ("Ready ?") his voice rings out over the camp. "*Bado*" ("Not yet") is the invariable answer. It is always the same lazy or awkward members of the party who utter this word beloved of the African servant. The beginner lets himself be misled by it at first, but in a few days he takes no more notice of the "*Bado*," but fires off his "*Safari !*" (literally "Journey !") or (as speedily introduced by me), "*Los !*"[1] at the band in general, flourishes his walking-stick boldly in the air, thereby indicating to the two leading *askari* the direction of the march, and the day's work has begun.

I do not know how other tribes are accustomed to behave at the moment of starting, but my Wanyamwezi are certainly neither to hold nor to bind on these occasions. With evident difficulty each one has got his load lifted to head or shoulder, and stands in his place bending under the weight. At the word of command arises an uproar which baffles description. All the pent-up energy of their throats rings out into the silent forest ; stout sticks rattle in a wild, irregular rhythm on the wooden cases, and, alas ! also on the tin boxes, which furnish only too good a resonator. The noise is infernal, but it is a manifestation of joy and pleasure. We are off ! and, once on the march, the Wanyamwezi are in their element. Before long the chaos of noise is reduced to some order ; these

[1] "Off you go !"

men have an infinitely delicate sense of rhythm, and so the din gradually resolves itself into a kind of march sung to a drum accompaniment, whose charm even the legs of the *askari*—otherwise too dignified for such childish goings-on—cannot resist.

Oh ! the beauty of these early mornings in the tropics ! It is now getting on for six o'clock ; the darkness of night has quickly yielded to the short twilight of dawn ; the first bright

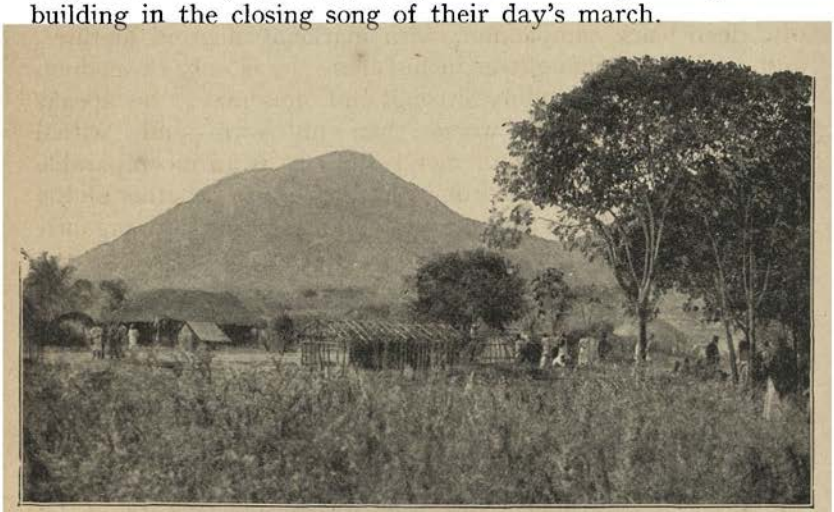
READY FOR MARCHING (MASASI)

rays gild the light clouds floating in the sky, and suddenly the disc of the sun rises in its wonderful majesty above the horizon. With swift, vigorous strides, and still in close order, the procession hastens through the dew-drenched bush, two soldiers in the van, as if in a military expedition ; then, after an interval we Europeans, immediately followed by our personal servants with guns, travelling-flask and camp-stool. Then comes the main body of the soldiers followed by the long line of carriers and the soldiers' boys, and, lastly, to keep the laggards up to the mark, and also to help any who have to fall out from exhaustion or illness, two soldiers bringing up the rear. An admirable figure is the *mnyampara* or headman. His position is in a sense purely honorary, for he receives not a farthing more wages than the lowest of his subordinates. Perhaps even this expression should not be used ; he is rather *primus inter pares*. The *mnyampara* is everywhere. He is

in front when the master sends for him, and he is back at the very end of the line (which becomes longer with every hour of the march) if there is a sick man needing his help. In such a case he carries the man's load himself, as a matter of course, and brings him safely to camp. It seems to me that I have made an unusually happy choice in Pesa mbili. He is young, like the great majority of my men, probably between 23 and 25, of a deep black complexion, with markedly negroid features, and a kind of feline glitter in his eyes; he is only of medium height, but uncommonly strong and muscular; he speaks shocking Swahili—far worse than my own—and withal he is a treasure. It is not merely that he is an incomparable singer, whose pleasant baritone voice never rests whether on the march or in camp, but he thoroughly understands the organization of camp life, the distribution of tasks and the direction of his men. The demands made on such a man by the end of the day's march are arduous enough.

The delicious coolness of the morning has long since given place to a perceptibly high temperature; the white man has exchanged his light felt hat or still lighter travelling-cap for the heavy tropical helmet, and the naked bodies of the carriers are coated with a shining polish. These, who have been longing for the day to get warm ever since they awoke shivering round the camp fire at four, have now reached the goal of their desires; they are warm—very warm—and the white man will do well to march at the head of the caravan, otherwise he will find opportunities more numerous than agreeable for studying the subject of "racial odours." After two hours, or two hours and a half, comes the first halt. The European shouts for his camp-stool and sits watching the long string of loads coming up and being lowered to the ground. A frugal breakfast of a couple of eggs, a piece of cold meat, or a few bananas, here awaits the traveller, but the carriers, who started without a meal, steadily fast on. It seems incomprehensible that these men should be able to march for many hours with a load of sixty or seventy pounds, while practising such abstinence, but they are quite content to have it so. In the later hours of the day, it is true, they begin to flag, their steps become slower and shorter, and they lag more and more behind the personal "boys" who have no heavy loads to carry. Yet when they reach camp at last, they are

as merry and cheerful as they were in the early morning. The same noise—though now with quite different words from the throats of the singers—overwhelms the European, who has long been seated at the halting-place. My company seem to be obsessed by the "*Central-Magazin*" at Dar es Salam, where they entered my service; they are celebrating this spacious building in the closing song of their day's march.



CAMP AT MASASI

The duties of my followers—whether boys, *askari*, or porters—are by no means over when they have reached camp. By the time they come up, the leader of the expedition has looked round for a place to pitch his tent, a matter which seems to me to require special gifts. The fundamental principles to bear in mind are: that it should be within reach of good drinking water and free from noxious insects, such as ticks, mosquitoes, and jiggers. The second point, but one by no means to be overlooked, is the position of the tent-pole with regard to the course of the sun, and the next the shade of leafy trees, if that is attainable. I find it simplest to draw the outline of the tent on the sandy ground, after the spot has been carefully swept, indicating the place where I want the door to be by a break in the line. That is quite enough for my corporal in command. Scarcely have the two unfortunates, whose shoulders are weighed down by my heavy tent, come up panting and gasping

for breath, when the loads are unrolled, and in a twinkling every warrior has taken up his position. "One, two, three!" and the two poles are in their places, and the next moment I hear the blows of the mallet on the tent-pegs. While this is going on, the two boys, Moritz and Kibwana, are amusing themselves with my bed. This occupation seems to represent for them the height of enjoyment, for it seems as if they would never be done. Neither scolding nor threats can avail to hasten their movements. It seems as if their usually slow brains had become absolutely torpid. Mechanically they set up the bedstead; mechanically they spread the cork mattress and the blankets over it; in the same dull, apathetic way they finally set up the framework of the mosquito-net. The soldiers have taken their departure long before my two gentlemen condescend to carry the bed into the tent.

My carriers meanwhile have found all sorts of work to do. Water has to be fetched for the whole caravan, and fires to be made, and the sanitary requirements of the camp provided for; and noon is long past by the time their turn comes and they can live their own life for an hour or two. Even now they cannot be said to revel in luxury. This southern part of the German territory is very poor in game, and in any case I have no time for shooting, so that meat is almost an unknown item in my people's menu. *Ugali*, always *ugali*—stiff porridge of millet, maize or manioc, boiled till it has almost a vitreous consistency, and then shaped with the spoon used for stirring into a kind of pudding—forms the staple of their meals day after day.

Here at Masasi the tables are turned; my men have a good time, while I can scarcely get a minute to myself. My escort are quite magnificently housed, they have moved into the *baraza* or council-house to the left of my palatial quarters and fitted it up in the native way. The negro has no love for a common apartment; he likes to make a little nest apart for himself. This is quickly done: two or three horizontal poles are placed as a scaffolding all round the projected cabin, then a thick layer of long African grass is tied to them, and a cosy place, cool by day and warm by night, is ready for each one. The carriers, on the other hand, have built themselves huts in the open space facing my abode, quite simple and neat, but,

INTERIOR OF A NATIVE HUT IN THE ROVUMA VALLEY

to my astonishment, quite in the Masai style—neither circular hut nor *tembe*. The circular hut I shall discuss in full later on, but in case anyone should not know what a *tembe* is like, I will here say that the best notion of it can be got by placing three or four railway carriages at right angles to one another, so that they form a square or parallelogram, with the doors inward. This *tembe* is found throughout most of the northern and central part of German East Africa, from Unyamwezi in the west to the coast on the east, and from the Eyasi and Manyara basin in the north to Uhehe in the south. The Masai hut, finally, can best be compared with a round-topped trunk. Though the Masai, as everyone knows, usually stand well over six feet, their huts, which (quite conformably with the owners' mode of life as cattle-breeders *par excellence*) are neatly and fragrantly plastered with cowdung, are so low that even a person of normal stature cannot stand upright in them. My Wanyamwezi, however, never attempt to stand up in their huts; on the contrary, they lie about lazily all day long on their heaps of straw.

My activities are all the more strenuous. The tropical day is short, being only twelve hours from year's end to year's end, so that one has to make the fullest possible use of it. At sunrise, which of course is at six, everyone is on foot, breakfast is quickly dispatched, and then the day's work begins. This beginning is curious enough. Everyone who has commanded an African expedition must have experienced the persistence of the natives in crediting him with medical skill and knowledge, and every morning I find a long row of patients waiting for me. Some of them are my own men, others inhabitants of Masasi and its neighbourhood. One of my carriers has had a bad time. The carrier's load is, in East Africa, usually packed in the American petroleum case. This is a light but strong wooden box measuring about twenty-four inches in length by twelve in width and sixteen in height, and originally intended to hold two tins of "kerosene." The tins have usually been divorced from the case, in order to continue a useful and respected existence as utensils of all work in every Swahili household; while the case without the tins is used as above stated. One only of my cases remained true to its original destination, and travelled with its full complement of oil on the

shoulders of the Mnyamwezi Kazi Ulaya.[1] The honest fellow strides ahead sturdily. "It is hot," he thinks. "I am beginning to perspire. Well, that is no harm; the others are doing the same. . . . It is really very hot!" he ejaculates after a while; "even my *mafuta ya Ulaya*, my European oil, is beginning to smell." The smell becomes stronger and the carrier wetter as the day draws on, and when, at the end of the march, he sets down his fragrant load, it is with a double feeling of relief, for the load itself has become inexplicably lighter during the last six hours. At last the truth dawns on him and his friends, and it is a matter for thankfulness that none of them possess any matches, for had one been struck close to Kazi Ulaya, the whole man would have burst into a blaze, so soaked was he with Mr. Rockefeller's stock-in-trade.

Whether it is to be accounted for by a strong sense of discipline or by an almost incredible apathy, the fact remains that this man did not report himself on the first day when he discovered that the tins were leaking, but calmly took up his burden next morning and carried it without a murmur to the next stopping place. Though once more actually swimming in kerosene, Kazi Ulaya's peace of mind would not even now have been disturbed but for the fact that symptoms of eczema had appeared, which made him somewhat uneasy. He therefore presented himself with the words a native always uses when something is wrong with him and he asks the help of the all-powerful white man—"*Dawa, bwana*" ("Medicine, sir"), and pointed significantly, but with no sign of indignation, to his condition. A thorough treatment with soap and water seemed indicated in the first instance, to remove the incrustation of dirt accumulated in seven days' marching. It must be said, in justice to the patient, that this state of things was exceptional and due to scarcity of water, for Kazi Ulaya's personal cleanliness was above the average. I then dressed with lanoline, of which, fortunately, I had brought a large tin with me. The patient is now gradually getting over his trouble.

Another case gives a slight idea of the havoc wrought by the jigger. One of the soldiers' boys, an immensely tall

[1] Dr. Weule translates this as "He works for the European," but it is more accurately rendered "Foreign work," or "work in" (or "of") "Europe"—or foreign countries generally.

Maaraba from the country behind Sudi, comes up every morning to get *dawa* for a badly damaged great toe. Strangely enough, I have at present neither corrosive sublimate nor iodoform in my medicine-chest, the only substitute being boric acid tabloids. I have to do the best I can with these, but my patients have, whether they like it or not, got accustomed to have my weak disinfectant applied at a somewhat high temperature. In the case of such careless fellows as this Maaraba, who has to thank his own lazy apathy for the loss of his toe-nail (which has quite disappeared and is replaced by a large ulcerated wound), the hot water is after all a well-deserved penalty. He yells every time like a stuck pig, and swears by all his gods that from henceforth he will look out for the *funsa* with the most unceasing vigilance—for the strengthening of which laudable resolutions his lord and master, thoroughly annoyed by the childish behaviour of this giant, bestows on him a couple of vigorous but kindly meant cuffs.

As to the health of the Masasi natives, I prefer to offer no opinion for the present. The insight so far gained through my morning consultations into the negligence or helplessness of the natives as regards hygiene, only makes me more determined to study other districts before pronouncing a judgment. I shall content myself with saying here that the negro's power of resisting the deleterious influences of his treacherous continent is by no means as great as we, amid the over-refined surroundings of our civilized life, usually imagine. Infant mortality, in particular, seems to reach a height of which we can form no idea.

Having seen my patients, the real day's work begins, and I march through the country in the character of Diogenes. On the first few days, I crawled into the native huts armed merely with a box of matches, which was very romantic, but did not answer my purpose. I had never before been able to picture to myself what is meant by Egyptian darkness, but now I know that the epithet is merely used on the principle of *pars pro toto*, and that the thing belongs to the whole continent, and is to be had of the very best quality here in the plain west of the Makonde plateau. The native huts are entirely devoid of windows, a feature which may seem to us unprogressive,

but which is in reality the outcome of long experience. The native wants to keep his house cool, and can only do so by excluding the outside temperature. For this reason he dislikes opening the front and back doors of his home at the same time, and makes the thatch project outward and downward far beyond the walls. My stable-lantern, carried about the country in broad daylight by Moritz, is a great amusement to the aborigines, and in truth our proceeding might well seem eccentric to anyone ignorant of our object. In the darkness of a hut-interior, however, they find their complete justification. First comes a polite request from me, or from Mr. Knudsen, to the owner, for permission to inspect his domain, which is granted with equal politeness. This is followed by an eager search through the rooms and compartments of which, to my surprise, the dwellings here are composed. These are not elegant, such a notion being as yet wholly foreign to the native consciousness; but they give unimpeachable testimony to the inmates' mode of life. In the centre, midway between the two doors is the kitchen with the hearth and the most indispensable household implements and stores. The hearth is simplicity itself: three stones the size of a man's head, or perhaps only lumps of earth from an ant-heap, are placed at an angle of 120° to each other. On these, surrounded by other pots, the great earthen pot, with the inevitable *ugali*, rests over the smouldering fire. Lying about among them are ladles, or spoons, and " spurtles " for stirring the porridge. Over the fireplace, and well within reach of the smoke, is a stage constructed out of five or six forked poles. On the cross-sticks are laid heads of millet in close, uniform rows, and under them, like the sausages in the smoke-room of a German farm-house, hang a great number of the largest and finest cobs of maize, by this time covered with a shining layer of soot. If this does not protect them from insects, nothing else will; for such is the final end and aim of the whole process. In the temperate regions of Europe, science may be concerned with preserving the seed-corn in a state capable of germination till sowing-time; but here, in tropical Africa, with its all-penetrating damp, its all-devouring insect and other destroyers, and, finally, its want of suitable and permanent building material, this saving of the seed is an art of practical utility. It will be

one, and not the least welcome, of my tasks, to study this art thoroughly in all its details.

As to the economy of these natives, their struggle with the recalcitrant nature of the country, and their care for the morrow, I am waiting to express an opinion till I shall have gained fuller experience. In the literature dealing with ethnology and national economy, we have a long series of works devoted to the classification of mankind according to the forms and stages of their economic life. It is a matter of course that we occupy the highest stage; all authors are agreed on one point, that we have taken out a lease of civilization in all its departments. As to the arrangement of the other races and nations, no two authors are agreed. The text-books swarm with barbarous and half-barbarous peoples, with settled and nomadic, hunter, shepherd, and fisher tribes, migratory and collecting tribes. One group carries on its economic arts on a basis of tradition, another on that of innate instinct, finally, we have even an animal stage of economics. If all these classifications are thrown into a common receptacle, the result is a dish with many ingredients, but insipid as a whole. Its main constituent is a profound contempt for those whom we may call the "nature-peoples."[1] These books produce the impression that the negro, for instance, lives direct from hand to mouth, and in his divine carelessness takes no thought even for to-day, much less for to-morrow morning.

The reality is quite otherwise, here and elsewhere, but here in an especial degree. In Northern Germany, the modern intensive style of farming is characterized by the barns irregularly distributed over the fields, and in quite recent times by the corn-stacks, both of which, since the introduction of the movable threshing-machine, have made the old barn at the homestead well-nigh useless. Here the farming differs only in degree, not in principle; here, too, miniature barns are irregularly scattered over the *shambas*, or gardens; while other food-stores which surprise us by their number and size are found

[1] This expression (*Naturvölker*) was adopted by F. Ratzel in preference to the vague and misleading term "savages." It rests on the definition of civilization as a process whereby man renders himself, in an ever-increasing degree, independent of nature. The usual English equivalent, "primitive peoples," is somewhat lacking in precision.—[TR.]

close to and in the homestead. If we examine the interior of the house with a light, we find in all its compartments large earthen jars, hermetically sealed with clay, containing groundnuts, peas, beans, and the like, and neatly-made bark cylinders, about a yard long, also covered with clay and well caulked, for holding maize, millet and other kinds of grain. All these receptacles, both outdoor and indoor, are placed to protect them from insects, rodents and damp, on racks or platforms of wood and bamboo, from fifteen inches to two feet high, plastered with clay, and resting on stout, forked poles. The outdoor food-stores are often of considerable dimensions. They resemble gigantic mushrooms, with their thatched roofs projecting far beyond the bamboo or straw structure, which is always plastered with mud inside and out. Some have a door in their circumference after the fashion of our cylindrical iron stoves; others have no opening whatever, and if the owner wishes to take out the contents, he has to tilt the roof on one side. For this purpose he has to ascend a ladder of the most primitive construction—a couple of logs, no matter how crooked, with slips of bamboo lashed across them a yard apart. I cannot sketch these appliances without a smile, yet, in spite of their primitive character, they show a certain gift of technical invention.

The keeping of pigeons is to us Europeans a very pleasing feature in the village economy of these parts. Almost every homestead we visit has one or more dovecotes, very different from ours, and yet well suited to their purpose. The simplest form is a single bark cylinder, made by stripping the bark whole from the section of a moderately thick tree. The ends are fastened up with sticks or flat stones, a hole is cut in the middle for letting the birds in and out, and the box is fastened at a height of some five or six feet above the ground, or hung up (but this is not so common) like a swinging bar on a stand made for the purpose. This last arrangement is particularly safe, as affording no access to vermin. As the birds multiply, the owner adds cylinder to cylinder till they form a kind of wall. Towards sunset, he or his wife approaches the dovecote, greeted by a friendly cooing from inside, picks up from the ground a piece of wood cut to the right size, and closes the opening of the first bark box with it, doing the same

to all the others in turn, and then leaves them for the night, secure that no wild cat or other marauder can reach them.

I have found out within the last few days why so few men are to be seen in my rounds. The settlements here scarcely deserve the name of villages—they are too straggling for that; it is only now and then that from one hut one can catch a

DOVECOTE AND GRANARY

distant glimpse of another. The view is also obstructed by the fields of manioc, whose branches, though very spreading, are not easily seen through on account of the thickly-growing, succulent green foliage. This and the *bazi* pea are, now that the maize and millet have been gathered in, the only crops left standing in the fields. Thus it may happen that one has to trust entirely to the trodden paths leading from one hut to another, to be sure of missing none, or to the guidance of the sounds inseparable from every human settlement. There is no lack of such noises at Masasi, and in fact I follow them almost every day. Walking about the country with Nils Knudsen, I hear what sounds like a jovial company over their morning drink—voices becoming louder and louder, and shouting all together regardless of parliamentary rules. A sudden turn of the path brings us face to face with a drinking-party, and a very merry

one, indeed, to judge by the humour of the guests and the number and dimensions of the *pombe* pots which have been wholly or partially emptied. The silence which follows our appearance is like that produced by a stone thrown into a pool where frogs are croaking. Only when we ask, " *Pombe nzuri ?* " (" Is the beer good ? ") a chorus of hoarse throats shouts back the answer—" *Nzuri kabisa, bwana !* " (" Very good indeed, sir ! ")

As to this *pombe*—well, we Germans fail to appreciate our privileges till we have ungratefully turned our backs on our own country. At Mtua, our second camp out from Lindi, a huge earthen jar of the East African brew was brought as a respectful offering to us three Europeans. At that time I failed to appreciate the dirty-looking drab liquid ; not so our men, who finished up the six gallons or so in a twinkling. In Masasi, again, the wife of the Nyasa chief Masekera Matola—an extremely nice, middle-aged woman—insisted on sending Knudsen and me a similar gigantic jar soon after our arrival. We felt that it was out of the question to refuse or throw away the gift, and so prepared for the ordeal with grim determination. First I dipped one of my two tumblers into the turbid mass, and brought it up filled with a liquid in colour not unlike our Lichtenhain beer, but of a very different consistency. A compact mass of meal filled the glass almost to the top, leaving about a finger's breadth of real, clear " Lichtenhainer." " This will never do ! " I growled, and shouted to Kibwana for a clean handkerchief. He produced one, after a seemingly endless search, but my attempts to use it as a filter, were fruitless—not a drop would run through. " No use, the stuff is too closely woven. *Lete sanda*, Kibwana " (" Bring a piece of the shroud ! ") This order sounds startling enough, but does not denote any exceptional callousness on my part. *Sanda* is the Swahili name for the cheap, unbleached and highly-dressed calico (also called *bafta*) which, as a matter of fact, is generally used by the natives to wrap a corpse for burial. The material is consequently much in demand, and travellers into the interior will do well to carry a bale of it with them. When the dressing is washed out, it is little better than a network of threads, and might fairly be expected to serve the purpose of a filter.

I found, however, that I could not strain the *pombe* through it—a few scanty drops ran down and that was all. After trying my tea and coffee-strainers, equally in vain, I gave up in despair, and drank the stuff as it stood. I found that it had a slight taste of flour, but was otherwise not by any means bad, and indeed quite reminiscent of my student days at Jena—in fact, I think I could get used to it in time. The men of Masasi seem to have got only too well used to it. I am far from grudging the worthy elders their social glass after the hard work of the harvest, but it is very hard that my studies should suffer from this perpetual conviviality. It is impossible to drum up any considerable number of men to be cross-examined on their tribal affinities, usages and customs. Moreover, the few who can reconcile it with their engagements and inclinations to separate themselves for a time from their itinerant drinking-bouts are not disposed to be very particular about the truth. Even when, the other day, I sent for a band of these jolly topers to show me their methods of basket-making, the result was very unsatisfactory—they did some plaiting in my presence, but they were quite incapable of giving in detail the native names of their materials and implements—the morning drink had been too copious.

It is well known that it is the custom of most, if not all, African tribes to make a part of their supply of cereals into beer after an abundant harvest, and consume it wholesale in this form. This, more than anything else, has probably given rise to the opinion that the native always wastes his substance in time of plenty, and is nearly starved afterwards in consequence. It is true that our black friends cannot be pronounced free from a certain degree of " divine carelessness " —a touch, to call it no more, of Micawberism—but it would not be fair to condemn them on the strength of a single indication. I have already laid stress on the difficulty which the native cultivator has of storing his seed-corn through the winter. It would be still more difficult to preserve the much greater quantities of foodstuffs gathered in at the harvest in a condition fit for use through some eight or nine months. That he tries to do so is seen by the numerous granaries surrounding every homestead of any importance, but that he does not invariably succeed, and therefore prefers to dispose of that

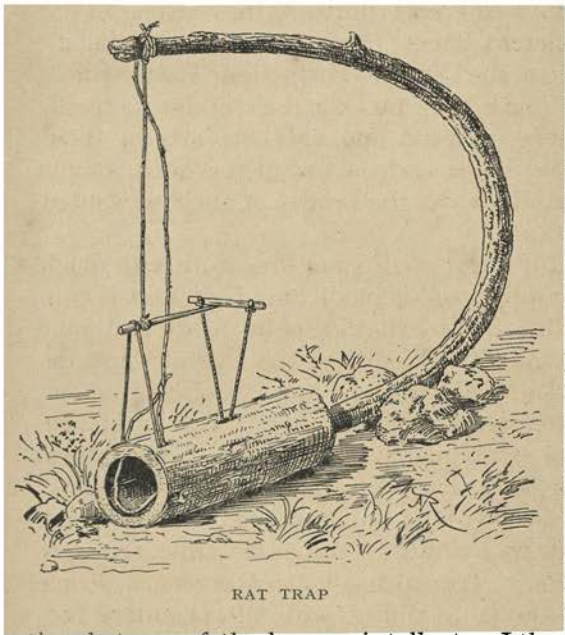
part of his crops which would otherwise be wasted in a manner combining the useful and the agreeable, is proved by the morning and evening beer-drinks already referred to, which, with all their loud merriment, are harmless enough. They differ, by the bye, from the drinking in European public-houses, in that they are held at each man's house in turn, so that every one is host on one occasion and guest on another—a highly satisfactory arrangement on the whole.

My difficulties are due to other causes besides the chronically bemused state of the men. In the first place, there are the troubles connected with photography. In Europe the amateur is only too thankful for bright sunshine, and even should the light be a little more powerful than necessary, there is plenty of shade to be had from trees and houses. In Africa we have nothing of the sort—the trees are neither high nor shady, the bushes are not green, and the houses are never more than twelve feet high at the ridge-pole. To this is added the sun's position in the sky at a height which affects one with a sense of uncanniness, from nine in the morning till after three in the afternoon, and an intensity of light which is best appreciated by trying to match the skins of the natives against the colours in Von Luschan's scale. No medium between glittering light and deep black shadow—how is one, under such circumstances, to produce artistic plates full of atmosphere and feeling ?

For a dark-room I have been trying to use the Masasi *boma*. This is the only stone building in the whole district and has been constructed for storing food so as to prevent the recurrence of famine among the natives, and, still more, to make the garrison independent of outside supplies in the event of another rising. It has only one story, but the walls are solidly built, with mere loopholes for windows; and the flat roof of beaten clay is very strong. In this marvel of architecture are already stacked uncounted bags containing millet from the new crop, and mountains of raw cotton. I have made use of both these products, stopping all crevices with the cotton, and taking the bags of grain to sit on, and also as a support for my table, hitherto the essential part of a cotton-press which stands forsaken in the compound, mourning over the shipwreck it has made of its existence. Finally, I have closed the door with a combination of thick straw mats made by my carriers, and

some blankets from my bed. In this way, I can develop at a pinch even in the daytime, but, after working a short time in this apartment, the atmosphere becomes so stifling that I am glad to escape from it to another form of activity.

On one of my first strolls here, I came upon a neat structure which was explained to me as "*tego ya ngunda*"—a trap for pigeons. This is a system of sticks and thin strings, one of which is fastened to a strong branch bent over into a half-circle. I have been, from my youth up, interested in all mechanical contrivances, and am still more so in a case like this, where we have an opportunity of gaining an insight into the earlier evolutional stages of the human intellect. I therefore, on my return to camp, called together all my men and as many local natives as possible, and addressed the assembly to the effect that the *mzungu* was exceedingly anxious to possess all kinds of traps for all kinds of animals. Then followed the promise of good prices for good and authentic specimens, and the oration wound up with "*Nendeni na tengenezeni sasa!*" ("Now go away and make up your contraptions!").



RAT TRAP

How they hurried off that day, and how eagerly all my men have been at work ever since! I had hitherto believed all my carriers to be Wanyamwezi—now I find, through the commentaries which each of them has to supply with his work, that my thirty men represent a number of different tribes. Most of them, to be sure, are Wanyamwezi, but along with them there are some Wasukuma and Manyema, and even

a genuine Mngoni from Runsewe, a representative of that gallant Zulu tribe who, some decades ago, penetrated from distant South Africa to the present German territory, and pushed forward one of its groups—these very Runsewe Wangoni—as far as the south-western corner of the Victoria Nyanza. As for the *askari*, though numbering only thirteen, they belong to no fewer than twelve different tribes, from those of far Darfur in the Egyptian Sudan to the Yao in Portuguese East Africa. All these " faithfuls " have been racking their brains to recall and practise once more in wood and field the arts of their boyhood, and now they come and set up, in the open, sunny space beside my palatial abode, the results of their unwonted intellectual exertions.

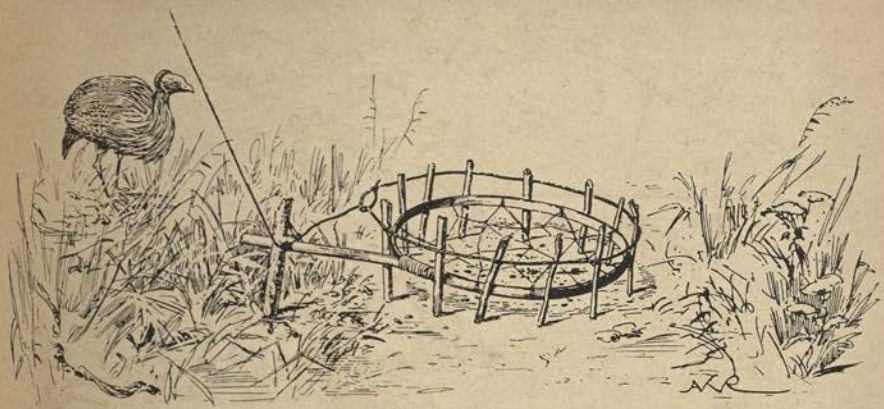
The typical cultivator is not credited in literature with much skill as a hunter and trapper ; his modicum of intellect is supposed to be entirely absorbed by the care of his fields, and none but tribes of the stamp of the Bushmen, the Pygmies and the Australian aborigines are assumed by our theoretic wisdom to be capable of dexterously killing game in forest or steppe, or taking it by skilful stratagem in a cunningly devised trap. And yet how wide of the mark is this opinion of the schools ! Among the tribes of the district I am studying, the Makua are counted as good hunters, while at the same time they are like the rest, in the main, typical hoe-cultivators—*i.e.*, people who, year after year, keep on tilling, with the primitive hoe, the ground painfully brought under cultivation. In spite of their agricultural habits their traps are constructed with wonderful ingenuity. The form and action of these traps is sufficiently evident from the accompanying sketches ; but in case any reader should be entirely without the faculty of " technical sight," I may add for his benefit that all these murderous implements depend on the same principle. Those intended for quadrupeds are so arranged that the animal in walking or running forward strikes against a fine net with his muzzle, or a thin cord with his foot. The net or the string is thereby pressed forward, the upper edge of the former glides downwards, but the end of the string moves a little to one side. In either case this movement sets free the end of a lever—a small stick which has hitherto, in a way sufficiently clear from the sketch—kept the trap set. It slips instantaneously

TRAP FOR ANTELOPES

round its support, and in so doing releases the tension of the tree or bent stick acting as a spring, which in its upward recoil draws a skilfully fixed noose tight round the neck of the animal, which is then strangled to death. Traps of similar construction, but still more cruel, are set for rats and the like, and, unfortunately, equal cunning and skill are applied to the pursuit of birds. Perhaps I shall find another opportunity of discussing this side of native life; it certainly deserves attention, for there is scarcely any department where the faculty of invention to be found in even the primitive mind is so clearly shown as in this aspect of the struggle for existence.

Of psychological interest is the behaviour of the natives in face of my own activity in this part of my task. When, we two Europeans having finished our frugal dinner, Nils Knudsen has laid himself down for his well-deserved *siesta*, and the snoring of my warriors resounds, more rhythmically than harmoniously from the neighbouring *baraza*, I sit in the blazing sun, like the shadowless Schlemihl, only slightly protected by the larger of my two helmets, sketching.

The ability to make a rapid and accurate sketch of any object in a few strokes is one whose value to the scientific explorer



TRAP FOR GUINEA-FOWL

TRAP FOR LARGE GAME

cannot be overrated. Photography is certainly a wonderful invention, but in the details of research-work carried on day by day, it is apt to fail one oftener than might be expected, and that not merely in the darkness of hut-interiors, but over and over again by daylight in the open air.

I am sitting sketching, then. Not a breath of air is stirring—all nature seems asleep. My pen, too, is growing tired, when I hear a noise immediately behind me. A hasty glance shows me that the momentum of universal human curiosity has overcome even the primæval force of negroid laziness. It is the whole band of my carriers, accompanied by a few people belonging to the place. They must have come up very softly, as they might easily do with their bare feet on the soft, sandy soil. Presently the whole crowd is looking over my shoulder in the greatest excitement. I do not let them disturb me; stroke follows stroke, the work nears completion,—at last it is finished. "*Sawasawa?*" ("Is it like?") I ask eagerly, and the answering chorus of "*Ndio*" ("Yes") is shouted into my ears with an enthusiasm which threatens to burst the tympanum. "*Kizuri?*" ("Is it fine?") "*Kizuri sana kabisa*" ("Very fine, indeed"), they yell back still more loudly and enthusiastically; "*Wewe fundi*" ("You are a master-craftsman"). These flattering critics are my artists who, having practised themselves, may be supposed to know what they are talking about; the few *washenzi*, unlettered barbarians, unkissed of the Muse, have only joined in the chorus from gregarious instinct, mere cattle that they are.

Now comes the attempt at a practical application. I rise from my camp-stool, take up an oratorical attitude and inform my disciples in art that, as they have now seen how I, the *fundi*, set about drawing a trap, it would be advisable for them to attempt a more difficult subject, such as this. It is dull work to keep on drawing their friends, or trees, houses, and animals; and they are such clever fellows that a bird-trap must surely be well within their powers. I have already mentioned the look of embarrassed perplexity which I encountered when beginning my studies at Lindi. Here it was even more marked and more general. It produced a definite impression that the idea of what we call perspective for the first time became clear to the men's minds. They were evidently

trying to express something of the sort by their words and gestures to each other; they followed with their fingers the strangely foreshortened curves which in reality stood for circles —in short, they were in presence of something new—something unknown and unimagined, which on the one hand made them conscious of their intellectual and artistic inferiority, and on the other drew them like a magnet to my sketch-book. None of them has up to the present attempted to draw one of these traps.

Travellers of former days, or in lands less satisfactorily explored than German East Africa, found the difficulties of barter not the least of their troubles. Stanley, not so many years ago, set out on his explorations with hundreds of bales of various stuffs and innumerable kinds of beads, and even thus it was not certain whether the natives of the particular region traversed would be suited; not to mention the way in which this primitive currency increased the number of carriers required by every expedition. In German East Africa, where the Colonial Administration has so often been unjustly attacked, the white man can now travel almost as easily as at home. His letter of credit, indeed, only holds good as far as the coast, but if his errand is, like mine, of an official character, every station, and even every smaller post, with any Government funds at its disposal, has orders to give the traveller credit, on his complying with certain simple formalities, and to provide him with cash. The explanation is not difficult: the fact that our rupees are current on the coast compels all the interior tribes to adopt them, whether they like it or not. I brought with me from Lindi a couple of large sacks with rupees, half and quarter rupees, and for immediate needs a few cases of *heller*.[1] This copper coin, long obsolete in Germany, has been coined for circulation in our colony, but the natives have not been induced to adopt it, and reckon as before by pice—an egg costs one pice (*pesa*) and that is enough—no one thinks of working out the price in hellers. Neither is the coin popular with the white residents, who deride its introduction and make feeble puns on its name—one of the poorest being based on the name of the present Director of Customs, which happens to be identical with it.

I find, however, that the natives are by no means averse to

[1] 100 to the rupee.

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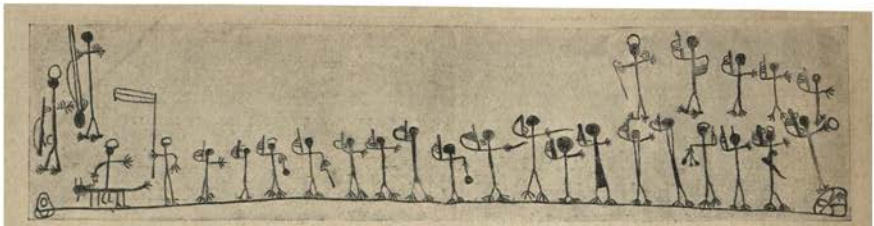
accepting these despised coins when they get the chance. On our tramps through the villages, Moritz with the lantern is followed by Mambo sasa, the Mngoni, carrying on his woolly head a large jar of bright copper coin newly minted at Berlin.

After a long, but not tedious examination of all the apartments in the native palaces, I return to the light of day, dazzled by the tropical sunshine. With sympathetic chuckles, my bodyguard—those of my men who are always with me and have quickly grasped, with the sympathetic intuition peculiar to the native, what it is that I want—follow, dragging with them a heap of miscellaneous property. Lastly come the master of the house and his wife, in a state of mingled expectation and doubt. Now begins the bargaining, in its essentials not very different from that experienced in the harbours of Naples, Port Said, Aden and Mombasa. "*Kiasi gani?*" ("What is the price?") one asks with ostentatious nonchalance, including the whole pile in a compendious wave of the hand. The fortunate owner of the valuables apparently fails to understand this, so he opens his mouth wide and says nothing. I must try him on another tack. I hold up some article before his eyes and ask, "*Nini hii?*" ("What is this?"), which proves quite effectual. My next duty is to imagine myself back again in the lecture-hall during my first term at college, and to write down with the utmost diligence the words, not of a learned professor, but of a raw, unlettered *mshenzi*. By the time I have learnt everything I want to know, the name, the purpose, the mode of manufacture and the way in which the thing is used, the native is at last able and willing to fix the retail price. Up to the present, I have met with two extremes: one class of sellers demand whole rupees, *Rupia tatu* (three) or *Rupia nne* (four), quite regardless of the nature of the article for sale—the other, with equal consistency, a *sumni* as uniform price. This is a quarter-rupee—in the currency of German East Africa an exceedingly attractive-looking silver coin, a little smaller than our half-mark piece or an English sixpence. Possibly it is its handiness, together with the untarnished lustre of my newly-minted specimens in particular, which accounts for this preference. One thing must be mentioned which distinguishes these people very favourably from the bandits of the ports already mentioned. None of them raises an outcry on being offered the tenth or

twentieth part of what he asks. With perfect calm he either gradually abates his demands till a fair agreement is reached, or else he says, at the first offer, "*Lete*" ("Hand it over"). At this moment Moritz and my jar of coppers come to the front of the stage. The boy has quickly lifted the vessel down from the head of his friend Mambo sasa. With the eye of a connoisseur he grasps the state of our finances and then pays with the dignity, if not the rapidity, of the cashier at a metropolitan bank. The remaining articles are bargained for in much the same way. It takes more time than I like; but this is not to be avoided.

When the purchase of the last piece is completed, my carriers, with the amazing deftness I have so often admired, have packed up the spoil, in the turn of a hand, in large and compact bundles. A searching look round for photographic subjects, another last glance at the house-owner chuckling to himself over his newly-acquired wealth, and then a vigorous "*Kwa heri*" ("Good-bye"), and lantern and jar go their way. We had only just settled into our house here when we received a visit from the chief's son, Salim Matola, a very tall and excessively slender youth of seventeen or eighteen, magnificently clad in a European waistcoat, and very friendly. Since then he has scarcely left my side; he knows everything, can do everything, finds everything, and, to my delight, brings me everything. He makes the best traps, shows me with what diabolical ingenuity his countrymen set limed twigs, plays on all instruments like a master, and produces fire by drilling so quickly that one is astonished at the strength in his slight frame. In a word, he is a treasure to the ethnographer.

One thing only seems to be unknown to my young friend, and that is work. His father, Masekera Matola, already mentioned, has a very spacious group of huts and extensive gardens. Whether the old gentleman ever does any perceptible work on this property with his own hands, I am not in a position to judge, as he is for the present most strenuously occupied in consuming beer; but at every visit, I have noticed the women of the family working hard to get in the last of the crops. The young prince alone seems to be above every plebeian employment. His hands certainly do not look horny, and his muscles leave much to be desired. He strolls through life in his leisurely way with glad heart and cheerful spirit.



MY CARAVAN ON THE MARCH. DRAWN BY PESA MBILI

## CHAPTER VII

### MY CARAVAN ON THE SOUTHWARD MARCH

CHINGULUNGULU, beginning of August, 1906.

IT is not very easy to locate my present abode on the map. Masasi and its exact latitude and longitude have been known to me for years, but of this strangely named place,[1] where I drove in my tent-pegs a few days ago, I never even heard before I had entered the area of the inland tribes.

One trait is common to all Oriental towns, their beauty at a distance and the disillusionment in store for those who set foot within their walls. Knudsen has done nothing but rave about Chingulungulu ever since we reached Masasi. He declared that its *baraza* was the highest achievement of East African architecture, that it had a plentiful supply of delicious water, abundance of all kinds of meat, and unequalled fruit and vegetables. He extolled its population, exclusively composed, according to him, of high-bred gentlemen and good-looking women, and its well-built, spacious houses. Finally, its situation, he said, made it a convenient centre for excursions in all directions over the plain. I have been here too short a time to bring all the details of this highly coloured picture to the test of actual fact, but this much I have already ascertained, that neither place nor people are quite so paradisaical as the enthusiastic Nils would have me believe.

To relate my experiences in their proper order, I must,

[1] Chingulungulu is a Yao word, meaning the turquoise blue beads which have always been a staple article of trade since the days of the ancient Egyptians.

YAO HOMESTEAD AT CHINGULUNGULU

however, go back to our departure from Masasi which, owing to a variety of unfortunate circumstances, took place earlier than originally planned. To begin with, there was the changed attitude of the inhabitants, who at first, as already stated, showed the greatest amiability, and allowed us, in the most obliging way, to inspect their homes and buy their household furnishings. In my later sketching and collecting expeditions, I came everywhere upon closed doors and apparently deserted compounds. This phenomenon, too, comes under the heading of racial psychology. However much he may profit by the foreigner's visits, the African prefers to have his own hut to himself.[1]

In the second place, we began, in the course of a prolonged residence, to discover the drawbacks of our quarters in the rest-house. Knudsen, who is very sensitive in this respect, insisted that it was damp, and we soon found that the subsoil water, which indeed reached the surface as a large spring on the hillside a little below the house, was unpleasantly close to our floor. Even on the march up from the coast, Knudsen had suffered from occasional attacks of fever. These now became so frequent and severe that he was scarcely fit for work. His faithful old servant, Ali, nursed him with the most touching devotion, and never left his bedside night or day.

I had myself on various occasions noticed a curious irritation of the scalp, for which I could discover no cause, in spite of repeated examination. One day, while hastening across from the dark room to the rest-house, with some wet plates in my hand, I was conscious of intense discomfort among my scanty locks, and called out to Moritz to take off my hat and look if there was anything inside it. He obeyed, inspected

[1] The " phenomenon " can scarcely be considered surprising, in view of Dr. Weule's previous remarks (see p. 52), and his subsequent confession of the difficulty he experienced in keeping his carriers out of mischief at Chingulungulu. It is not apparent from the narrative whether it occurred to him to inquire into their behaviour at Masasi. They need not be set down as reprobates beyond all other *wapagazi*. The carrier expects to work hard on the march, and to rest and enjoy himself with his family about him in his own village, also to have some sort of a spree, in reason, when paid off on the Coast, in the interval between two journeys. But a lengthened period of inaction, in the middle of a *safari*, and in a strange country, is something quite outside his scheme of life, and it is no wonder if he gets demoralized.

the hat carefully inside and out, and, on pursuing his researches under the lining, turned grey in the face, and ejaculated with evident horror, "*Wadudu wabaya!*"[1] The case becoming interesting, I put my plates down and instituted a minute investigation into Moritz's find, which proved to consist of a number of assorted animalcules, with a sprinkling of larger creatures resembling ticks. This was somewhat startling. I had come to Africa with a mind entirely at ease as regards malaria—I swear by Koch and fear nothing. But remittent fever is another matter. In Dar es Salam I had heard enough and to spare about this latest discovery of the great Berlin bacteriologist, and how it is produced by an inconspicuous tick-like insect which burrows in the soil of all sites occupied for any length of time by natives. The mosquito-net, I was told, is a sufficient protection against the full grown *papasi*, as they are called, but not against their hopeful progeny, which can slip unhindered through the finest mesh. This particular kind of fever, moreover, was said to be most especially trying—you were never seriously ill, and yet never really well, or fit for work; and nothing, not even quinine, would avail to keep the attacks from recurring every few days. Small wonder if, at the sight of these *wadudu wabaya* in the shape of ticks, I too turned pale at the thought of the ignoble end possibly awaiting my enterprise before it was well begun.

I had already found out that Masasi was not precisely an abode of all the virtues, and that an appreciable percentage of the soldiers forming the garrison at the *boma* were suffering from venereal diseases; but the incident which precipitated our departure was the following. The *akida*, or local headman (a former sergeant in the Field Force), was the owner of a small herd of cattle, and with the good-nature which is one of the most striking traits in the African character, earned my warmest gratitude by sending me a small jar of milk every day. After a time we heard, and the rumour gained in definiteness with each repetition, that the *akida* was a leper. I could not refuse the milk, which continued to arrive regularly, and came in very handy for fixing my pencil drawings.

[1] "Bad insects!"

In their totality the evils enumerated may not signify more than a succession of pin-pricks; but even such trifling interferences with human well-being may in the end appreciably diminish one's enjoyment of life. With the attractions of Chingulungulu as an additional inducement, it was not surprising that only a day or two intervened between the first suggestion that we should migrate southward and our actual departure. With their usual monkey-like agility, my carriers one evening packed a large heap of specimens in convenient loads, and as quickly the order was given to Saleh, the corporal in command of the *askari*, and Pesa mbili, the leader of the porters, "*Safari* to-morrow at six!"

THE YAO CHIEF MATOLA

Next to Matola, the Yao chief of Chingulungulu, no man in the country is oftener in men's mouths than his illustrious colleague and fellow tribesman, Nakaam, of Chiwata in the north-western part of the Makonde plateau. The Europeans on the coast are not agreed as to which of these two chiefs is the more powerful. In the interior, however, Matola seems to be far more looked up to by the natives than the chief of Chiwata. Nevertheless, I thought it absolutely necessary to visit the latter and his people. My plans are not based on any fixed line of march, but were expressly arranged so that I should be able to take whatever route circumstances might render most convenient.

I must confess that my stay at Masasi has turned out a disappointment as regards the customs, habits and ideas of the

natives, though I have gained a very fair insight into the outward, material details of their life. But here too, Nils Knudsen is ready with consolation and encouragement. "What can you expect, Professor? the people here are a terribly mixed lot, after all, and have lost all their own traditions and customs. Don't waste any more time in this wretched hole of a Masasi, but come to Chingulungulu; you have no idea what a fine place that is!"

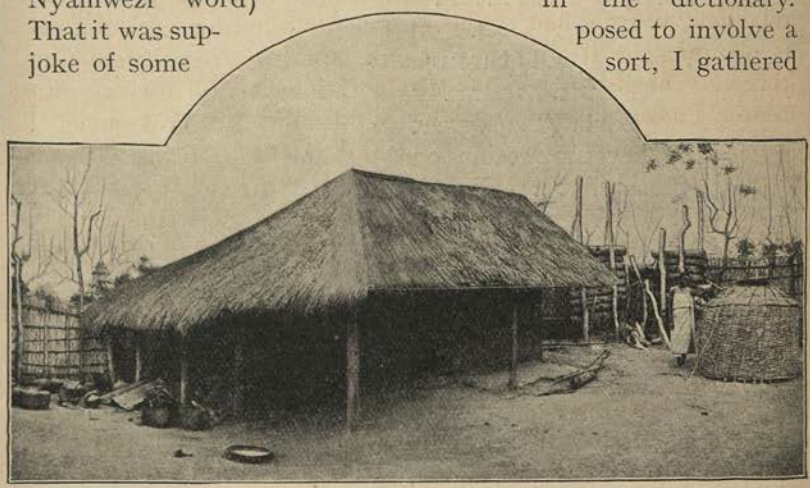
NAKAAM, A YAO CHIEF

We marched at daybreak on July 31. The road through the Masasi district, as already mentioned, skirts the great chain of insular mountains on the east, passing, at a sufficient height to afford an extensive view to the east and south, over an escarpment formed by the products of aerial denudation from the gneiss peaks. Did I say the plain? it is an ocean that we see spread out before our eyes, a white, boundless expanse, studded with islands, here one, there another, and yonder, on the misty horizon, whole archipelagoes. This wonderful spectacle, passing away all too quickly as the sun climbs higher—the peaks rising like islands from the sea of the morning mist, while our caravan trails its length along the shore—pictures for us as in a mirror the aspect it presented in those distant ages when the blue waves of the primæval ocean rolled where now the blue smoke of lowly huts ascends to the heavens.

The goal of our first day's march was Mwiti, where, to judge from the importance given to it on the map, I expected a large native settlement. Not far from the Masasi Mission station, the road to Mwiti branches off from the Coast road on the right.

I order a halt; the column opens out; I shout into the fresh morning air "*Wapagazi kwa Lindi!*" ("the carriers for Lindi!"); and the oldest and also the tallest of my porters, a Mnyamwezi of pronounced Masai type, strides up with a heavy, swaying motion like a camel.

His name, Kofia tule, was at first a puzzle to me. I knew that *kofia* means a cap, but, curiously enough it never occurred to me to look up *tule* (which, moreover, I assumed to be a Nyamwezi word) in the dictionary. That it was supposed to involve a joke of some sort, I gathered from the general laughter, whenever I asked its meaning. At last we arrived at the fact that *kofia tule* means a small, flat cap—in itself a ridiculous name for a man, but doubly so applied to this black super-man with the incredibly vacant face.



INTERIOR OF A COMPOUND AT MWITI

Kofia tule, then, comes slowly forward, followed by six more Wanyamwezi, and some local men whom I have engaged as extra carriers. With him as their *mnyampara* they are to take my collections down to the Coast, and get them stored till my return in the cellars of the District Commissioner's office at Lindi. The final instructions are delivered, and then comes the order, "You here, go to the left,—we are going to the right. March!" Our company takes some time to get into proper marching order, but at last everything goes smoothly. A glance northward over the plain assures us

that Kofia tule and his followers have got up the correct *safari* speed; and we plunge into the uninhabited virgin *pori*.

There is something very monotonous and fatiguing about the march through these open woods. It is already getting on for noon, and I am half-asleep on my mule, when I catch sight of two black figures, gun in hand, peeping cautiously round a clump of bushes in front. Can they be Wangoni?

For some days past we have heard flying rumours that Shabruma, the notorious leader of the Wangoni in the late rebellion, and the last of our opponents remaining unsubdued, is planning an attack on Nakaam, and therefore threatening this very neighbourhood. Just as I look round for my gun-bearer, a dozen throats raise the joyful shout of "Mail-carrier!" This is my first experience of the working of the German Imperial Post in East Africa; I learnt in due course that, though by no means remunerative to the department, it is as nearly perfect as any human institution can be. It sounds like an exaggeration, but it is absolutely true, to say that all mail matter, even should it be only a single picture post-card, is delivered to the addressee without delay, wherever he may be within the postal area. The native runners, of course, have a very different sort of duty to perform from the few miles daily required of our home functionaries. With letters and papers packed in a water-tight envelope of oiled paper and American cloth, and gun on shoulder, the messenger trots along, full of the importance of his errand, and covers enormous distances, sometimes, it is said, double the day's march of an ordinary caravan. If the road lies through a district rendered unsafe by lions, leopards, or human enemies, two men are always sent together. The black figures rapidly approach us, ground arms with soldierly precision and report in proper form:—Letters from Lindi for the *Bwana mkubwa* and the *Bwana mdogo*—the great and the little master. As long as Mr. Ewerbeck was with us, it was not easy for the natives to establish the correct precedence between us. Since they ranked me as the new captain, they could not possibly call me *Bwana mdogo*. Now, however, there is not the slightest difficulty,—there are only two Europeans, and I being, not only the elder, but also the leader of the expedition, there is nothing to complicate the usual gradation of ranks.

By the middle of the afternoon, a broken hilly country had taken the place of the undulating plain. Every few minutes our path was crossed by clear streams, running in steep-sided gullies almost impassable for my mule and the heavily-laden carriers. The vegetation became greener and more abundant, but at the same time the heat in these narrow ravines proved well-nigh suffocating. I rode along, trying to read my home letters, regardless of the logs which from time

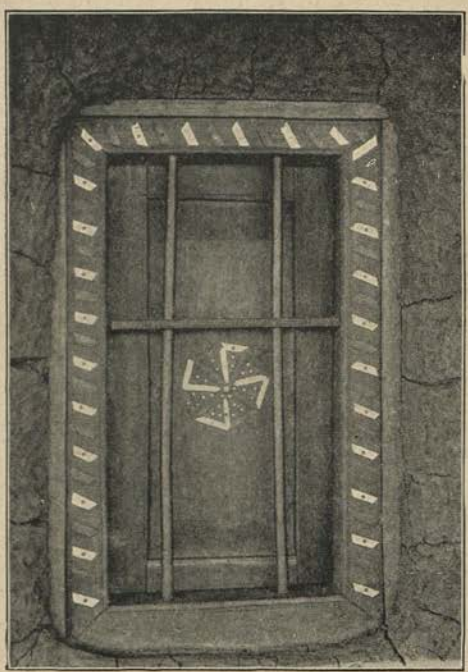
CAMP AT MWITI

to time formed barriers across the path, or the thorny bushes which overhung it. Our guide, no other than Salim Matola, the lanky jack-of-all-trades, had marched on far ahead. I had on the previous day, attracted by his many good qualities, formally engaged him as my collector-in-chief; whereupon, true to his character, he inaugurated his new functions by demanding a substantial sum in advance. Unfortunately for him, I am already too old in African experience to be caught so easily. "First show me what you can do," was my response, "and then in a few weeks' time you may ask again. Now be off and be quick about it!" Salim had declared on oath that he knew the

road well. The map is not to be relied on for this part of the country; but according to our calculation we should have reached Mwiti long before this. With a sudden resolution I struck my heels into the flanks of my lazily-ambling mule and, starting him into a gallop, soon overtook the guide striding along at the head of the column. "*Mwiti wapi?* Where is Mwiti?") I roared at him. "*Sijui Bwana*" ("I don't know, sir,") was the somewhat plaintive answer. "*Simameni!*" ("Stop!"), I shouted at the top of my voice, and then followed a grand *shauri*. None of my carriers knew the country, nor did any of the *askari* or their boys appear any better informed. There was nothing for it but to march by the map, that is to say, in our case, turn to the right about till we struck the Mwiti stream again, and then follow it up till we reached the place itself. It was late in the afternoon when the longed-for goal at last came in sight. Salim Matola now brought back a half-rupee received from me, protesting that it was "bad," by which he meant that the Emperor's effigy had sustained a very slight damage. The young man's exit from my presence was more speedy than dignified, and illustrated the miraculous effect of an energetic gesture with the *kiboko* (hippo-hide whip). But such are the ways of the native.

Africa is the land of contrasts. Masasi, at a height of from 1,300 to 2,000 feet, was on the whole pleasantly cool, while we had been half-roasted on the march across the plain between the insular mountains and the Makonde plateau; and now at Mwiti a heavy fur coat would have been acceptable, so bitterly cold is the strong wind which, directly the sun has set, sweeps down from the heights with their maximum atmospheric pressure to the rarefied air of the plain which has been baking in the heat all day long. Our camping-place seemed to have been specially designed to catch all the winds of heaven. With startling strategic insight, Nakaam has chosen for his palace a site on a promontory ending a long range of heights and surrounded on three sides by a loop of the Mwiti River. On these three sides it falls away in precipitous cliffs, the only easy access being from the south. If I call Nakaam's house a palace, I am not exaggerating. This chief has not only the reputation of being the shrewdest native in the southern district, but he must be comparatively wealthy;

otherwise he would scarcely have been able to employ a competent builder from the Coast to erect for him a really imposing house with many rooms and a high, steep roof. The rooms are actually well lighted with real though unglazed windows, which, in the apartments devoted to the chief's harem, can be closed with shutters. The architect has put the finishing touch to his work by ornamenting all the woodwork in the typical Coast style with incised arabesques. From my long chair, into which I threw myself quite worn out on arriving, I gazed in astonishment at the wide verandah shading the front of this, considering its surroundings, doubly remarkable building. Suddenly I started up and, leaping over the confusion of trunks and packing cases just laid down under the verandah by the carriers, hastened to one of the windows, scarcely able to believe my eyes. A *swastika*, the "fylfot," the ancient symbol of good fortune, here in the centre of the Dark Continent! "May you bring me luck too!" I murmured to myself, still greatly surprised. In fact, it was the well-known sign, or something exceedingly like it, neatly inlaid in ivory in the centre of the shutter. When Nakaam appeared, within four hours, in response to an urgent summons despatched on our arrival, one of my first questions, after the customary ceremonious salutations, related to the name and meaning of the figure let into this window-shutter. My disappointment was great when he simply answered "*Nyota*—a star." We



SHUTTER WITH INLAID *SWASTIKA*, IN NAKAAM'S HOUSE AT MWITI

must therefore suppose that the *swastika* is unknown to the natives of the interior. In the present case it was probably, like the rest of the ornamentation, introduced by the builder from the Coast. At Mwiti we remained a day and a half and two nights, without much benefit to my ethnographical collection. Either Nakaam has very little influence over his subjects, or they must be very few in number. The passing traveller can scarcely judge of this, for the hilly nature of the country prevents any comprehensive survey, and the tribes

YAO HUT

hereabouts live scattered over so wide an extent of ground that the small area visible in one view is no criterion for the whole. All the more varied and interesting are the psychological observations I have been able to make in this place. Nakaam himself is a short, stout man of middle age, dressed quite after the Swahili fashion in a long white kanzu or shirt-like upper garment. As to his nationality I had been already informed—the jolly *pombe* drinkers at Masasi had told me with malicious grins that Nakaam in his conceit called himself a Yao, but was in reality "only" a Makua.

In the evening, Nakaam, Knudsen and I were sitting under the verandah, by the light of my lamp, which, however, maintained a very precarious existence in spite of all the mats and blankets we had hung up to windward, and was more than once extinguished by the furious hurricane which roared down from the crest of the plateau. Nakaam accepted with

much dignity two bottles of so-called "*jumbe's* cognac,"[1] which I found among my stores, and the conversation began with a discussion of Chiwata, its situation, the number of its inhabitants, the tribes they belonged to, and similar matters, We ascertained that Nakaam's subjects were chiefly Wayao, "And you—are you a Yao yourself?" "*Ndio*" ("Yes"), he replied with evident conviction. But I could not refrain from objecting, "All the men in this country say you are not a Yao but a Makua."

The negro, unfortunately, cannot blush[2] or it would have been very interesting to see whether this noble representative of the race was liable to that reflex action. He wriggled for a time, and at last, in a quite inimitable accent, came his answer, "Long ago, it is true, I was a Makua, but now, for a very long time, I have been a Yao."

His metamorphosis will appear somewhat strange to those who have paid no attention to African ethnography. It is only intelligible in the light of what has taken place among the population of this region in the course of the last hundred years. In Livingstone's time, between forty and fifty years ago, the whole Rovuma territory was at peace, the people who had lived there from time immemorial planted their millet and manioc, and went hunting whenever they pleased.[3] Then from the far south, hostile elements swept into the country in successive waves, rolling northward on both shores of Lake Nyasa. Bands of armed warriors, in sudden onset, without the slightest warning, throw themselves on the old, defenceless tribes, and sweep them before their onward rush. Not till

[1] A species of alcohol expressly designed for native consumption, and more especially as a present to chiefs and headmen. Dr. Weule refers to it again later on, but gives no particulars as to its chemical constitution.—[TR.]

[2] This is surely a mistake, unless the word "blush" is only to be used of turning *red*. Natives certainly change colour under stress of emotion.—[TR.]

[3] This must be taken with some reservations. Even in 1862, when Livingstone ascended the Rovuma for the first time, he repeatedly found villages deserted for fear of the slavers, whose main route from Kilwa to Nyasa crossed the Rovuma above Kichokomane. Matters seem to have become worse in this respect by 1866. See Livingstone's *Last Journals*, Vol. I, pp. 24, 37, 39, 41 and elsewhere. The Mazitu (Wangoni) had already become a terror by the latter date. *Ib.*, p. 43, etc. —[TR.]

they reach the north end of Nyasa does the devastating flood come to a stop, two or three Zulu kingdoms—for the intruders belong to that brave and warlike race—are founded, and a new era begins. But what consequences ensue for the whole of East Africa! In wars and raids repeated again and again over hundreds of miles, the new rulers of the land have made a wilderness of the old thickly-populated and well-tilled land. Under the name of the Mazitu, they were the terror of the country between Nyasa and Tanganyika by the end of the sixties. Later on, in the early days of German colonial rule, they became, under that of Mafiti, a far worse terror to the whole vast region between Nyasa and the Indian Ocean. Under the further designations of Wamachonde, Magwangwara and Wangoni, they still form an unpleasant topic of conversation at caravan camp-fires. To-day, indeed, there is scant justification for the dread they inspire, for within the last few years the supremacy of these Zulus has come to an end—the effect of the German arms has been too lasting. Only one of their chiefs, the Shabruma already mentioned, is still, with a small band of followers, making the country unsafe; all the others have unconditionally accepted our terms.

This Wangoni invasion—Wangoni is the name which by tacit agreement is used to include all these immigrant South African elements—has been the proximate cause of the following remarkable process.

The old residents of the country, so far as they remained—for in many cases their men were all killed by the Wangoni, and the women and children carried off to the cool, damp region east of the north end of Lake Nyasa, and incorporated with the Zulu tribe—saw that the Mngoni, with his short spear, his oval hide shield and his fantastic ornaments of vulture's feathers, strips of leopard-skin and so forth, was irresistible. These people never understood that the formidable appearance of the enemy was only in a slight degree responsible for this result, which in truth was mainly achieved by the greater courage of the Wangoni and their serried charge with the short stabbing assagai—a terrible weapon, indeed, at close quarters. They took the appearance for the reality, copied the Wangoni style of dress, and tried also to imitate the rest of their martial equipment. This notion is prevalent among

the same tribes even at the present day.[1] This whole process may be described, in biological terms, as a kind of mimicry, still more interesting by reason of the circumstance that it has found its exact counterpart in the north of the colony, near Kilimanjaro, and in the districts west and south-west of it. There the resident Bantu tribes, having experienced the superiority of the Masai with their gigantic spears, their huge, strong leather shields, and their fantastic war ornaments, have immediately drawn their own conclusions, and to-day one sees all these tribes—Wachaga, Wapare, Wagweno, Wagogo, and so on, in a get-up which makes the nickname " apes of the Masai " appear quite justified.

Here in the south, however, the part played by mimicry in native life is by no means exhausted by this aping of the Wangoni. The far-reaching confusion which, since the Zulu king, Tshaka, took the stage in 1818, has never allowed South Africa to come to rest, has set off other tribes besides the Zulus on a northward migration. The peoples most immediately affected by this were the Yaos and the Makua: the former are penetrating from their original seats between the Rovuma and the Zambezi, slowly but persistently into the German territory, while the Yaos are moving forward, as imperceptibly and perhaps still more persistently, from their country which lies further west, at the south end of Nyasa. Thus these two waves of population collide just here, in the district I am studying, at an acute angle, and this was one of my principal reasons for proceeding to this remote corner, when the rebellion prevented my journey to Iraku.

Now the Makua, or at least some individuals among them, seem to be like many Germans abroad—they begin to look on themselves and their nationality as something inferior and contemptible, and their first preoccupation is to dismiss from their minds every recollection of their own country and their native language. In this country, since the terror of the Wangoni, whose last raids took place about 1880, has somewhat faded from the memory of the rising generation,

[1] Joseph Thomson made the same remark with regard to the Mahenge somewhat further north.—See *To the Central African Lakes and Back*, Vol. I, p. 188.—[TR.]

the Wayao are the aristocrats. No wonder that so vain a man as Nakaam undoubtedly is, flatly denies his own nationality, in order to be considered socially up to the mark.

A most comical effect is produced when a native wishes to emphasize some notion as being quite out of the common—as for instance when he wishes to say that something is very high or very distant, very beautiful, or only to be expected in the far future, or the like. This is expressed by an inimitable screwing up of the voice on the adjective or adverb in question to the highest possible falsetto. I shall come back later to this, which is an unusually interesting point in linguistics; for the present I can only recall with intense pleasure my amusement when Nakaam, in saying "*Mimi Makua, lakini wa zamani*" ("I am a Makua, but one of long ago") so lengthened out the syllables "*mani*," and elevated the "*ni*" so far into the top of his head, that I feared he would never find his way back to the present.

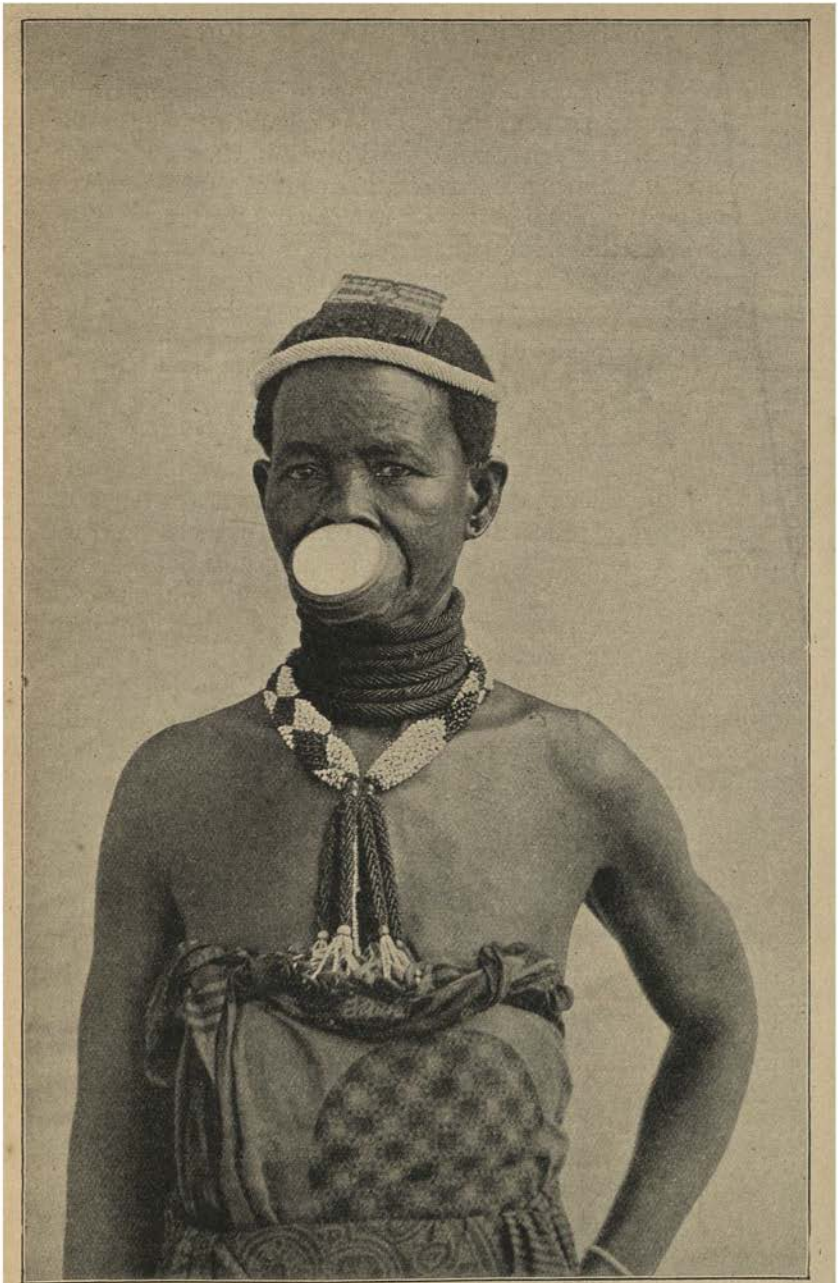
Having thus convinced Nakaam, though not precisely to his own satisfaction, of his real origin, we were about to pass on to a different and, for him, more pleasing topic, when we suddenly found ourselves in the dark. The roar of the gale had steadily increased through the evening, the occasional squalls had become fiercer and more frequent, and now a real hurricane was raging round the swastika-palace and the tents; and our mats and blankets were flapping about our ears like storm-lashed sails. The heavy roof of the house creaked and groaned in all its joists, and our tents could scarcely stand against the tremendous force of the wind. Every attempt to light the lamp once more would have been vain, and considering the highly inflammable nature of our surroundings, extremely dangerous. There was nothing for it but to put an end to the interview, just as it began to grow interesting, and crawl into one's tent, to bed.

Sleeping in Africa has its peculiar discomforts. First, the trough-like camp-bed is less conducive to rest than the broad iron bedsteads of the coast; then, the fall in the temperature about an hour before sunrise awakens one and forces one to reach for another blanket; and, finally, the chorus of coughing always to be heard from a large caravan most effectually murders sleep! On the march from Lindi to Masasi, the

whole troop of police had always camped for the night in a close circle round our tents, heads pointing outward; and in the bitterly cold nights at Nangoo and Chikugwe, there was such a coughing and spitting that one did not know which deserved most compassion, the unhappy wretches shivering outside, or ourselves. Here at Mwiti, I wanted to quarter both the escort and the carriers at a distance from my own tent; but the corporal in command of the dozen men assigned me in the former capacity by Ewerbeck, explained that it would not do, as the Wangoni were approaching. So I had once more to let them lay down their mats, and plant the poles on which to hang their guns and cartridge-belts, all round my tent, and could get no sleep for their coughing; but this time pity was stronger than irritation. There was only too much cause for the former: the small open space in front of Nakaam's house, where we have pitched our tent, is almost treeless and quite unprotected against the icy wind from the heights. Each man builds a good fire beside his mat, but this does not avail to keep them warm in their thin khaki suits.

The native is certainly an incomprehensible being. Next morning I called all the men together and told them to build themselves grass huts, or, if that was too much trouble, at least screens to protect them against the wind.—"*Ndio, Bwana,*" ("Yes, sir,") answered the whole company; but when the afternoon came, and I inquired about their shelters, it came out that there were none. I was going on in a few days, it seemed, and so there was no object in building shelters. "Very good!" I replied coldly, "then you may just freeze. But those who come to me with colds, in the next few days," I added to myself, "shall not be treated with anything pleasant, like aspirine, but with quinine; and they shall not have it in water, but dry; and I mean to make the rascals chew this beautiful strong *dawa* before my eyes." Thus does Africa spoil the character and, unfortunately, not that of the natives only.

My second day at Mwiti was fraught with yet other instructive experiences. The fever, from which I have only just recovered, must still be hanging about me, for I felt a strange slackness, and quietly went to sleep during the forenoon in my long chair under Nakaam's *baraza*. I was awakened by strange sounds, a smack and a howl alternately, and, glancing



ELDERLY MAKONDE WOMAN IN GALA DRESS

to the left, perceived that the fair-haired Nils, in his quality of interim sub-prefect, was dispensing justice like a second Solomon. I have been present at several trials since I first arrived at Lindi, but such an experience is always interesting; so I was on the spot in a moment. The delinquent had in the meantime, howling loudly, received his five blows in full tale, and now stood upright once more, rubbing the injured part with excusably mixed feelings, though still looking impudent enough. Being, according to the present custom of the country, somewhat disguised in drink, he had, in the course of his examination, gone so far as to address Knudsen by a particular name—apparently the nickname by which he was known to the natives behind his back. This could not be passed over: hence the execution. The native, it may be said, looks on this as a matter of course, and would be much astonished if any want of respect failed to meet with condign punishment on the spot. In fact, he would think us very slack, and quite unfit to be his masters.

The next case, of which likewise I only witnessed the conclusion, also had a touch of tragi-comedy. I saw Corporal Saleh hastening across the square with a piece of stout cocoanut rope, such as is used by carriers to tie up their loads, in his hand. Before I could look round he had seized a young man standing before Knudsen and bound his arms tightly behind his back. The culprit submitted quietly, but a deafening outburst of talk arose when Saleh, throwing the rope like a lasso, fastened the other end round the waist of a young woman standing by, who chiefly attracted my attention by the truly Hottentot development of her figure about the hips. I ventured to interrupt this remarkable scene by inquiring what was up.

"Just look at this other man," said the modern Solomon, "He is the woman's husband, and she has been living for months with the other, while he was away on a journey. And when he came back and found them together, the scoundrel bit him in the hand into the bargain."

"Oh! and to reward this precious couple you are fastening them together?"

"Not exactly as a reward; but they must be sent down to Lindi for trial. He is sure to get a month or two on the chain-gang; and I have no other way of sending them down."

I have seldom seen such delighted faces as those of the two delinquents as they were led away.

All day long I had seen one of my carriers lurking about my tent. In the afternoon he plucked up courage and approached, saying that he wanted *dawa*. "What for?" I asked, somewhat distantly. "For a wound." I supposed that he had somehow hurt himself on the march, and sent for Stamburi, the soldier who is entrusted with the treatment of all cases I do not care to undertake myself. Stamburi had some little difficulty in getting rid of the crust of dirt which encrusted the wounded leg, but at last succeeded in laying bare an old ulcer on the shin, which had eaten down to the bone and was in a horrible condition. Indignantly I turned on Mr. Sigareti, —such is the dirty fellow's name—and told him that he had cheated me; he was no porter, but a sick man who ought to be in hospital. This wound was not recent, but months old, and I should send him back to Lindi at the first opportunity. With quiet insolence he replied, "*Lindi hapana, Bwana;*" he had been engaged for six months, and should not dream of leaving any sooner. It was a very unpleasant predicament for me, ignorant as I was of the regulations bearing on the case. If I kept the man it was probable that he might become incapacitated, or even die on the road; if I sent him off into the bush, he was sure to be eaten by lions. In any case it is interesting to note the one-sided development of this honest fellow's sense of justice—he insists on the letter of his bond, but only so far as it is to his own advantage. The whole black race may best be characterized by two little words, *hapana* (literally "there is not" or "it is not there," but usually employed in the sense of "no"), and *bado*, "not yet." At least ninety-nine out of every hundred questions are answered by one or other of these two expressions. "Have you done so and so?" or, "Where is such a thing?"—asks the European: the answer will be in the first case, "*Bado*," and in the second, "*Hapana*." I have before now suggested that all the Bantu idioms of East Africa might be comprehended under the collective designation of Kibado or Kihapana. At first one finds it rather amusing, especially if one notices the affected intonation of the "*bado*," but in the end the incessant repetition of these two words, never varied by a *Ndio* ("Yes,")

or "*Nimekwisha*," ("I have finished,") becomes monotonous, and drives the long-suffering traveller to his *kiboko*.

Towards the evening of this same memorable day, about an hour before sunset, a small boy of eight or nine came up and offered for sale a number of small ornamental combs. The things were indeed beautifully made, the comb itself being composed of thin, rounded slips of wood, and the upper end covered with different-coloured pieces of straw, arranged in neat geometrical patterns. "Where are these things made?" I demanded of the little merchant. "*Karibu sana*" ("Very near"), was the prompt answer. "And who makes them?" "A *fundi*" (a master-workman), said the boy, evidently surprised at the ignorance of the white man, who might surely be expected to know that in this country everything is made by a *fundi*. The bargain was quickly concluded, and having as quickly exchanged my sun-helmet for a light felt hat, and told Kibwana (who ran up with unusual nimbleness) with some asperity to leave behind the gun which he had hastily snatched up, I started on my way through the forest. The little man hastened forward at a wonderful pace. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and every time I asked whether we were not nearly there, came the deprecatory reply, "*Karibu sana!*" The fifteen minutes became forty and then sixty, and when the sun had already sunk behind the hills, we seemed to be no nearer the goal. All my questions produced evasive answers; sometimes a distant *shamba* was pointed out as the *fundi's* abode, sometimes he was affirmed to be just in front of us.

At last, growing tired, I sprang on our fleet-footed little guide from behind, seizing him, in the absence of any other suitable point of attack, by the ears. A severe cross-examination, assisted by gentle reminders applied in the same quarter, elicited the fact that our destination was high up in the hills, and quite as far ahead as we had already come. This meant that I should not get there before seven, or perhaps eight, by which time it would be quite dark; and I was unarmed and had no prospect of shelter for the night. My enthusiasm for native arts and crafts not running to such a length as that, I pulled our guide's ears once more, with a short explanation of European views on the subject of distance, dismissed him with a slight slap, and returned empty-handed. At that time I was filled

with irritation at this inscrutable people and their ways; to-day, when I come to think of it, I am forced to acknowledge that things are really not so very different at home: one man thinks twenty miles a mere trifle, another finds half a mile quite enough for a day's march. I have already noticed, however, that the native is accustomed to greater distances and bases his calculations on greater powers of walking than we.

Once more the lamp is flickering unsteadily under Nakaam's *baraza*, which is better protected than yesterday, though the storm is out of all proportion more violent.

"So there are sixty millions of people in Ulaya?" asks Nakaam in astonishment. "Sixty millions! But what is a million? Is it *elfu elfu elfu*—a thousand times a thousand times a thousand?"

Heavens! think I—the fellow is going it! 1,000 × 1,000 × 1,000—that is a thousand millions. Sixty thousand millions of Germans! My poor country! Population statistics for ever! But shall I undeceive Nakaam? Certainly not—we have not so much prestige that we can afford to part with a jot. So I answer "*Ndio, elfu elfu elfu*," and let it go at that.

"And how many soldiers has the Sultani ya Ulaya, the German Emperor?"

Here I felt quite justified in sticking to the truth. "When we are not at war we have 600,000 *askari*, but in war-time we have six millions."

Nakaam is not a man to be easily impressed, but as he silently made the calculation, "six times *elfu elfu elfu*," it was plain that we were rising in his estimation. However, he is not only of a critical turn of mind, but also knows something of recent history.

"Is it not true," he asks, "that in the great war between the Russians and the Japanese, the Russians were beaten?" This fact I could not indeed deny, however much I might wish to do so; but I thought it advisable to add, in the same breath with my affirmative answer, that this defeat signified nothing to us, for we, the Wadachi, were much stronger than the Russians, the Japanese and the English all together. Nakaam certainly looked convinced, but whether he was genuinely so or not, who can tell?

In geography my boy Moritz headed the class till recently. I heard him giving his friends, and anyone else who cared to listen, long lectures on Ulaya and America. He spoke of Berlin, Hamburg and Leipzig and explained to an interested audience with inexhaustible patience what was the end and aim of his master's being in distant Ulaya. I was the *Bwana mkubwa*, so he said, of a great—a very great house—in which were the mats and stools and pots and spoons and cocoa-nut graters of all the tribes in the world; and I had come into this country to get more of such things and take them to Ulaya. It must be acknowledged that Moritz gave a pretty fair interpretation of the end I had in view; but his fame was soon eclipsed when, a day or two before we left Masasi, Ali, the far-travelled, came up from Lindi, to enter Knudsen's service once more. Moritz's squeaky voice was now silenced, for Ali was able to relate what he had seen with his own eyes at Berlin and Hamburg, having once visited Germany with a former master. His only regret was that he did not know Leipzig.

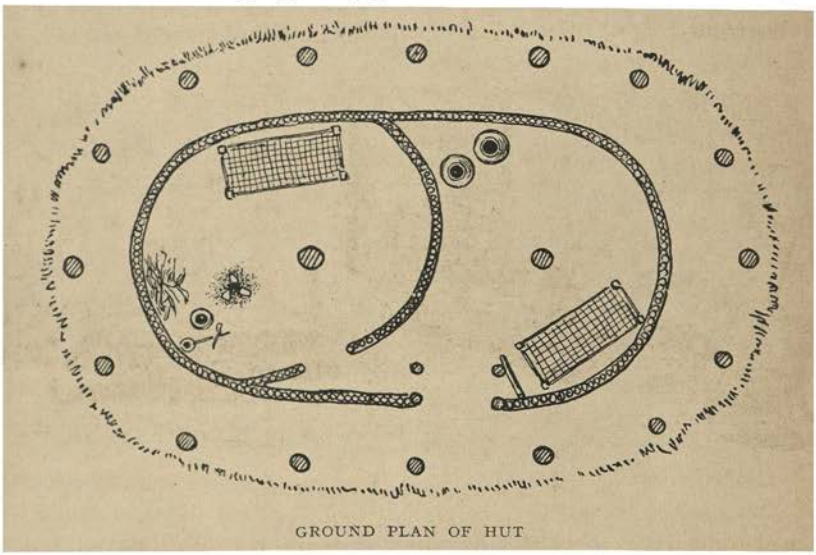
Nakaam's topographical knowledge was, like Moritz's, of a purely theoretic nature, and it only went as far as Berlin. But what an intense interest this man took in every possible detail of a European town! He wanted to know the length of the streets, the height of the houses, and how one could ascend such towers as they seemed to be, and how many people lived in one house, where they cooked their food, and a hundred other things. For me, with my scanty Swahili vocabulary, it was, of course, quite impossible to satisfy this thirst for information to its fullest extent, and I was the more grateful to Knudsen for his help.

Next day we marched to a God-forsaken hole called Mkululu, not as yet marked on any map. The miserable huts here were a complete contrast to Nakaam's house, and the village square and *baraza* were dirty and neglected. Both had to be thoroughly cleaned before we could have our tents pitched close to the rest-house. Yet we were compelled to be grateful to the fate which had instinctively as it were directed our steps to the shelter of its thatched roof. The gale which had spoilt our evenings at Mwiti arose here likewise, soon after sunset. It would have been absolutely impossible to remain out of doors with such a quantity of dust, leaves,

grass and twigs whirling through the air. Even under the *baraza* it was unendurable, so there was nothing for it but to make for our tents and get into our warm beds. Alas! this adjective did not apply, and all efforts to get warm, even with the help of a second camel's hair blanket, were vain. I shivered with cold and my teeth chattered so that at intervals they were audible above the roaring of the gale. This roaring became louder and more formidable every quarter of an hour, and, thinking that the chill I felt was merely due to the usual fall of temperature in the evening, I got up to make the tent a little more weather-tight. Though I did not even get outside, I was sincerely thankful to return to its shelter. The world outside was given up to a veritable witches' sabbath. Howling, shrieking and whistling, the storm, carrying with it dense clouds of dust and rubbish, raged round my tent; and the moment I attempted to set foot out of doors the whirlwind seized me in its embrace. At the same time an incessant crashing of falling trees and breaking branches, some of them, to judge by the sound, of considerable size, went on all round us. I never closed an eye during this night: the cold fit soon yielded to a violent perspiration, and only the inexorable necessity of marching on got me out of bed in the early morning.

I should prefer to say nothing about the forced march from Mkululu to Chingulungulu, as I must have played but a sorry part that day in the eyes of our followers. Knudsen, too, was suffering from fever. In the early morning, while the air was still cool and the bush fresh and green, it was not so bad, though riding was out of the question. Our way now ran close under the western edge of the Makonde plateau, through an area of deep sedimentary deposits, and at the same time of numerous springs. Consequently, every few hundred yards, the caravan found itself on the edge of a deep ravine with almost vertical sides, excavated by a stream in the loose soil. With unsteady feet one stumbles down the steep declivity, and only succeeds in scrambling up the other side by straining every muscle and nerve in the fever-weakened body. After this has happened more than a dozen times, the guide turns off the path to the right and disappears in the bush. This now becomes more and more open the farther we leave the escarpment of the plateau behind us, and at

last it is the typical " open tree and grass steppe : " every tree exactly like every other; fresh foliage only at intervals; underwood also rare, but thorny where it occurs; grass in most places already burnt off. Where this is the case, an impenetrable cloud of ashes, stirred up by local whirlwinds, and still more by the steps of our party, circles round us in the glowing heat of noon, covering everything with a thick layer of black dust. I have long ago dropped the reins on the mule's neck,



GROUND PLAN OF HUT

and he has twice, in his innate apathy and determination to keep a straight course, run into a thornbush, so that I had to let myself fall off him backwards, whether I liked it or not. At last the Yao chief Zuza's stately house came into view, and a few minutes later we and our men lay panting in its shade.

The strength of will of a civilized man is after all something to be proud of. In spite of our wretched condition, Knudsen and I could scarcely hold out five minutes on our camp stools, before we entered Zuza's house and began to ask questions, sketch and collect. It proved a very good opportunity, for Zuza seems not only to be personally quite a unique representative of his race, but his house is arranged in a way one would never expect from a native. He himself,

with his long black beard and intelligent face, is well and cleanly dressed in white calico, and his house is high, with an unusually neat and clean plastering of clay, light and airy. The hearth is really, in its way, a small work of art; the usual three stones rest on a raised clay platform about a yard wide, close to the wall and occupying the whole width of the kitchen. All round the fire itself is a series of very curious clay stands, by their shape evidently intended for supports to the round-bottomed pots. In Zuza's own sleeping apartment we see—

ZUZA'S COUCH AND FIREPLACE

not indeed a European sofa, such as every Kamerun native has in his hut (I am thankful to see that the East Africans have not yet advanced so far)—but the prototype of all couches: a clay platform, about a foot high and something over a yard wide, with bevelled edges, and an inclined plane at the upper end, to rest the head and shoulders on, the whole being covered with beautifully-made clean mats.

Yet even a man like Zuza cannot change his skin. After inspecting every part of the interior, we walked round the house; and I noticed an object hanging from a stick fixed under the eaves, strongly resembling a large sausage. It was the fruit of the *Kigelia*, which is called by Europeans the "German sausage tree," though its resemblance to a sausage ends with its appearance. Zuza, after some hesitation, explained that this fruit was *dawa*—a medicine or a charm, or whatever is the proper name for such a preservative. Its

task was no easy one, and consisted in protecting the house against the whirlwinds which habitually blow here with such violence that it is said they frequently carry away the roofs of huts. What association of ideas led these people to attribute to this inoffensive fruit the power of vanquishing Nature in her strongest manifestations, Zuza could not or would not inform me.

Not only our halt at this place, but the preceding march through the bush gave me the opportunity for one or two interesting observations. We had halted for breakfast at a comparatively green spot in the bush—my caravan lying on the ground in picturesque confusion, Knudsen and I seated somewhat apart, as my olfactory nerves were at this stage of the fever more sensitive than usual. Suddenly I heard shouts whose import resembled the coarse witticisms uttered by our soldiers at home when any being of the female sex passes within earshot of a company. In fact, when I looked, I saw a young woman trying to avoid the group of strangers by making a circuit of twenty or thirty yards. This in itself was nothing particularly exciting, but suddenly my men, who have long ago discovered what interests me, shouted all together, "*Kipini, bwana!*" ("The nose-pin, sir!") In another second, some of them had brought the fair one before me. She had, in fact, an exceptionally fine specimen of an ebony stud in her left nostril, inlaid with tin if possible still more prettily and gracefully than usual. At first she flatly refused all offers to purchase, but in the end the fear of so many strange men, wild-looking ones, too, seemed to be more effectual than

YAO WOMEN WITH NOSE-STUDS

even the lustre of a quarter-rupee. Hesitatingly she put her left hand to her nose, the right following almost instantaneously. She must have taken out the *kipini* with a dexterous pressure of the former, for the next moment she was already handing over the ornament, while all the time, with an inexplicable shyness and persistency, she kept her nose covered so that the process of extraction was quite invisible. Even long after receiving her piece of silver, she still held her hand to her face, in spite of a renewed fire of jokes from my men. Undoubtedly the removal of the *kipini* is felt to be a breach of modesty, hence the instinctive concealment of the exposed spot.

Such a displacement, as we may call it, of the sense of modesty is nothing rare in ethnography. It is a never-failing delight to me to re-read the passage in what I may call my Bible, viz., Peschel's *Völkerkunde*, where the author describes the feelings of a pious Muslim from Ferghana if he were to be present at a European ball. Peschel thinks that the bare shoulders of our wives and daughters, the quasi-embraces of our round dances, would fill him with silent wonder at the long-suffering of Allah, who has not yet rained down fire and brimstone on this sinful and shameless generation. It is quite consistent with the same views that the Arab woman should bare her foot, leg or bosom without embarrassment, while to let anyone see the back of the head is supposed to be still more indecent than the exposure of the face, carefully as the latter is hidden. Still more divergent from our ideas are those of the Chinese, who would think it the height of immodesty for a woman to show a man her deformed foot, of which, in fact, it is improper even to speak. If we were in this way to make a survey of the whole world, we should encounter an immeasurable mass of the most various and, according to our ideas, the strangest notions as to what is proper and improper. Our own views on this point are only a single item in a long series, and they have no better foundation than any of the rest; for all these opinions have this in common as regards their origin, that nothing appears reprehensible or objectionable *a priori*. Only after a definite view has been formed as to which parts of the body are to be covered and which left uncovered, a breach of the rule becomes an act to be reprobated—not before.

The other observation is of a more serious nature. While riding through the *pori*, half dozing in the heat, I suddenly found myself nearly thrown out of the saddle, and saw, on recovering my balance, that my mule had shied at a mysterious object rising obliquely from the ground. This on closer inspection resolved itself into a bark cylinder half buried in the earth. The thing is about half-a-yard in length and closed at the uncovered upper end with two or three slabs of bark stuck into the ground in front of the opening. None of our men knew what to make of this, but some local natives happening to come along at the time, explained that it was the grave of a still-born child. The Makua, it appears, always bury them in this fashion.

INFANT'S GRAVE (MAKUA)

After a short rest at Zuza's, we started once more in order to reach Chingulungulu the same day. On the march, Knudsen and I were again attacked by fever. I could only maintain myself in the saddle by convulsively clinging on, and Knudsen had the greatest difficulty in keeping on his feet. We could see no end to the deadly monotony of the open scrub gliding past us, tree after tree. I had lost all feeling in my legs; the incessant throbbing and hammering in my skull amounted to torture; and the misery of our progress lengthened out the hours seemingly to infinity, so that I caught myself looking at my watch every few minutes.

At length there appears a fixed point in the boundless ocean of trees; a fallen giant blocks our path. The Norwegian sinks down on it like a log, and only by long-continued persuasion can I induce him to make a fresh start. We struggle on once more, till suddenly a confused murmur of voices breaks on the ear. As if through a haze I recognize Matola, whom I have already met at Masasi, surrounded by a number of men dressed in white; they keep on bowing solemnly, while I smile and wave my hand. We come to a house with many pillars. I dismount with infinite trouble, my teeth chattering in spite of

the almost vertical sun. With a pleasant smile, Matola places his pillared mansion at my disposal and offers me a jug of deliciously cool milk. My thoughts are not fixed on material enjoyments—I want nothing but rest and darkness. My eye seeks Knudsen and finds him just as he vanishes staggering into the tent the men have hastily set up. Two minutes later I, too, am wrapped in a couple of warm camel's hair blankets, to my inexpressible comfort! And now here goes for my first fever.

NOTE.—It is a little surprising to find Dr. Weule complaining (see p. 108) that he should have been unable, in a stay of less than a fortnight, to get at the psychology of the native. His disappointment at Matola's, in the next chapter, (p. 139) seems even less reasonable, and it seems strange that he should have expected to get information on subjects of which natives are never very eager to talk, by means of direct leading questions. This, quite apart from the fact that, by his own admission, his methods were not always conciliatory.—[TR.]

MATOLA'S COMPOUND

## CHAPTER VIII

### AT MATOLA'S

CHINGULUNGULU, middle of August, 1906.

WITH all its evils, a downright good fever has one advantage,—when it is over the convalescent has such an appetite that "eating" is far too mild a term to apply to the process of gratifying it. In this state of health a whole roast fowl is just about enough for a breakfast, that is if it has been preceded by a large plate of tinned soup and is to be followed by a still larger omelette with bananas. But when this stage is reached the patient is well on the way to recovery, and soon begins to enjoy his cigar, which, according to Wilhelm Busch,[1] is the surest test of fitness. Only a certain feeling as if the brain did not quite fill its allotted space and therefore broke in waves at the edges every time you move your head, remains for some days as an unpleasant reminder of the attack.

"Reality" *versus* "Dream," or "Prose" *versus* "Poetry," might be a very good name for the famous Chingulungulu. One would need to have lived for ten years in the bush, like Nils Knudsen, to look on this emporium of mud, dirt, and dust as the paradise which he still honestly believes it to be. Of course we have taken up our abode in the famous *baraza*, which is, in fact, quite a handsome building. True, it is nothing but a thatched roof supported on posts; but it is no

[1] A well-known German humorist, one of the principal contributors to *Fliegende Blätter*.

less than sixteen yards across, and the ridge of the roof is at least twenty feet from the floor. It is no contemptible achievement as regards architecture; the posts are arranged in three concentric circles round the central pillar, and the floor is of beaten clay mixed with ashes. To bring it to the proper degree of firmness and smoothness they use a wooden beater, bent into an obtuse angle and ending in a broad, flat surface. A raised ledge, about fifteen inches high, and broken by three openings at angles of 120°, runs round the building. This represents the seats of the "thingmen," for the *baraza* is in fact neither more nor less than the parliament-house of the village elders. The chief sits in the middle of the spacious building, and round him in a serried throng squat, sit, or stand his black fellow-citizens. Every native village has such a *baraza*, but the Chingulungulu one is the most famous of all. Matola is naturally not a little proud of being able to lodge his guests in so distinguished a building.

But even his private residence is a notable feat of architecture. It is surrounded, like all other houses, by a verandah, the ground under the wide eaves being raised a few inches out of the wet. Here Matola holds his court every day and all day long, which is interesting, but hardly agreeable, as far as I am concerned, since the auditorium is hardly thirty yards from my seat, and native voices are little accustomed to restraint. And when the women take part in the general discussion, or conduct their own defence in a trial, the noise becomes appalling.

The interior of Matola's house is scarcely in keeping with its spacious dimensions. The whole front is taken up by what Matola calls his evening *baraza*, a long narrow apartment, into which the inmates of the house and their friends withdraw on wet or stormy evenings. The furniture consists of a single *kitanda*, or coast-fashion bedstead. The rest of the house is occupied by three rooms of about fifteen feet by fifteen each. The two lateral ones are intended for sleeping-rooms, as shown by a couple of bedsteads and large heaps of ashes, the remains of the fire which every native keeps up beside his couch at night. These rooms are only accessible through doors leading from the central one, windowless, and therefore pitch dark. The central room serves as a kitchen, but how

elementary and primitive is Matola's hearth compared with Zuza's! The latter has a substructure for the system of cooking-stones, pots and other culinary appurtenances, which is quite correct in material and workmanship, while at Matola's there is nothing but a chaos of ashes, in the midst of which two or three lumps, as big as a man's head, of earth from an ant-heap indicate where the royal meals are prepared. At the same time this Yao chief has the reputation of being a wealthy man, as wealth goes in Africa, and of having great hoards of bright silver rupees hidden somewhere about his huts.

BEER-DRINKING

Matola's compound, however, is rather more interesting. On my first visit to him, he was somewhat embarrassed, being obviously ashamed of the shabbiness of his interior; but he took me over his back premises with evident pride, for which indeed he had ample justification. The back verandah is occupied by an unbroken row of food-stores of the most diverse sizes and shapes. Here we find beehive-shaped receptacles about six feet high for millet and maize, and cylindrical ones, of nearly equal height for ground-nuts, beans and peas; while in the dark spaces between them the eye after a while makes out small bark boxes or earthen jars containing less important vegetable products. All these receptacles are thickly plastered with clay, to protect them from vermin and weather. If we turn to the back of the large rectangular compound, where a high palisade keeps out unauthorised intruders, we again find proof of a very far-seeing and prudent economy, for here, too, everything is arranged in order to make the crops of the

current year last over till the next harvest. Large and small food-stores are ranged round it, and in the centre is a large granary, on whose ground floor, so to speak, some women are busy at a fireplace, while the whole roof-space is filled with heads of millet and cobs of maize. And if we step outside Matola's compound on the eastern side, there is a scaffolding some seven or eight feet high and about as wide running along the whole length of the palisade. On this, in spite of the lateness of the season, large quantities of grain just harvested are drying in the sun. And, lastly, walking round the estate to the west side of the house, we come face to face with a granary of truly gigantic size, and without doubt of very rational construction, which is shown in the illustration at the head of this chapter. Like all the other food-stores, this granary is built on piles; but, while in the usual form the scaffolding is only about two feet high, and from three to five feet square, it is in this case between ten and twelve feet high and at least ten feet across. On this platform rests the granary itself, which in shape can best be compared to a brewer's mash-tub. Just now it is only half full of millet, and therefore not yet closed, and the whole is covered in with the usual wide-eaved, heavy, thatched roof. Access to this marvel of architecture and economic science is gained by the same kind of antediluvian ladder which excited my risible faculties at Masasi—two strong gnarled logs, with a couple of wretched sticks tied across them—not too firmly—a yard apart.

Matola, however, saved up the most striking feature of his whole farm till the last. Grunts and squeaks expressive of the utmost well-being were heard proceeding from the shadows about a gloomy structure which was described to me as a prison. A prison in Africa? Certainly; the native is not an angel, and when he is on the chain-gang he must have some shelter at night. But for the present we were more interested in the origin of the above sounds, which proved to proceed from a sow with twelve piglings. This merry company, we soon found, was all over the place, examining the baggage of the *askari*, calling on Nils Knudsen in his tent, but most persistent of all in visiting our kitchen after dinner and helping the cook and his boy to clean up our dishes. Every facility is afforded them for this pursuit, as, in the first place, our

kitchen is only a sheltered corner under the eaves of the prison, and in the second, when a native has eaten his fill and is lying spread-eagled on the ground snoring through his *siesta*, you might cut him to pieces at your leisure without waking him. Thus every afternoon witnesses the remarkable spectacle of a khaki-clad European, uttering frantic vituperations of the lazy black villains and their whole continent, as he rushes across the square of Chingulungulu brandishing a kiboko, to drive the affectionate mother and her family away from his cooking-pots. Of course, whenever this takes place, the careless kitchen-staff comes in for a few blows in passing, but my beloved Omari cares very little for that. Knudsen and I have vowed vengeance on the pigs, to the effect that they shall indeed find their way into our cooking-pots one day, whether they like it or not.

How Matola obtained these pigs, so rare a sight in a Moslem country (for as such we must count this district), I have not yet heard, but I assume that he got them, like his herd of cattle, from the English Mission. The cattle are sheltered in a kraal immediately adjoining his dwelling-house—a mere enclosure of stakes into which the animals are driven soon after sunset, to leave it the next morning after the dew is off the grass. They are herded by several boys, and number about twenty head, all of the humped breed, and most of them evidently suffering from the *tsetse* disease. Only one young bull and a couple of cows look healthy and vigorous, and are playful enough to put some life into the whole mournful company. I am glad to see some milch cows among them—in fact it is they who provide the jar Matola sends me every morning.

This is Matola's residence in the more immediate sense. The best way to become acquainted with his whole territory is to mount and ride over it, for Chingulungulu is a settlement of extraordinary extent. Broad roads, as straight as a rule can make them, and planted with rubber-trees, run north, east and west from the square surrounding the *baraza*. To right and left of these roads lies a vast expanse of fields, from which emerges here and there the greyish-brown roof of a hut, larger or smaller as the case may be. During the whole of my stay here at Matola's, I have been doing my best to get acquainted with all the details of this negro settlement, and I

must confess that the charms of this occupation have so far consoled me for an evil which under other circumstances would long ago have disgusted me with the place. By this I mean the difficulty of obtaining information as to the more intimate customs, habits and opinions of the people, and thus penetrating as deeply as I certainly wish to do, into their intellectual and moral life. At Masasi the epidemic conviviality of the whole male population was a totally unforeseen impediment to this object, and here at Chingulungulu it seems either that Matola has not sufficient influence to obtain wise men for me to question, or that he does not care to reveal the wisdom of his people to a stranger. It is true that he possesses a good deal of information himself, and has already on more than one occasion sat with us and talked about the history of his tribe, but whenever I particularly want him, he is not to be found, and we are told that he is hunting on the Rovuma.

From an anthropological point of view the population here, in the political centre of the great plain between the Masasi mountains and the Rovuma, is as heterogeneous as at Masasi itself, only that down here the Wayao are not merely at present numerically in the majority, but politically supreme over their neighbours. These are, as in the north, Makua, Wangindo, Wamatambwe and Makonde, and, here as there, the various tribes live side by side according to no fixed rule. The history of the Yaos, up to the time when they settled and came to rest in this plain, is full enough of change and adventure. For a long time—from the moment when they first became known to Europeans, almost to the present day, they were unhesitatingly reckoned as belonging to the Kafir family. As, like the Wangoni, and almost simultaneously with them, they migrated from south to north—that is to say, from the region east of the Shire and south end of Nyasa to the Rovuma and Lujende, and as they at the same time showed equal freshness and physical vigour with those warlike hosts from the far south-east of the continent, it was natural that they should be considered as immigrants from sub-tropical South Africa, in other words, Kafirs. This view is now known to be erroneous ; their language obviously belongs to the group of Eastern Bantu idioms, and it is quite clear that they have nothing to do with the southern extremity of Africa.

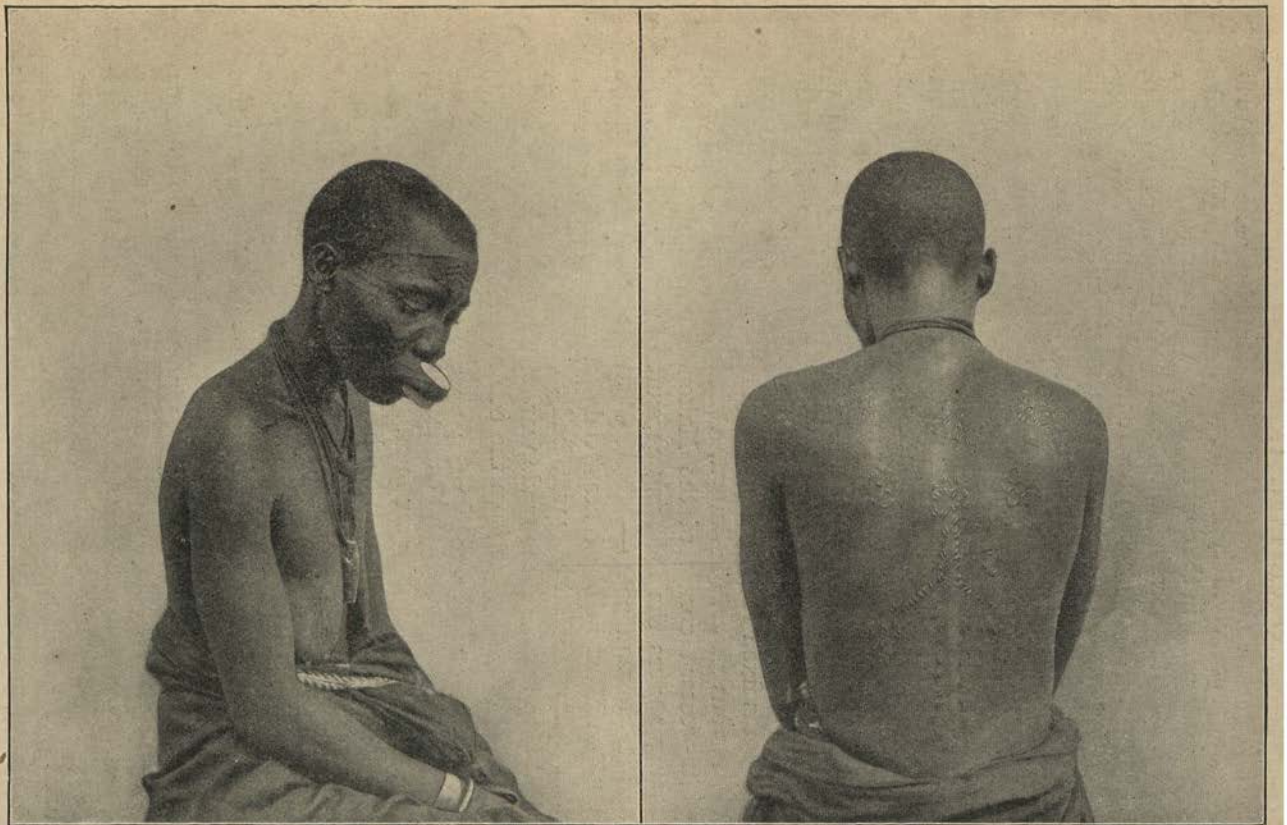
If we get the history of this people related to us by men who are either old enough to remember several of the many decades over which the tribal wanderings extended, or else, like Zuza, Matola and Nakaam, hold a position which makes them by right of birth transmitters of the tribal tradition,—we always find the region east of the south end of Nyasa mentioned as the starting point of all these (mostly involuntary) migrations.

A couple of aged Yaos, whom we had summoned, independently of Matola, through the agency of two or three sturdy *askari*, gave me the following report :—" Once, long ago, the Yaos lived at Kwisale Kuchechepungu. Kuchechepungu is the name of the chief under whom they lived at peace in the hill-country of Kwisale. Then there befel a war in which the Yaos were beaten, and they went to the country of the Makua chief Mtarika. But that is very long ago ; I, Akundonde (the spokesman of this historical commission) only know it from men older than myself.

" At Mtarika's also the Yaos fared badly, for this powerful Makua chief made war on them and drove them out. And they went to Malambo, which lies behind Mkula. At Malambo the Yaos remained for a long time, but at last they were driven thence by the same Mtarika ; then they settled near the Lumesule river in the Donde country, and from thence they afterwards went on to Masasi."

This took place when Akundonde was a big lad. As the old gentleman must be some years over sixty, this march into the Masasi plain must be dated towards the end of the fifties. At Masasi the Yaos were attacked by the Wangoni, but defeated them and drove them back in the direction of Kilwa Kivinja. In spite of this success, the Yaos retired to the greater security of the Makonde plateau. Here they were once more attacked by the Wangoni at Mahuta, but this was in the time of the elder Matola. After that Bakiri came from Zanzibar, and this was the beginning of an entirely new epoch.

This Bakiri of Zanzibar and his appearance on the Rovuma show unmistakably how little we know, at bottom, of the native and his history. Herr Ewerbeck has resided in the country over ten years, and has always taken a keen interest in the history of his district ; but he never heard anything more than vague rumours of an embassy from the Sultan of Zanzibar.



MATAMBWE WOMAN DECORATED WITH NUMEROUS KELOIDS

All the more vivid is the recollection of this event among those concerned, in the country itself. In the case of Akundonde and his contemporaries, who must have been grown-up men at the time, this is not to be wondered at; but even Matola and his generation, who were then mere children, or perhaps not even born, at once become excited when the conversation turns on Bakiri (already somewhat of a legendary character), and his memorable march.

This expedition, which, according to information elicited by Ewerbeck's inquiries, had for its objective the coal measures of the Lujende, the great southern tributary of the Rovuma, has in the consciousness of the local tribes entirely lost its character as a journey, and has assumed that of the *shauri* familiar to and characteristic of all these tribes. But this *shauri*—this assembly of all the local notables and their tribesmen—has fixed itself indelibly in the people's memory. It is the famous *shauri* of Nkunya, a place still in existence at the south-western corner of the Makonde plateau. Matola the Younger gives the following account of its causes, its course, and its consequences :—

"The Yaos in old times lived much further away to the west and south, but they were badly off there. The old Makua chief Mtarika of Metho made war on them, and when he was gone the Mazitu came from the other side and also made war on them. They killed or enslaved the men of the Yaos and carried off the women and children. This happened when old Matola was quite a young man. Now he would be very old, if he were still living; but he died twelve years ago, at a great age, but still quite strong.[1]

"In the end Matola had to fly; he went first to the Upper Bangala and then down that river till he was three hours' march from the Rovuma, where his second brother died. At this place Matola was only a small chief, for he had in all only five huts. But he was brave and clever, he raided other tribes

[1] This is the Matola who welcomed the U.M.C.A. missionaries to Newala, in 1877, and of whom the late Bishop Maples said: "He is without exception the most intelligent and the most pleasing African I know. He has many excellent qualities, and withal an amount of energy that is rare in that part of the world. He has a fund of information about the people, the country, and the languages, of which he can speak six." Matola died at Newala in October, 1895.—[TR.]

and was also a great hunter, who killed much game and exchanged the meat for corn. From the Lower Bangala, Matola moved to the Newala River and built his huts down in the valley at the foot of the Makonde plateau. Here he lived a long time; but the land belonged to Mawa, a Makua. Then a man came up from Mikindani to Nkunya, by name Bakiri, to hold a *shauri*. He called all the tribes together: Wayao, Wamakua, Wamatambwe and Wangoni. They came, all of them, in troops, and Bakiri acted as judge. The Wangoni and Wamatambwe grew frightened and ran away; the Makua also ran away; there remained only Matola, Mawa, and some of the Makua. The *shauri* lasted from morning till evening and all night long till the next morning, and in the morning Bakiri said to Matola: 'I give you the whole country; it is true that till now I have heard very little about you and your chieftainship, but all the others have run away and you only remained; I see, therefore, that you are trustworthy. So you shall rule over the whole country.' Mawa, too, agreed to this. He said: 'I am old, and I shall soon die; do you rule over the whole country.' And so it came to pass. Matola I. ruled wisely and justly, though severely. First he moved to Mikindani and planted palms there, then he went back inland, half-way to Newala, and from thence, at last, to Newala itself. There he lived at first on the plateau, because of the attacks of the Mazitu; then he came down into the valley, but in the end he had to go back to the heights again. He died up there at Newala, and there he lies buried."

It is in many respects highly interesting to watch these dusky elders while engaged in recalling their memories of the past. They usually speak well; it is well known that most African natives do; they have a natural eloquence which avoids artificial phraseology but is quick to find the simple, natural expression and fit it into the structure of the sentence. Only now and then we find a man whose faculties are blunted with old age and whose speech flows less smoothly from his toothless mouth. The teeth of old natives are by no means in the flourishing condition one might expect from the dazzling white rows of ivory which characterise the youth of the black race. The crowns of their teeth are rapidly worn down by the large amount of grit which enters into their daily food. Millet,

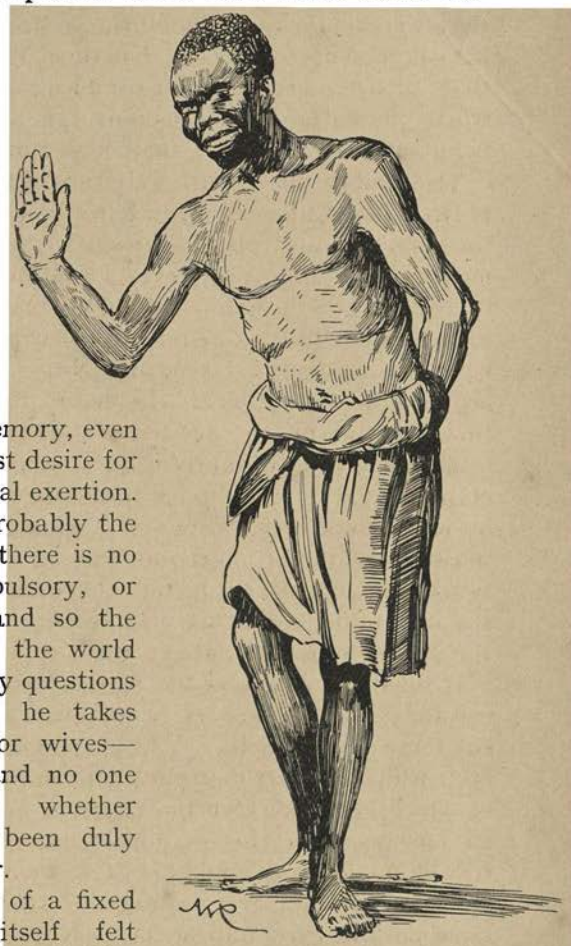
maize and rice are alike ground on stones ; the wear and tear to which these are subject are shown by the deep hollow in the lower and the rapid diminution in size of the upper, when they have been in use for any length of time. The resulting minute particles of stone do not exactly conduce to the benefit of the teeth, whose premature decay, moreover, is assisted by the artificial deformations of which I shall have much to say later on.

The kind of intellectual activity which goes on is also worth notice. The European investigator has, from the start, to take up a very critical attitude towards the native and his statements on any subject whatever, for our black brother's standard of truthfulness is notoriously not very exacting. But here, in the department of history, the narrators check each other, whether consciously or unconsciously I cannot decide. One begins—the stream of his eloquence flows on peacefully for a time, and then another suddenly interrupts him with "*A ! A !*" —an inimitable, abruptly-uttered sound twice repeated and accompanied by a still more inimitable gesture of deprecation, as who should say, "Stop, my friend, you are talking nonsense !" But the objection has hit its mark, the narrator breaks off, consults his historical conscience, and then presents the fact under discussion in a version which, on questioning the others, is found to have their approval.

It is characteristic of life in these parts that each narrator can only give the history of his own immediate tribal group. All these men, whether Yao or Makua by nationality, have been whirled about the country in numerically small sections, to which one may give the name of horde, clan, or troop, as one pleases. In this way a definite, historically-grounded tribal consciousness could not be formed, and, if it was already in existence, had every chance of being lost. So, too, they know nothing except about themselves and their own immediate neighbourhood. It is the task of ethnology to collect as many as possible of such individual accounts, in order ultimately to build them up into the complete structure of a tribal history. As far as I am concerned, there shall be no want of industry and perseverance in the collection of such narratives.

Now, however, comes the last and most delightful touch—a most characteristically African one. In the absence of writing, the native has no means of arriving at a correct

estimate of time. His astonishment and perplexity when asked his own age are fully expressed in the stare which meets the questioner; and one never finds people able to give even the approximate ages of their own children and grandchildren. Life flows along far too monotonously and uneventfully, while at the same time it is too full of their small cares and small pleasures, to leave them any time for special exercises of memory, even if they had the smallest desire for such unnecessary mental exertion. Finally—and this is probably the really decisive cause—there is no such thing as compulsory, or other registration; and so the small black citizen of the world grows up untroubled by questions of space and time; he takes to himself a wife—or wives—and raises a family, and no one thinks of inquiring whether he and his age have been duly entered on the register.



MANUAL CHRONOLOGY. "THAT HAPPENED WHEN I WAS SO HIGH"

The entire absence of a fixed chronology makes itself felt more especially in tribal history. Considering, on the one hand, the sublime indifference to space and time already referred to, and on the other the difficulty of framing intelligible questions guaranteed not to produce misleading answers, I was ready to despair of any satisfactory result; but I soon found that my informants possessed a primitive yet tolerably trustworthy method of dating occurrences.

"When was it that you lived on the Lumesule?" I asked old Akundonde. Without a word, he stretched his right arm out horizontally, at a height about corresponding to that of a twelve-year-old boy, and bent his hand gracefully upward, so that the elbow formed nearly a right angle. I watched this manœuvre in silent astonishment, but Knudsen immediately furnished the explanation amid an approving murmur from all present. It seems that this is the native way of indicating the height (and consequently the age) of a human being; the height of an animal is always shown by stretching the arm out straight without raising the hand. I must confess that, among all the new and strange impressions which have hitherto crowded in on my mind here in Africa, this delicate and yet so significant distinction between man and beast is the most striking. Nakaam at Mwiti made use of a somewhat different pantomime when relating to me the history of the Yaos. Nakaam draws a distinction between pure and mixed Yaos; reckoning among the former the Chiwaula, the Katuli, and the Kalanje. This is a point not hitherto recognised in the ethnological literature dealing with the Yaos; and it must be reserved for later criticism to test the evidence of my intelligent but perhaps somewhat slippery Chiwata informant. According to Nakaam, the home of the true Yaos is Likopolwe, a hilly district in the Chisi country, in Portuguese territory between Mataka's and Unangu Mountain. They were expelled thence by the chief Mputa, when Nakaam's mother was still a little child crawling on all fours. Nakaam is, on his own testimony, the fourth child of his mother, and may be any age from forty to forty-five. After Mputa came others of the Makua, and broke up the Yao tribe still more. Nakaam undoubtedly ranks as an intellectual giant, comparatively speaking, but even he could give no exact chronological date. Some compensation for this was to be found in the comical sight presented when the portly chief—who was usually dignity personified—was so carried away by his narrative as to forget what was due to his exalted position and show us, in most realistic pantomime, how his mother crawled about the ground when she was a baby.

Matola is in almost every point a contrast to Nakaam. The difference is seen even in their costume: Nakaam dresses, like

a coast-man, in the long, snow-white *kanzu*, while Matola is a European above and a Yao below, wearing a coloured cotton waist-cloth, like all his subjects, below a commonplace European jacket. The indications of cunning, so characteristic of Nakaam, are here quite absent; Matola impresses one as an honest man, and such, in fact, he is, if we may judge by the evidence of all the Europeans at Lindi who have ever come in contact with him. He is always occupied—either he is holding a court under his *baraza*, that is to say talking to the dozen or two-dozen men who drop in and out there in the course of the day, or he is engaged with us and the satisfaction of our wants. In manners he differs little from his subjects. Smoking is all but unknown here, but everyone takes snuff and chews tobacco. One consequence of this habit is that the people are always expectorating, and Matola is no exception. Another objectionable habit, which he shares with his neighbours, is that of perpetually scratching himself. In fact, when one is surrounded by a crowd of them, it is difficult, in the midst of the universal scratching, to refrain from following the agreeable example. I assume that it is a result of the prevailing want of cleanliness; the water from the two or three holes in the nearest stream-bed is only just enough for cooking and drinking; there is none of the precious fluid left to wash one's face, to say nothing of one's whole body.

Of all my senses the olfactory is the best developed, and daily causes me acute suffering. When a party of natives honour me with a visit, their coming is heralded from afar off by a smell whose ingredients, including racial odour, perspiration, rancid oil, wood-smoke, and a hundred others, our language is too poor to specify in full. What comes nearest to it is, perhaps, the exhalation from a large flock of sheep.

And then the flies! Along with the smell, which, so to speak, marches ahead of the main body, they come rushing in swarms on the unlucky European. I thought myself a model of prudence and foresight in bringing with me from Leipzig two pairs of spectacles with smoked glasses. One of these has long had its abiding-place on Moritz's nose. The rascal appeared one fine day suffering from acute conjunctivitis, which, thanks to my energetic treatment, is by this time quite cured. But it has never entered the conceited fellow's head to restore the

glasses, which, in an access of exaggerated philanthropy, I had placed at his disposal. That he no longer really requires them is sufficiently shown by the fact that he usually takes them off in the bright sunlight, but wears them instead in the dusk of the house and of course stumbles over everything that happens to be standing about. The other pair serve me excellently well out of doors, but under the dark *baraza* they absorb too much light, and thus I am left without protection from the swarms of flies the natives bring with them. These African insects and our European house-flies are not to be mentioned in the same breath. Like a flash of lightning, a creature the size of a small bee comes rushing at you—not hitting the eye straight, but describing a tangent, and passing along inside the whole eyelid, with such incredible swiftness that defence is absolutely impossible. This is repeated over and over again, while the victim, in mingled astonishment and horror, watches the little wretches preparing for the attack by a short halt on the inflamed eyelids of the natives. Instinctively one hits out wildly all round to no purpose: the raid has already been successfully accomplished. Knudsen suffers less from this plague than I, and apparently also from the one previously mentioned; for, while I always feel more or less ill after a *shauri* lasting several hours, the blonde Norwegian sits all day long among the people unmoved.

There is not much to be seen of the women here. Matola has repeatedly issued stringent orders that they are all to come and be photographed, but so far only four or five have appeared. They no sooner see me than they make their escape as quickly as their native dignity and the peculiarities of the feminine mode of progression will permit.

On the other hand, I am persistently besieged by the male youth of the place. Our residence is surrounded by a perfect wall of small boys squatting on the ground, their mouths wide open, staring stupid and motionless at the white stranger. This open mouth is universal among the children here—as is also the well-known pot-belly; hardly a surprising phenomenon, if one sees the amount of indigestible vegetable food which one of these boys will stuff into himself in the course of the day. I am unable to judge how this unintentional deformation of the body disappears afterwards, but that it

must do so is certain, the adults being without exception well-built men.

The Dark Continent has no love for me; on the march it persecuted me daily with its whirlwinds, and here at Chingulungulu it pursues a systematic plan for expelling me from its interior. Knudsen and I dine between twelve and one. Originally the hour had been fixed at twelve precisely. With measured step Moritz and Knudsen's Ali approach from the direction of the kitchen with the inevitable plate of tinned

OUR CAMP AT CHINGULUNGULU

soup. We are ready to fall to cheerfully, each—as is customary out here—at his own camp-table, when we hear the sound of a rushing mighty wind coming nearer and nearer. Dust, grass, and leaves are whirled into the air; one instinctively holds one's hand or one's cap over the plate, but all in vain—a gyrating chaos of ashes, dust, tufts of grass, and all the various kinds of dirt which can only be studied in this country, overwhelms us from behind; the *baraza* groans in all its beams; the boys fly out, unresisting and helpless into the open space in front; and then all is over. When we can open our eyes under the crust of foreign matter which covers our faces and everything else, we are just in time to see the thatch of the huts waltzing through the air before the whole phenomenon

vanishes into the *pori*. On the first day, of course, we were quite helpless; on the second we were again overwhelmed while thinking no evil; on the third I suggested that dinner should be postponed for a quarter of an hour. It was no use, the whirlwind came just a quarter of an hour later. We have gone on waging a regular war against this midday whirlwind, and, so far, we have been beaten all along the line. It always springs up the moment the soup is brought in. Moritz and Ali have scarcely time to clap the lids of a couple of tins over our plates when it is upon us. To protect ourselves against it, and also, it must be said, against the troublesome curiosity of the children of the land, small and great, we have built ourselves in under Matola's *baraza* by carrying a screen of millet stalks right across the hall high enough to reach the roof, and erecting two other screens at the ends of the first and converging on each other, so that we are now in a closed room. But my intimate enemy, the *chimbunga*, penetrates even into this carefully protected apartment.

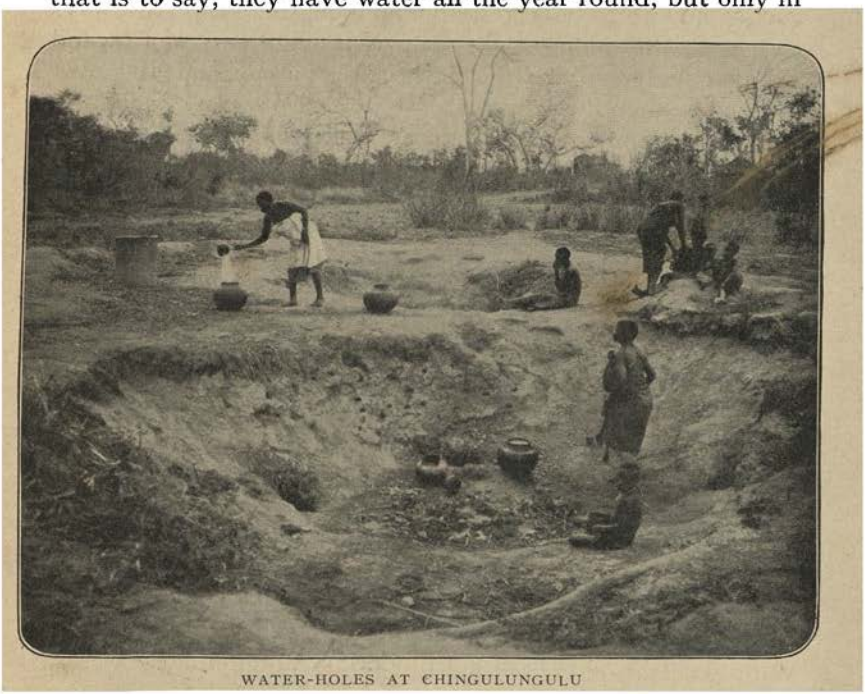
The water-supply of this region forms a subject by itself. Of all the charms of Chingulungulu this was what Knudsen had dwelt on most lovingly—one might be ever so ill and wretched, but a draught from this unrivalled spring would restore health to the most infirm. One of our first walks after getting through the fever which marked our arrival at this place, was to its principal wells. They are close to the road from Zuza's, and I should have seen them just before we arrived had I not been at that time more dead than alive. With expectations raised to the highest pitch, I walked along the path leading to the spot in question—two hundred yards distant at most—followed by a long train of boys and half-grown lads. "Here we are," said my companion suddenly, as we caught sight of a number of women and several young girls squatting in three roomy pits about six feet deep.

"Well, how about the spring?" I asked, the Norwegian's glowing descriptions being still present to my mind's eye.

"Why, down there—those holes—those are the springs; don't you see the women drawing water?" That I certainly did see, and my illusions vanished in the twinkling of an eye. But their place was taken with equal rapidity by the scientific interest attaching to the hydrography of the country in general

and Chingulungulu in particular; and of this I was enabled to get a fairly clear notion after walking round the three pits and scrambling down into each of them.

The rivers and streams here on the inland slope of the Makonde plateau are of the kind called *wadi* in North Africa or *Omurambe* in the distant German territory of the south-west—that is to say, they have water all the year round, but only in



WATER-HOLES AT CHINGULUNGULU

the subsoil; on the surface the water does not flow except in the rainy season, and immediately after it. The rains, which are extremely abundant, were over months ago, so that it is no wonder if the people have to dig deeper every day into the stream-beds to find water. Here they have in places penetrated right through the superincumbent strata, and Moritz cannot say enough in praise of this water which comes straight from the living rock. It may indeed be comparatively poor in bacteria and innocuous even for Europeans, but what I have seen of the way in which it is obtained has induced me to keep up, from the moment of my arrival, and insist on having

scrupulously carried out, the procedure customary with me ever since we left Lindi, of having all the drinking-water treated with alum, filtered, and boiled.

In no department of daily life is the contrast between Europe and Africa more sharply defined than in this matter of the water-supply. Instead of the brass tap and clear, cool water in a clean glass, we find, brooding over a muddy water-hole, an almost equally muddy woman. Behind her, on the high bank, stands her portly earthen jar. She sits gazing apathetically into the narrow opening, the usual ladle (the half-cocoa-nut-shell with a wooden handle stuck through it) in her right hand. At last enough fluid has accumulated to make it worth while to plunge the dipper under the turbid surface ; not ungracefully, with the rocking motion peculiar to the negress, she reaches the top of the bank, and the water pours in a milky jet into the large jar, the process being repeated as often as necessary till it is full. Then she walks to the nearest bush and comes back with a handful of fresh green twigs, which she carefully inserts into the neck of the jar. This is no manifestation of a decorative instinct, or of any feeling for the beauties of nature—neither man nor woman in this country has advanced so far ; in fact, highly as we Europeans think of ourselves, this feeling for nature is even with us of comparatively recent growth. The native is, in the first instance, practical—in fact, he is nothing if not practical. Without this bunch of leaves, the water-jar, filled to the brim, would slop over at every step, drenching the bearer's head and body; but, as it is, not a drop is spilt, the twigs and leaves hindering all undulatory motion in the narrow space. *Probatum est.*

The uses of a coffee machine are various. My cook, Omari, having from the beginning refused to employ mine for its legitimate purpose, it came in very handy for the construction of a filter. Charcoal is always to be had ; and it is easy to pound it into small pieces and put a deep layer into the tin funnel, which with its two fine strainers thus makes an excellent filter, simple, portable, and easily repaired. It gives Moritz and Kibwana far more to do than the lazy rascals like. Having formerly studied the problem of sedimentary deposit in different kinds of water, I know that salts hasten the precipitation of all solid matter. Alum is the clarifier indicated

MAKONDE WOMEN FROM MAHUTA

for this expedition. A moderately large tin is easily procured from any Indian trader, and the carriers have soon deposited, in the shade of the *baraza*, a long row of jars and calabashes hastily borrowed from the inhabitants. "*Dawa ya Ulaya!*" I call out to Kibwana, meaning this time the alum-tin. *Dawa* is anything producing an effect which the native fails to understand, and Ulaya is every country outside his own—usually Europe, and sometimes Germany in particular; but even American petroleum, for him, comes from Ulaya. A pinch of the salt is dropped into every jar, which, when stirred round, shows an alarming degree of thickness and impurity. All the same, Moritz considers this broth "*maji mazuri*" ("beautiful water"), a designation which only fits it, in my opinion, after the lapse of several hours. Then, indeed, it is clear as crystal. After carefully pouring it off, the boys strain it twice, thrice, or even four times through the charcoal filter. Omari boils it for ten minutes, under threats of the severest punishment in case of failure. It is left to cool overnight, and in the morning it is a drink for the gods—though only rendered so first by the water-cooler and then by the addition of fruit-syrup from Lübeck. My Berlin outfit, of course, included the usual large aluminium flask carried by expeditions, but I never dream of using it. Instead, we carry an Indian water-cooler of porous, unglazed earthenware, which I bought at Lindi, by Captain Seyfried's advice, for a rupee, and which is closely netted round with cocoanut rope for protection on the journey, and carried by Kofia tule with more dignity than grace on his woolly head. It amuses me, by the bye, to find that Knudsen will not hear of treating his drinking-water with alum. He is quite of the same mind as his native friends and thinks there is something uncanny about the *dawa ya Ulaya*, preferring the muddy brew as it comes from the well. Well—*habeat sibi!* In our enthusiasm for seltzer—prepared on my sparklet apparatus—with fruit-syrup in it, we are cordially agreed. It is better than the finest quality of *pombe* produced at the celebrated breweries of Chingulungulu.

# CHAPTER IX

## AMONG THE YAOS

CHINGULUNGULU, August 20, 1906.

THE greatest service Matola has hitherto rendered me is the arrangement of a few evening meetings with the women of his village, whom he has at last succeeded in inducing to venture into the lion's den. Knudsen and I have just finished our frugal evening meal, and Knudsen is as usual chatting with his friend Daudi (David), the native preacher, while I am seated at my table, working up my notes for the day. Daudi belongs to the Universities' Mission, was educated at Zanzibar, and prefers speaking English to me. There is not much to be got of him from my point of view, as his ideas have been greatly modified by Christianity. To-night the east wind, which on other occasions has threatened, in spite of all precautions, to put out our lamp, is not blowing, for a wonder; and the "Tippelskirch" sheds its rays undisturbed on our novel surroundings. My cigar, also, has an excellent flavour; and everything breathes comfort and satisfaction, when, approaching almost inaudibly over the loose sandy soil on which even our thick European boots make little or no noise, Matola appears and takes his seat on his accustomed box. He is followed by some thirty women and girls, most of them with babies on their backs, the majority of whom are peacefully asleep, though some keep gasping and groaning, within the supporting cloth. The whole company squats down on the floor between us, closely huddled together. I get Knudsen, who speaks Yao fluently though not grammatically, to explain what I want, viz., songs and stories—and then wait to see what will happen. For some time nothing happens—except that a half-grown boy, who has slipped in with the rest, begins to relate a long fable; but he speaks so quickly that it is impossible to follow him. Of course he cannot dictate his story slowly enough for me to take it down. This is a very common experience—the people sing and speak into the phonograph with enviable readiness, but are helplessly perplexed when asked to dictate

the words slowly. Indeed this could hardly be expected of them. We decide to reserve the boy for another opportunity and once more there is silence. Then arises, first very shyly, but soon gaining confidence and volume, a woman's clear voice. Presently the chorus joins in, and alternates with the solo in regular turns for a considerable time :—

Chakalakāle, mwāna jua Kundúngu, mwǎnja kwa tāti, "Anānyile litála kwa tati Kunampūye." Nikwǎola ku litīmbe, kuwalimāgǎ Chenampūye. Newáije ku mūsi kwa atati wao. Nigómbaga uti nekugawíraga musi. Nekutamagá.[1]

The meaning of this is :—

"Chakalakale, a child of God, went away to his father. Show me the way to my father's—to Kunampuye. He went to the river-bed where Chenampuye was hoeing. He came to the village to his father. Then there were guns fired and a village was assigned him to live in. And he lived at home."

So far all has gone smoothly . . . the song has come to an end. Matola, Daudi, Knudsen and I have with no little trouble established the authentic text, and the translation has been satisfactorily accomplished; but unfortunately I have to relinquish the idea of getting a phonographic record of the not unpleasing air. After my last failures at Lindi, due to the heat, which softened the recording cylinders, I tried my luck later on at Masasi, but the results there were with hardly any exceptions quite unsatisfactory. The softness of the cylinder is no disadvantage in recording, on the contrary, it enables the needle to make a deeper impression, but the impossibility of reproduction makes it difficult to check the text when afterwards dictated.

There is not much to remark about the foregoing song. I was at first doubtful of the rendering given of *mwana jua kundungu*, but Matola and Daudi both insisted on explaining it as "a child of God." What is understood by that expression here it is impossible to say; perhaps it denotes a rebel, as further north, in Usagara and Ukami, and on the Rufiji, the leaders of the Majimaji have in fact assumed a title of somewhat

[1] The accents are reproduced from Dr. Weule's transcript. The accent never in Yao falls on the last syllable but sometimes, in singing, the accent appears to be displaced, or possibly the rising intonation has been confused with the accent.—[TR.]

the same import. The prefix *ku* in the name Kunampuye is the same as *che*—both are about equivalent to "Mr." or "Mrs."

At last we have finished writing down and translating the text. The mothers have watched us in complete silence—not so the babies, who all seem to suffer from colds, and breathe noisily in consequence. The assertions made in so many works on Africa, as to the happiness of the native in early childhood, do not stand the test of reality. As soon as the mother gets

TWO MAKUA MOTHERS

up after her confinement, which she does very soon, the infant is put into the cloth which she ties on her back. There it stays all day long, whether the mother is having her short woolly hair dressed by a friend, enjoying a gossip at the well, hoeing, weeding, or reaping in the burning sun. When she stands for hours together, pounding corn in the mortar, the baby jogs up and down with the rhythmic motion of her arms, and when she is kneeling before the millstone grinding the meal into fine white flour, or squatting by the hearth in the evening, the rosy morsel of humanity never leaves its close and warm, but not altogether hygienic nest. The rosiness does not last long. No provision in the way of napkins being made, the skin soon becomes chapped and deep cracks are formed, especially at the joints, and the terrible African flies lay their eggs on the eyelids of the unfortunate little ones, neither father nor mother ever raising a hand to drive them away—they

never dream of making this effort for their own benefit! No wonder that the little eyes, which in the case of our own children we are accustomed to think of as the most wonderful and beautiful thing in organic nature, should be bleared and dim. Fungoid ulcers (the result of "thrush") are seen protruding in bluish white masses from nose and mouth. The

A FRIENDLY CHAT

universal colds are the consequence of the great difference of temperature between day and night. The parents can protect themselves by means of the fire and their mats; the child gets wet, is left lying untouched and uncared for, becomes chilled through, and of course catches cold. Hence the general coughing and sniffing in our *baraza*.[1]

[1] A subsequent passage in which almost the same description is given must be taken with the above as somewhat qualifying it. It must be admitted that Dr. Weule's statements, as they stand here, are certainly misleading, and convey an exaggerated impression of universal neglect and misery among African babies. It is true that there is much to be done, by women missionaries and others, in the way of inculcating sound hygienic principles (though not more, perhaps, than in London!)—but the appalling state of things described is by no means universal, and it must be remembered that the tribes of the Makonde plateau had been harassed by slavers and hunted from place to place even beyond the wont of Africans in general.—[TR.]

The women having noticed that the first number on the programme is finished, the same solo voice as before begins once more, softly and not unmelodiously. "*Seletu, seletu, songo katole, tung'ande songo katole.*" This song, too, alternates between solo and chorus, like the previous one. I already know enough Yao to translate the two words, *songo katole;* their meaning, "Bring the *songo*" (snake) makes me curious as to that of the rest. And rightly so, for how anyone can invite a person to bring up this, the most poisonous reptile in East Africa, whose bite is instantly fatal, is at present a mystery. I restrain my curiosity, however, till I have heard the next song, which might be considered as merely a continuation of the first, as the air is the same, and the only difference is the introduction of another animal—the lion. The words are as follows:—

SOLO: Seletu seletu, simba katole.
CHORUS: Seletu seletu, simba katole.
SOLO: Seletu seletu, simba okoto.
CHORUS: Seletu seletu, simba okoto.

I have a good ear, but unfortunately have had no musical training whatever, and have never regretted this so much as I do now, here in the interior of Africa, especially now that my phonograph is *hors de combat.* This would not have mattered so much, had I been able to enter the simple melody at once in my note-book, but, as it is, I shall have to dispense with a record altogether. In both these songs the line sung by the solo performer is repeated by the whole chorus, and this alternation goes on for an indefinite time, till the performers are tired out.

In both cases, the words when translated are simple enough:

(1) *Seletu, seletu,* the *songo* snake, bring it here and let us play, bring it here, the *songo* snake.
(2) *Seletu, seletu,* the lion, bring him here—*seletu, seletu,* the lion is beautiful.

That is all. I think the admiration here expressed for two creatures very dangerous to the natives is to be explained as a kind of *captatio benevolentiæ* rather than as the outcome of any feeling for nature or of artistic delight in the bright colours of the serpent or the powerful frame of the lion. Both children and grown-up people are more concerned about the *songo* than about any other creature; it is said to live among the rocks, to have a comb like a cock and to produce sounds by which it

entices its prey.[1] It darts down like lightning on its victim from a tree overhanging the path, strikes him on the neck, and he falls down dead. The natives have described the whole scene to me over and over again with the most expressive pantomime. It is quite comprehensible that this snake should be feared beyond everything, and, considering similar phenomena in other parts of the world, it seems quite natural that they should try to propitiate this terrible enemy by singing his praises as being eminently fitted to take part in the dance. Precisely the same may be said of the lion.

Now things become more lively. "*Chindawi!*" cries one, to be rendered approximately by "I'll tell you something!"[2] and another answers "*Ajise!*" ("Let it come.") The first speaker now says, "*Aju, aji,*" and passes her right hand in quick, bold curves through the air. I do not know what to make of the whole proceeding, nor the meaning of the answer, "*Kyuwilili,*" from the other side. The dumb shyness which at first characterized the women has now yielded to a mild hilarity not diminished by my perplexed looks. At last comes the solution, "*Aju, aji,*" merely means "this and that,"[3] and

[1] This crowing serpent is well known by hearsay throughout Nyasaland. It is said to have a red crest and to have "killed very many people in the Angoni country" (Scott's *Dictionary*, s.v., *Kasongo*). The natives who told me about it had never seen it themselves, but had heard about it from hunters; they described its habit of darting down from trees, and added that the said hunters circumvented it by making the foremost man of the party carry a pot full of fire (others say very hot gruel or scalding bran-mash) on his head, into which the snake descends and perishes. The Anyanja say *ingolira koh*—"It cries *koh!*" (they render the sound of a cock's crow as *kokololiko*). Mr. Richard Crawshay assured me that the *songo* was a real and not a mythical snake; he had killed one—but it had no red crest, and he had not heard its voice. The late Bishop Maples, however, did, on one occasion, hear a "large snake with a serrated comb" crow like a cock while travelling between Masasi and the Rovuma in 1877.—[TR.]

[2] Apparently the same word as the Chinyanja *chindapi*, meaning either a proverb, a short story, or a riddle. The Rev. H. B. Barnes says that in a "riddle contest" the propounder of the enigma says "*Chindapi!*" and the rest of the company "*Chijija*" (let it come!) Similar formulas appear to be in use throughout Bantu Africa.—[TR.]

[3] Both words mean "this," but are of different classes. "*Ichi, ichi*" (this, this), is a similar riddle recorded at Blantyre, to which the answer is "a shadow." In fact, I am indebted to Dr. Weule for the explanation, having (no doubt through failing to notice the accompanying gestures) abandoned it as a hopeless puzzle.—[TR.]

the passes of the hand are supposed to be made under a vertical sun when the shadow would pass as swiftly and silently over the ground as the hand itself does through the air. *Kyuwilili* (the shadow), then, is the answer to this very primitive African riddle.

" Chindawi ! "—" Ajise ! "—the game goes on afresh, and the question is, this time, " *Gojo gojo kakuungwa ?* " (" What rattles in its house ? ") I find the answer to this far less recondite than the first one—" *Mbelemende* " (the *bazi* pea), which of course is thought of as still in the pod growing on a shrub resembling our privet. The ripe seeds, in fact, produce a rattling noise in the fresh morning breeze.

But for the third time " Chindawi ! "—" Ajise ! " rings out, and this time the problem set is " *Achiwanangu kulingana.*" I am quite helpless, but Matola with his usual vivacity, springs into the circle, stoops down and points with outstretched hands to his knees, while a murmur of applause greets him. " My children are of equal size " is the enigma ; its unexpected solution is, " *Malungo* " (the knees). We Europeans, with our coldly-calculating intellect, have long ago lost the enviable faculty of early childhood, which enabled us to personify a part as if it were the whole. A happy fate allows the African to keep it even in extreme old age.

By this time nothing more surprises me. A fourth woman's voice chimes in with " *Ambuje ajigele utandi* " (" My master brings meal "). The whole circle of faces is turned as one on the European, who once more can do nothing but murmur an embarrassed " *Sijui* " (" I do not know "). The answer, triumphantly shouted at me—" *Uuli !* " (" White hair ! ")—is, in fact, to our way of thinking so far-fetched that I should never have guessed it. Perhaps this riddle may have been suggested by the fact that an old white-headed native does in fact look as if his head had been powdered with flour.[1]

Now comes the last number of a programme quite full enough even for a blasé inquirer.

" *Chindawi !* "—" *Ajise !* " is heard for the last time.

[1] This riddle also I obtained at Blantyre, in the Chinyanja language, but from a Yao girl, thus : " *Ambuye naona alikwenda m'njira natenga ufa* " (" I saw my master walking on the road and he was carrying flour ").—[TR.]

"*Pita kupite akuno tusimane apa!*"[1] The excitement in which everyone gazes at me is if possible greater than before; they are evidently enjoying the feeling of their superiority over the white man, who understands nothing of what is going on. But this time their excess of zeal betrayed them—their gestures showed me clearly what their language concealed, for all went through the movement of clasping a girdle with both hands. "*Lupundu*" (a girdle) is accordingly the answer to this riddle, which in its very cadence when translated,—"Goes round to the left, goes round to the right, and meets in the middle"—recalls that of similar nursery riddles at home, *e.g.*, the well-known "Long legs, crooked thighs, little head, and no eyes."

Matola himself came forward with an "extra" by way of winding up the evening. His contribution runs thus:—"*Chikalakasa goje kung'anda, kung'anda yekwete umbo,*" which is, being interpreted, "Skulls do not play" (or "dance"); "they only play who have hair (on their heads)."

The difficult work of the translator is always in this country accompanied by that of the commentator, so that it does not take long to arrive at the fact that this sentence might be regarded as a free version of "Gather ye roses while ye may," or "A living dog is better than a dead lion." I, too, turning to Matola and Daudi, say solemnly, "*Chikalakasa goje kung' anda, kung'anda yekwete umbo,*" and then call out to Moritz, "*Bilauri nne za pombe*" ("A glass of beer for each of us").

The drab liquor is already bubbling in our drinking vessels—two glasses and two tin mugs. "*Skål,* Mr. Knudsen"; "*Prosit,* Professor"—the two natives silently bow their heads. With heartfelt delight we let the cool fluid run down our thirsty throats. "*Kung'anda yekwete umbo*" ("They only play who have hair on their heads"). . . . Silently and almost imperceptibly the dark figures of the women have slipped away, with a "*Kwa heri, Bwana!*" Matola and Daudi are gone too, and I remain alone with Knudsen.

Our manuals of ethnology give a terrible picture of the lot of woman among primitive peoples. "Beast of burden" and

[1] This is given, in a slightly different form, in Bishop Steere's *Collections for a Handbook of the Yao language* (p. 105): "*Apitako tusimanako*" ("Where they pass, where we meet").—[TR.]

" slave " are the epithets continually applied to her. Happily the state of things is not so bad as we might suppose from this; and, if we were to take the tribes of Eastern Equatorial Africa as a sample of primitive peoples in general, the picture would not, indeed, be reversed, but very considerably modified. The fact is that the women are in no danger of killing themselves with hard work—no one ever saw a native woman walking quickly, and even the indispensable work of the home is done in such a leisurely and easy-going way that many a German housewife might well envy them the time they have to spare. Among the inland tribes, indeed, the women have a somewhat harder time: the luxuries of the coast are not to be had; children are more numerous and give more trouble; and—greatest difference of all—there are no bazaars or shops like those of the Indians, where one can buy everything as easily as in Europe. So there is no help for it; wives and daughters must get to work by sunrise at the mortar, the winnowing-basket, or the grinding-stones.

At six in the morning the European was tossing restlessly in his narrow bed—tossing is perhaps scarcely the right expression, for in a narrow trough like this such freedom of movement is only possible when broad awake and to a person possessing some skill in gymnastics. The night had brought scant refreshment. In the first place a small conflagration took place just as I was going to bed. Kibwana, the stupid, clumsy fellow, has broken off a good half of my last lamp-glass in cleaning it. It will still burn, thanks to the brass screen which protects it from the wind, but it gives out a tremendous heat. It must have been due to this accident that at the moment when I had just slightly lifted the mosquito-net to slip under it like lightning and cheat the unceasing vigilance of the mosquitoes, I suddenly saw a bright light above and behind me. I turned and succeeded in beating out the flames in about three seconds, but this was long enough to burn a hole a foot square in the front of the net. Kibwana will have to sew it up with a piece of *sanda*, and in the meantime it can be closed with a couple of pins.

Tired out at last I sank on my bed, and dropped into an uneasy slumber. It was perhaps two o'clock when I started up, confused and dazed with a noise which made me wonder

if the Indian Ocean had left its bed to flood this plain as of old. The tent shook and the poles threatened to break; all nature was in an uproar, and presently new sounds were heard through the roaring of the storm—a many-voiced bellowing from the back of the tent—shouts, cries and scolding from the direction of the prison, where my soldiers were now awake and stumbling helplessly hither and thither in the pitchy darkness round the *baraza*. A terrific roar arose close beside my tent-wall. Had the plague of lions followed us here from Masasi? Quick as thought I slipped out from under the curtain and felt in the accustomed place for my match-box. It was not there, nor was it to be found elsewhere in the tent. Giving up the search, I threw myself into my khaki suit, shouting at the same time for the sentinel and thus adding to the noise. But no sentinel appeared. I stepped out and, by the light of the firebrands wielded by the soldiers, saw them engaged in a struggle with a dense mass of great black beasts. These, however, proved to be no lions, but Matola's peaceful cattle. A calf had been taken away from its mother two days before; she had kept up a most piteous lowing ever since, and finally, during the uproar of the storm, broke out of the kraal, the whole herd following her. The two bulls glared with wildly-rolling eyes at the torches brandished in their faces, while the younger animals bellowed in terror. At last we drove them back, and with infinite trouble shut them once more into the kraal.

The white man in the tent has fallen asleep once more, and is dreaming. The nocturnal skirmish with the cattle has suggested another sort of fight with powder and shot against Songea's hostile Wangoni. The shots ring out on both sides at strangely regular intervals; suddenly they cease. What does this mean? Is the enemy planning a flanking movement to circumvent my small force? or is he creeping up noiselessly through the high grass? I give the word of command, and spring forward, running my nose against tin box No. 3, which serves as my war chest and therefore has its abode inside the tent opposite my bed. My leap has unconsciously delivered me from all imaginary dangers and brought me back to reality. The platoon fire begins again—bang! bang! bang!—and in spite of the confused state in which the events of the night

have left my head, I am forced to laugh aloud. The regular rifle-fire is the rhythmic pounding of the pestles wielded by two Yao women in Matola's compound, who are preparing the daily supply of maize and millet meal for the chief's household.

I have often seen women and girls at this work, but to-day I feel as if I ought to give special attention to these particular nymphs, having already established a psychical *rapport* with them. It does not take long to dress, nor, when that is finished, to drink a huge cup of cocoa and eat the usual omelette with bananas, and then, without loss of time I make for the group of women, followed by my immediate bodyguard carrying the camera and the cinematograph.

WOMAN POUNDING AT THE MORTAR. DRAWN BY SALIM MATOLA

I find there are four women—two of them imperturbably pounding away with the long, heavy pestle, which, however, no longer resembles cannon or rifle fire, but makes more of a clapping sound. Matola explains that there is now maize in the mortars, while in the early morning they had been pounding *mtama* and making the thundering noise which disturbed my repose. This grain is husked dry, then winnowed, afterwards washed and finally placed in a flat basket to dry in the sun for an hour and a half. Not till this has been done can it be ground on the stone into flour. Maize, on the other hand, is first husked by pounding in a wet mortar, and then left to soak in water for three days. It is then washed and pounded. The flour will keep if dried.

After a while the pounding ceases, the women draw long breaths and wipe the perspiration from their faces and chests. It has been hard work, and, performed as it is day by day, it brings about the disproportionate development of the upper arm muscles which is so striking in the otherwise slight figures of the native women. With a quick turn of the hand, the third woman has now taken the pounded mass out of the mortar and put it into a flat basket about two feet across. Then comes the winnowing; stroke on stroke at intervals of ten and twenty seconds, the hand with the basket describes a

semicircle, open below—not with a uniform motion, but in a series of jerks. Now one sees the husks separating themselves from the grain, the purpose served by the mortar becomes manifest, and I find that it has nothing to do with the production of flour, but serves merely to get off the husk.

The winnowing is quickly done, and with a vigorous jerk the shining grain flies into another basket. This is now seized by the fourth woman, a plump young thing who has so far been squatting idly beside the primitive mill of all mankind, the flat stone on which the first handful of the grain is now laid. Now some life comes into her—the upper stone passes crunching over the grains—the mass becomes whiter and finer with each push, but the worker becomes visibly warm. After a time the first instalment is ready, and glides slowly down, pushed in front of the "runner" into the shallow bowl placed beneath the edge of the lower stone. The woman draws breath, takes up a fresh handful and goes to work again.

This preparation of flour is, as it was everywhere in ancient times, and still is among the maize-eating Indians of America, the principal occupation of the women. It is, on account of the primitive character of the implements, certainly no easy task, but is not nearly so hard on them as the field-work which, with us, falls to the lot of every day-labourer's wife, every country maid-servant, and the wives and daughters of small farmers. I should like to see the African woman who would do the work of one German harvest to the end without protesting and running away.

The care of the household is not unduly onerous. The poor man's wife in our own country cannot indeed command a great variety of dishes, but her housekeeping is magnificence itself compared with the eternal monotony of native cooking—millet-porridge to-day, maize-porridge to-morrow, and manioc-porridge the day after, and then *da capo*. It may be admitted that the preparation of this article of diet is perhaps not so simple as it seems. I might suggest a comparison with the Thüringen dumpling, which takes the inspiration of genius to prepare faultlessly—but surely the most stupid negress must some time or other arrive at the secret of making *ugali* properly. Knudsen, in his enthusiasm for everything genuinely African, eats the stuff with intense relish—to me it always tastes like

NATIVE WOMEN PREPARING MEAL. (POUNDING, SIFTING, GRINDING)

a piece of linen just out of the suds. The operation is simple enough in principle—you bring a large pot of water to the boil and gradually drop in the necessary meal, stirring all the time. The right consistency is reached when the whole contents of the pot have thickened to a glassy, translucent mass. If a European dish is wanted for comparison, we need only recall the polenta of Northern Italy, which is prepared in a similar way, and tastes very much the same.

I am glad to say that my own cook's performances go far beyond those of the local housewives, though his ability—and still more, unfortunately, his willingness—leave much to be desired. Omari's very appearance is unique—a pair of tiny, short legs, ending in a kind of ducks' feet, support a disproportionately long *torso*, with a head which seems as if it would never end at all; the man, if we may speak hyperbolically, is all occiput. He is a Bondei from the north of the colony, but of course calls himself a Swahili; all the back-country Washenzi do, once they have come in contact with the Coast civilization which is so dazzling in their eyes. Omari is the only married man among my three servants; he says that he has four children, and speaks of his wife with evident awe. She did not, indeed, let him go till he had provided liberally for her support, *i.e.*, induced me to open an account of seven rupees a month for her with the firm who do my business at Dar es Salam.

I have put my three blackamoors into uniform khaki suits, whereupon all three have appointed themselves corporals of the Field Force, by persuading the tailor to sew a chevron in black, white and red on their left sleeve. They are inexpressibly proud of this distinction, but their virtues, unfortunately, have not kept pace with their advancement. At Masasi I had to begin by applying a few tremendous cuffs to stimulate Omari's energy. This corrective has proved inefficient in the case of the other two, as they will move for nothing short of the kiboko. If each of the three had to be characterised by a single trait, I should say that Omari is superstition personified; Moritz, crystallized cunning; and Kibwana, a prodigy of stupidity; while a mania (which has not yet entirely disappeared) for coming to me at every spare moment to demand an advance, is common to all three. All three, of

course, make their exit in the same hurried manner. If in forming my ethnographical collections I had to deal entirely with people like my cook, I should not secure a single specimen. The fellow displays an amulet on his left arm—a thin cord, with, apparently, a verse from the Koran sewn into it. I remarked to him, in an off-hand way, "Just sell me that thing!" He protested loudly that he could not and would not do so, for he would infallibly die the moment it left his arm. Since then I have been in the habit of amusing myself by now and then making him an offer for his talisman; on each successive occasion he raises the same outcry. And as for his drawing! At Lindi, he once brought me the map of his native country, charted by himself on a piece of greasy paper. No one could make head or tail of it, except perhaps the devil whose presentment he brought me the following day, drawn on the reverse of the same piece of paper. Omari's Prince of Darkness has no less than four heads, but only two arms and one leg—at least such is the verbal description he gives me; his drawing, like his map, is an inextricable chaos of crooked lines. My carriers are artists of quite another stamp. What spirit, for instance, is shown in a drawing by Juma, usually the most phlegmatic of mortals, intended to represent a troop of monkeys attacking a plantation—his own *shamba* in point of fact. But we shall have to come back later on to the draughtsmanship of the natives.

MONKEYS ATTACKING A PLANTATION. DRAWN BY JUMA

One provoking trick played me by my cook was connected with my supply of coffee. I had brought two large tins with me from Dar es Salam, each holding from six to eight pounds of the best Usambara quality, one roasted, the other unroasted. According to all human calculations, one tin should have lasted, even allowing the maximum strength to my midday cup, at least several months, so that I was quite taken aback when my *chef* came to me in the middle of the fourth week

with the laconic announcement, "*Kahawa imekwisha*" ("The coffee is finished"). A strict investigation followed. Omari insisted that he had used two spoonfuls a day for me. I told Moritz to open the second tin and measure out with the same spoon the quantity which, on his own showing, he should in the worst case have consumed. This was done without appreciably diminishing the quantity in the huge canister. Upon this I told him to his face that he had used part of the coffee himself, and sold part of it to his friends the soldiers. "*Hapana*," was his only answer. The only way to escape this systematic robbery is by daily measuring out the necessary quantity with one's own hands, but this takes up far too much of the time so urgently required for work. This necessity for ceaseless supervision was proved to me, moreover, by another incident. Kibwana and Moritz usually take it in turns to be on the sick list, and sometimes, in fact, frequently, both are incapacitated at the same time, usually by fever. Moritz, a few days ago, declared himself about to die—but not here at Chingulungulu: dying is so much easier at Lindi. Nils Knudsen, with his soft Viking heart, compassionated the poor boy to such a degree that I was at last morally compelled to make use, although it was not regulation time, of my clinical thermometer: my model medicine chest, I may remark, only contains one of these useful instruments. The patient—at the point of death—registered normal. Moritz, this time, recovered with astonishing rapidity.

On another occasion, however, he was really ill, and I allowed him to make himself a large jug of my cocoa in the morning. Full of forebodings, I went across to the kitchen, at his breakfast-time, and not only found him revelling in comfort, but also the whole of my party being regaled by the cook in the most generous way with the contents of one out of my eight tins. Can one be expected to refrain from using the kiboko?

The local amusements not being carried on at my expense are decidedly more enjoyable than the above. The beer-drinkings here take place, not, as at Masasi, in the morning, but in the afternoon. Moritz must have a *flair* for festivities of this sort, since, whenever he acts as guide in my afternoon strolls in search of knowledge, we are sure to come upon

a mighty company of tippling men, women, and children. The love for strong drink seems thus to be pretty strongly developed, though there is this year no special occasion to serve as an excuse for drinking at Matola's. The most prominent of such occasions here in the south is the *unyago*, the ceremony of initiation into manhood and womanhood, of which I have heard again and again, from men as well as from youths, though so far I have not set eyes on the least trace of such an arrangement. At present I do not even see the possibility of personally witnessing the proceedings, which, by all one hears, seem to be extremely complicated. I am determined, however, that it shall somehow come to pass.

The reason why there is no *unyago* this year at Chingulungulu lies in the arrangement by which each village keeps the festival in turn—probably on account of the expense, which is no trifle. Besides the enormous quantity of *pombe* drunk at the many dances, huge supplies of provisions are required for the visitors who come far and near to attend the celebration ; and, finally, calico has to be bought at the Coast, both for the new garments in which the initiated are to appear after the ceremony, and for the fees to their instructors, male and female. I have no greater wish than to get a thorough insight into this custom of all others, since, so far as I am acquainted with the literature relating to Africa, this part of the sociological field is still almost if not entirely untilled.

Meanwhile, the men amuse themselves and me in other ways. Even before I left Masasi, I saw the people running together with the cry, " *Sulila amekuja !* " (" Sulila has come ! "), and a great crowd collected round a man who was evidently a stranger. This man is, to begin with, remarkable for the fact that, though stone blind, he wanders all over the southern part of East Africa in perfect safety. It is true that he had a companion, but this man, so far from being his guide, walked behind him, carrying the bard's professional paraphernalia. Sulila, who belongs to the Yao tribe, is, in fact, a professional singer. He offered of his own accord to give a performance for my benefit and had completed his preparations in a twinkling. The implements of his craft are simple enough. He has his band formed afresh on the spot when wanted : six or eight men come forward, squat down in a square, each lays down

THE BLIND BARD SULILA OUTSIDE THE BOMA AT MASASI

before him a log stripped of the bark and about as thick as one's arm, takes a stick in each hand and awaits the signal to begin. The master in the meantime has adorned himself with the utmost splendour, attaching to his knees and ankles sets of rattles which consist of hard-shelled fruits as large as moderate-sized apples, strung on leather thongs. Round his waist he wears a kilt composed of whole skins and strips of skins of various wild animals—wild cats, monkeys, leopards—and, finally, his head is decorated and his face shaded by the mane of a zebra or some large kind of antelope, looking like a barbaric crown.

Sulila has taken his place in the centre of his band, holding his stringed instrument in his left hand, and its bow in his right. This instrument is a monochord with a cylindrical resonator cut out of a solid block of wood, the string, twisted out of some hair from the tail of one of the great indigenous mammals, is fastened to a round piece of wood. Instead of rosin, he passes his tongue over the string of his bow, which he then lifts and applies to the string, bringing out a plaintive note, immediately followed by a terrible bellow from Sulila himself and an ear-splitting noise from the "xylophones" of the band.

Strictly speaking, I am inclined to regret having come out on a scientific mission : there is an inexpressible delight in seeing this strange artist at work, and every diversion caused by the working of the apparatus means a loss of enjoyment. Sulila is really working hard—without intermission he coaxes out of his primitive instrument the few notes of which it is capable, and which are low, and quite pleasing. Equally incessant is his singing, which, however, is less pleasing, at least for Europeans. His native audience seem to accept it as music *par excellence*, for they are simply beside themselves with enthusiasm. Sulila's voice is harsh, but powerful ; it is possible that its strength to some extent depends on his blindness, as, like a deaf man, he is unable to estimate the extent of the sound-waves he produces. He takes his words at such a frantic pace that, though my ear is now somewhat accustomed to the Yao language, I can scarcely distinguish one here and there.

But the most charming of all Sulila's accomplishments is the third, for he not only plays and sings, but dances also. His dance begins with a rhythmic swaying of the knees, keeping time to the notes of his fiddle, while, with the characteristic uncertainty of the blind his face turns from side to side. After a time the swaying becomes deeper and quicker, the dancer begins to turn, slowly at first, and then more rapidly, at last he revolves at a tearing speed on his axis. His bow tears along likewise, his voice sets the neighbouring bush vibrating, the band hammer away like madmen on their logs—it is a veritable pandemonium, and the public is in raptures.

As already stated, I could not help secretly regretting the impossibility of giving myself up unreservedly to the impression of these performances, but the duty of research must always be the predominant consideration. The hours spent over the camera, cinematograph, and phonograph, involve more hard work than amusement. This cannot be helped, but, if some of the results turn out satisfactorily, as has fortunately happened in my case, all difficulties and discomfort are abundantly compensated.

It is not easy to get phonographic records of the voice, even from natives who can see. You place the singer in front of the apparatus, and explain how he has to hold his head, and that he must sing right into the centre of the funnel. "Do you

understand ? " you ask him on the conclusion of the lecture. " *Ndio* " (" Yes "), he answers, as a matter of course. Cautious, as one has to be, once for all, in Africa, you make a trial by letting him sing without winding up the apparatus. The man is still shy and sings too low, and has to be encouraged with a " *Kwimba sana !*" (" Sing louder ! "). After a second trial—sometimes a third and fourth—the right pitch is found. I set the apparatus, give the signal agreed on, and singer and machine start off together. For a time all goes well—the man stands like a column. Then something disturbs his balance. He turns his head uneasily from side to side, and there is just time to disconnect the apparatus and begin instructions again from the beginning. This is what usually happens ; in many cases undoubtedly it was vanity which induced the singer coquettishly to turn his head to right and left, saying as plainly as words could have done, " See what a fine fellow I am ! "

With Sulila the case is much worse. He is so in the habit of moving his head about that he cannot stop it when standing before the phonograph, and the first records made of his voice are terribly metallic. With the swift impulsiveness which distinguishes me, and which, though I have often found cause to regret it, has repeatedly done me good service in this country, I now make a practice of seizing the blind minstrel by the scruff of the neck the moment he lifts up his leonine voice, and holding his woolly head fast as in a vice, regardless of all his struggles, till he has roared out his rhapsody to the end. Most of the songs I have hitherto heard from Yao performers are of a martial character. Here is one which Sulila sang into the phonograph at Masasi on July 24 :—

Tulimbe, achakulungwa ! Wausyaga ngondo, nichichi ? Watigi: Kunsulila (1) kanapagwe. Jaiche ja Masito;u ti toakukwimi. Wa gwasite (?) Nambo Wandachi pajaiche, kogopa kuona : msitu watiniche ; mbamba syatiniche ; mbusi syatiniche ; nguku syatiniche ; kumala wandu putepute ; nokodi papopu ; kupeleka mbia syakalume. Gakuunda (?) Mtima wasupwiche: Ngawile pesipo Luja. Kunsulila ngomba sim yaule kwa Bwana mkubwa : Nam(u)no anduwedye atayeye mapesa gao. Sambano yo nonembesile.

The meaning of this is :—

" Let us be brave, we elders. They asked : What is a war ?

(1) This form shows that the name is really Nsulila, though the *n* is often not heard, and may be really dropped, in speaking.—[Tr.]

They say: 'Mr. Sulila is not yet born.' Then comes (the war) of the Mazitu; guns are fired; then they ran away. But the Germans came; it was dangerous to see; the bush was burnt, the ants were burnt, the goats were burnt, the fowls were burnt—the people were finished up altogether; the tax came up (they had) to bring a hundred jars (of rupees). They were not satisfied. (Their) heart was frightened. Mr. Sulila telegraphed to the District Commissioner: 'He may skin me to make a bag for his money.' Now I am tired."

The tribes in the south-eastern part of our colony are very backward as regards music; they have nothing that can be called tune, and their execution never gets beyond a rapid recitative. In both respects, all of them, Yaos, Makua and Wanyasa alike, are far behind my Wanyamwezi, who excel in both. Only in one point the advantage rests with the southern tribes—the words of their songs have some connected meaning, and even occasional touches of dramatic force. This is remarkably illustrated by Sulila's song.

The Mazitu have made one of their usual raids on the unsuspecting inhabitants of the Central Rovuma district. Which of the many sanguinary raids on record is meant cannot be gathered from the words of the song, it may be one of those which took place in the eighties and nineties, or the recent rising—probably the latter, since, so far as I am aware, there was never any question of taxes in the previous disturbances. In this case, moreover, it is not so much a war-tax that is referred to, as the payment of the hut-tax introduced some years ago, which has during the last few months been paid in at Lindi with surprising willingness by people who had been more or less openly disaffected. This may be looked on as a direct consequence of the prompt and vigorous action taken by the authorities.

The interference of the Germans marks a turning point in the fighting of the natives among themselves. The feeling that more serious evils are coming upon them is expressed in terms of their thought by speaking of the destruction of all property. First the bush is burnt, and all the ants in it destroyed, then comes the turn of the goats, which here in the south are not very numerous, though the fowls, which are the next to perish, are. Finally, many people are killed—

Sulila in his ecstasy says *all*. Now come the conditions of peace imposed by the victorious Germans: a heavy tax in rupees, which must be paid whether they like it or not. In the eyes of those immediately affected the sum assumes gigantic proportions, they become uneasy and contemplate the step which, here in the south may be said to be always in the air—that of escaping the consequences of the war by an emigration *en masse*. Then appears the hero and deliverer—no other than Sulila himself. In the consciousness of his high calling, he, the poor blind man, proudly calls himself "Mr. Sulila."[1] He sees his country already traversed by one of the most wonderful inventions of the white strangers—the telegraph wire. He telegraphs at once to the *Bwana mkubwa*, that his countrymen are ready to submit unconditionally,—they have no thought of resistance, but they have no money. And they are so terrified that the Bwana might if he chose skin them to make a bag for the rupees—they would not think of resisting. This is the end of the song proper—the last sentence, "Now I am tired," is a personal utterance on the part of the performer himself, fatigued by the unwonted mental effort of dictation.

Here at Chingulungulu there are several such minstrels. The most famous of them is Che Likoswe, "Mr. Rat," who, at every appearance is greeted with a universal murmur of applause. Salanga has a still more powerful voice, but is so stupid that he has not yet succeeded in dictating the words of one song. If I could venture to reproduce my records I could at once obtain an accurate text, with the help of the more intelligent among the audience; but I dare not attempt this at the present temperature, usually about 88°. I will, however, at least, give two songs of Che Likoswe's. One of them is short and instructive, and remains well within the sphere of African thought, that is to say, it only contains one idea, repeated *ad infinitum* by solo and chorus alternately.

Solo:—"Ulendo u Che Kandangu imasile. Imanga kukaranga" ("Mr. Kandangu's journey is ended. The maize is roasted").

[1] This is not necessarily implied by the use of *Che* or *Ku*. Every Yao uses these prefixes of himself and his neighbours; even small children are Kuluponje or Chendilijika, etc.—[TR.]

Chorus: "... Ulendo u Che Kandangu. . ."

Che Likoswe's "get-up" and delivery are very much the same as Sulila's, except that, in conformity with his name, he sings, fiddles and dances still more vivaciously than his blind colleague, who is also an older man. He is, moreover, extremely versatile—it is all one to him whether he mimes on the ground, or on tall stilts—a sight which struck me with astonishment the first time I beheld it. The song itself, of course, refers to a journey in which he himself took part. The most important incident from the native point of view is, that all the maize taken with them by the travellers was roasted—*i.e.*, consumed, before the goal was reached. Mr. Rat's other song is much more interesting; it has an unmistakable affinity with Sulila's war-song, and gains in actuality for me personally, because it is concerned with Mr. Linder, the excellent agricultural inspector of the Lindi municipality, to whom I owe many valuable suggestions, and who, on account of his thorough acquaintance with this very district, had originally been selected as my companion. Linder rendered splendid service in suppressing the rebellion: while any action on the part of the Field Force was still entirely out of the question, he had already, with a small detachment of police, repulsed numerous attacks of the rebels, and ultimately sustained a serious wound. But while decorations have been simply raining down on the Navy and the *Schutztruppe*, Bwana Linda still walks among mortals without a single order. He is, however, a philosopher as well as a hero.

The song runs as follows:—

Ulendo wa Linda (er); pa kwenda ku Masasi na gumiri chikuo: mkasálile mbwana mkubwa ngondo jaiche nand autwiche lunga yangadye. Mkasálile akida Matora: ngondo jaiche na gombel(r)e lilombe. Tukujir(l)a Masasi; Mwera kupita mchikasa mpaka pe Lindi. Ne wapere rukhsa. Yendeye ku mangwenu; mkapande mapemba.

The translation is as follows:—

"The journey of Linder, when he went to Masasi, and I shouted with a shouting.—'Tell the Bwana Mkubwa, war has come, and I ran away without looking back. Tell the akida Matora, (that) the war has come, and I have beaten the great-drum.' Then we went to Masasi, the Wamwera are beaten and go as far as Lindi, and they get permission. 'Go to your homes, and plant Mapemba (sorghum).'"

This is delivered in very quick recitative, and relates in a few words the history of the whole campaign, of course making the singer the central point. Mr. Linder comes to Masasi in the course of one of his official tours, his principal duty being to ascertain whether the local headmen have cultivated the various crops prescribed by government. There the loyal Likoswe of course hastens to him and warns him of impending hostilities on the part of the Wamwera. Linder in his turn sends word to the District Commissioner at Lindi, and at the same time despatches Likoswe with an urgent message to Matola's. Likoswe, on arriving, beats the war-drum (*lilombe*), Matola's warriors immediately hasten to the spot, six hundred men with guns and many more with spears, bows and arrows, and the chief marches on Masasi, to take the Wamwera in the rear. It is related as a fact that Seliman Mamba and his subordinates had each, at the beginning of the rising when their hopes were highest and they already saw the Germans driven into the sea, fixed on a house at Lindi with all its contents as his own share of the spoil. Possibly, the line about the enemy's going back to Lindi refers to these unrealised plans. Matola, I believe, lost about forty men in fighting the rebels, but certainly did not drive them back to Lindi. The last sentence relates to the conclusion of peace :—the vanquished are pardoned, and directed to go home quietly and plant their gardens once more.

My cinematograph, too, has been several times in requisition during my stay at Chingulungulu, as I have found opportunity to take a whole series of dances of the Wayao and Makua. The latter, it is well known, are *the* hunting-tribe *par excellence* of the east—indeed professional hunters of any tribe are generally described as Makua. They are, moreover, typical for all other tribes in their method of hunting, and in all appliances and customs connected therewith. One day, by Matola's orders, a troop appeared at Chingulungulu to perform, as they said, the *makwaru*—a dance entirely based on the details of the hunter's life. I had quickly got my apparatus arranged in a suitable place, not an easy matter here in the loose alluvial soil, as, if one presses too hard on the legs of the tripod, they are apt to sink into the sand up to their whole height. Grown wise by experience, I now take the precaution

of driving a wooden wedge obliquely from above under each leg before beginning operations. It is more difficult to remedy the results of a mistaken economy. In order to save the African Fund about twelve shillings and a quarter of a carrier, I did not bring the heavy stand necessary for the Ernemann cinematograph, thinking that I could use my ordinary camera-stand. This, though excellent of its kind, is far too light to stand the continual jerks of the cinematograph, and I have to balance matters by hanging a heavy stone or one of my packing-cases under it. If matters become very serious one of the

YAO DANCE AT CHINGULUNGULU

carriers has to sacrifice himself and do duty as a tripod-holder. Everything being now ready for the *makwaru*, the same band which figured at Sulila's and Likoswe's performances takes its place. It consists of six or seven men and youths, squatting before their long white logs with their drumsticks in hand. Suddenly, a fantastically decorated something flashes into the circle, moving so rapidly that it is impossible to distinguish whether it is a man or a woman. Being compelled to pause for breath it is revealed as a middle-aged man in a kilt of long green leaves resembling a ballet-dancer's skirt. The man scarcely stirs from the spot, but his skirt flies in the wind, and he works his feet in quick, regular time, while at the same time his arms move in a manner difficult to describe, as there is nothing in European dancing which in the least degree corresponds to it; and both, arms and legs, keep exact time with the band. Whether the rest

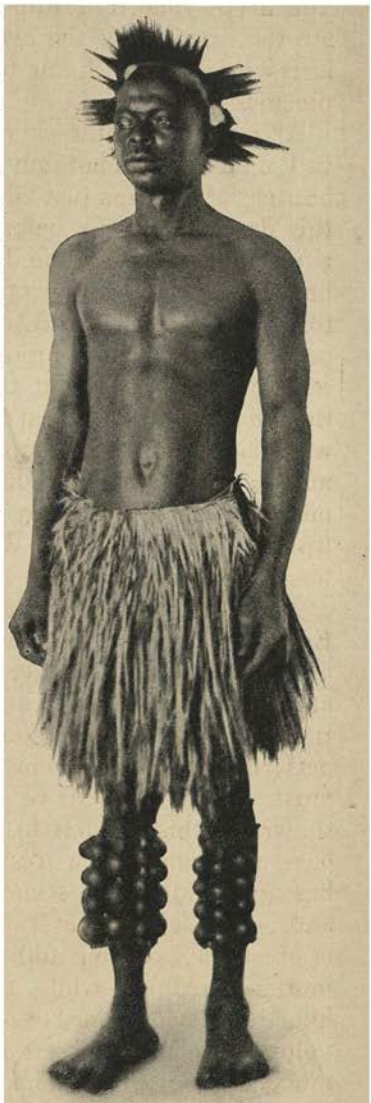
"BUSH SCHOOL" IN THE PORI, NEAR CHINGULUNGULU

of the body in its incessant motion backwards and forwards also keeps time it is impossible to decide, as the vibrations are too rapid to let the eye make out the details. This stage lasts so long that I am tempted to regret the waste of my precious film.

At last the hunter changes his tactics. The dancer is, in fact, a hunter, and not only that, but a very successful elephant-hunter ; and having just killed a large elephant, he is celebrating this deed of prowess before the assembled inhabitants of his native village, just as he does after his return from the actual hunt. Here, too, the people have collected from far and near to see this celebrity, and to admire his skill in the dance. His performance becomes more and more vivacious—he no longer remains on one spot but trips forward, first in a straight line, then in a zig-zag. At last he revolves in a circle, moving round with short, cautious jumps, and all the time keeping up the movements of his arms and hips without a moment's intermission. After one more rapid trip round the circle and a frantic vibration of the whole body, the dancer stands still, breathing deeply.

This kind of dance is too peculiar, too divergent from all European standards for us to judge of it critically according to the rules of art. I had expected a pantomimic representation of an elephant-hunt, or at least of the stalking and killing of the game, and I must confess that I can find nothing in the performance which seems to have any such reference, and must confine myself to admiring the incredible dexterity shown by this acrobat in setting all his muscles a-quiver. I have no sooner got a fresh film ready, than a second dancer has appeared on the scene, whose action is still more curious and perplexing. At first one sees nothing but a confused mass of green leaves rolling and writhing on the ground in convulsive motions. After a while, this resolves itself into a man much like the previous one, except that his costume is much more voluminous. He quivers in a masterly manner and shows as much staying power as his predecessor ; but his chief strength lies in his legs, whose suppleness and power of assuming the most grotesque attitudes are nothing short of marvellous. When he has exhausted his repertoire and made way for a third performer, we at last get the expected pantomime.

Stooping as if for a spring, the hunter creeps up, noiselessly, making use of every bit of cover, to stalk the elephant, whose scent is exceedingly keen. At last the goal is reached—swiftly, but as noiselessly as the hunter, the quarry, represented by another man, has slipped into the arena, and squatted down, and the hunter circles round him in diminishing spirals. We expect the deadly shot, but it does not come off, and the third dancer, quite regardless of the elephant he is supposed to represent, begins to "triumph" in precisely the same way as the two others, practising highly artistic short steps, swaying his hips and flourishing his arms. "*Bassi*"—(finished,) I exclaim, as the last of my three films whizzes off the reel.



A YAO DRESSED FOR THE *MASEWE* DANCE

Quite in contrast to these are the typical *unyago* dances of the Wayao. There seems to be a great variety of these; but so far I have only seen two at Chingulungulu, a *masewe*, so called from the rattles worn, as already mentioned, on the legs and feet, and a *luwanja*. Both are essentially the same in character. The primitive xylophone of the Makua hunting-dance is here replaced by a complete band of drums, of the most various shapes and sizes. A certain musical faculty inherent in the race is evidenced by the fact that the musicians take care to tune up before the dance begins. Each beats his own drum, listening carefully to hear whether it is in

tune with the rest, and if not, hurries away to the nearest hut and comes back with a brand from the hearth and a large bundle of dry grass. The grass is heaped on the ground and set on fire, and then every drum is held with the open end over it, for a longer or shorter time—some for a few seconds only, some for half a minute or more—the pitch being tested by striking from time to time. At last all the skins are sufficiently tense and the drumming begins.

At the same moment a dense cloud of dust is seen approaching with lightning speed, and discloses a seemingly endless procession of men, youths and boys, all decked in

*MASEWE* DANCE OF THE YAOS AT MTUA

bundles of *masewe* at the ankle and above the knee, and a kilt of leaves and strips of skin round the waist. They take their places in the arena in front of the band, and immediately fall into position and trot along in Indian file, till the line closes up into a circle and moves round to the left, then round to the right, and so on. It is astonishing how uniformly and accurately the movements are executed by every individual performer, even the youngest boys. There is nothing very exciting about this dance; in fact, I find all native dances monotonous, perhaps owing to the prevailing character of the continent, which is very uninteresting, except in a few favoured spots. Perhaps a native critic, however, might object that there is no great variety in our waltzes or polkas. Just as these reflections were passing through my mind, the scene changed, somewhat to its advantage, and the circle broke up into groups which vied with each other in the most remarkable leg-movements. These, in fact, seem to be the strong point of all these dancers. One group floated along

on tip-toe, another imitated the dignified gait of some kind of wading-bird, yet another swayed merrily in and out between the rest, and a fourth stalked along with legs held perfectly stiff. Long after my last film was finished the company were still disporting themselves, unable to leave off, but at last this "turn," too, came to an end; the band produced only horrible discords; I was tired out with standing; Knudsen complained of the first symptoms of fever, and the function was over.

The performance of dances like the one just described, which is connected with the circumcision rite, have naturally increased my interest in this tribal festival, and my desire to see and study it as closely as possible.

My curiosity was increased by the two following incidents. One afternoon I was strolling through the bush in the neighbourhood of Chingulungulu; we had already obtained some interesting photographs of graves, had studied the exterior and interior of some outlying homesteads, and were about to take some views of the *pori* showing the character of the vegetation. After straggling in Indian file through the high grass and the underwood, which was here exceptionally dense, we came to a little circular clearing, perhaps from fifteen to twenty yards in diameter, and studded with a few scattered bushes. The unique feature of the place was two concentric circles of stumps having another stump in the centre. These stumps were about a foot high, cut off with a perfectly smooth horizontal surface, and excellently well adapted for seats. I took a photograph of this remarkable object without loss of time, and, on my return to camp, made inquiries of Matola and others as to its meaning. I found that the stumps were seats for the *wari*, as the boys under initiation are called after a certain point in the ceremony, and the seat in the middle was that reserved for the instructor who has charge of the boys during the months which they have to spend in a hut built for the purpose in the bush. My informants added that the hut had stood close to the circle, but was no longer in existence, as the *unyago* for which it had been built had taken place some years ago.

Some days later, Knudsen and I were sitting under our *baraza* in the early part of the afternoon, pressing our hands to our temples. It was no wonder that every day about this

time we both suffered from excruciating headaches, for the temperature had been steadily rising during the last few weeks, and on this particular afternoon the thermometer stood at 93·36°F. We had given vent to our disgust at the Dark Continent in the strongest of language, and I was just about to soothe our ruffled feelings with a cigar apiece, when we saw two black figures approaching. These proved to be Akundonde, the wise old Yao chief, and his councillor, Akumapanje. We had sent to ask Akundonde to find us some men capable of giving accurate information, and now he came himself, though far from well. He was suffering from the usual neglected ulcer on the leg, and could only limp along painfully with the help of his staff, so that his taking a four hours' walk to oblige us shows a degree of good-will deserving the amplest recognition.

Akundonde being established in Knudsen's long chair, while his companion took a seat on a packing-case, I made an effort to divert the conversation from the trifles which at first threatened to engross it to the subjects which chiefly interest me, and succeeded, more by luck than good guidance. As usually happens, we were soon discussing the most recondite matters, such as the attitude of the natives towards eclipses, the fall of meteorites, and the moon. Meteorites are considered by the Yaos as of evil omen. When they are heard to explode, people say, "Either a great chief will die this year, or a great multitude of the people will perish." An eclipse of the moon is thought, as among all primitive people, to be a personal encounter between two foes. The enemy of the moon is, of course, the sun; they seize each other fiercely and wrestle together. As both are equally matched, the battle remains undecided, which forces mankind to interfere. The Wayao run in haste to fetch hoes and axes, and strike them against each other, looking up at the scene of strife and calling out:—

"*Mlekangane, mlekangane, mwesi na lyuwa, mkamulene, Mlekangane, mlekangane sambano.*"

"Go asunder, go asunder, sun and moon, you have seized one another. Go asunder, go asunder now."

The same custom is observed in eclipses of the sun, as is only logical.

The full moon with her pale light exercises the same magical

influence on the native mind as on the feelings of every other mortal, except that our black brother is not like us filled with emotional enthusiasm, but, quite in conformity with his views on other matters, makes use of this favourable opportunity for heightening the virtue of his medicines and charms. When the moon is at the full, the native goes to the nearest cross-roads, or to a place where two paths meet, carrying with him a sufficient quantity of a certain gum called *ubani*. In perfect silence he then kindles a fire by means of the

FRESCO ON THE WALL OF A HUT AT AKUNDONDE'S, REPRESENTING TWO EUROPEANS WITH THEIR ESCORT: THE WORK OF A YAO BOY

primitive appliance of the drill (to be described later on). The dust produced by boring catches fire, but the glimmer is at first so faint that it is scarcely perceptible even to the keen eyesight of the savage. Very carefully he blows on the tiny spark—it grows, catches the bunch of dry grass and then the sticks, and when the flame leaps up, he drops his powder into it. The flame now burns dimly, a thick smoke rises, and the man takes the amulets he is accustomed to wear round his neck, arms and waist, and holding them in the smoke, says: "You moon, a little while ago you were not there, and the sky was dark. Now you are there and shine down brightly. All beasts and plants are glad and have new strength, so let my medicine also have new strength." Then he prays thus: "Let the medicine protect my body against lions and serpents, against witchcraft and everything that may hurt me, and let my body have new strength." Once more he swings his charms through the smoke, as it becomes thinner and more transparent; the fire dies down, and as noiselessly as he came the man creeps back to his hut.

Being now on the subject of magic, the three ethnographic specialists, Knudsen, Akundonde and Akumapanje, keep to it, and speak of the tying of knots. Akundonde relates how a man in this country, if he has designs on any particular girl, takes a strip of bark, makes a knot in it, without drawing it tight, and says to it, "You tree, your name is *sangalasa* (joy)—you are to fetch me that girl, and as a sign that it shall come to pass, I shut my words up in you." He then holds the open knot in front of his mouth, puts his tongue through it and draws it tight. He afterwards wears the knotted piece of bark-string tied round his wrist. This proceeding, though simple enough, is connected with a long and important chapter in racial psychology. The tying of a knot in fact, in many strata of mankind, has an occult meaning; the binding power of the knot is supposed to be transferred to certain persons, and, so long as the knot itself cannot be untied, those persons are indissolubly attached to him or her who has tied it according to certain rules and with the proper ceremonies.

Interesting as these matters were, and glad as I should have been to know more of them, I was just now still more eager to hear about the much-discussed *unyago*. I brought up the subject, but both natives cleverly evaded it. After a while, I noticed the old chief's eye roaming wistfully about our study, saw that he was tired and thirsty, and remembered that Daudi, the native clergyman, had sent us a large pot of *pombe* whose quality precluded our drinking it ourselves. "I suppose it will be quite good enough for these two old sinners," I remarked to Knudsen, who must have been revolving similar cogitations; for he at once seized the import of my words, fetched a huge tin mug from his tent, filled it with the yellow, fermenting liquor, and handed it to Akundonde. The latter took it, but did not drink, handing it to his companion instead. "There's a polite chief for you!" I thought to myself—but, seeing how very cautiously Akumapanje touched the beer with his lips, it became clear to me that I was witnessing an ancient traditional custom, arising from the innate suspiciousness of the negro, who scents—not indeed poison, but certainly witchcraft—everywhere, and dreads it accordingly. The precaution is intended to divert the risk from the superior to the subordinate.

Akumapanje, after tasting, handed the cup back to Akundonde, who thereupon emptied it at a draught. A few seconds later it was again at the lips of the prime minister, who faithfully copied his master. Drink and counter-drink succeeded each other at the same rapid rate, and we Europeans looked on with mixed feelings of envy and admiration. This did not prevent me from remembering our ethnographical purpose, and I found that what had previously seemed impossible was now child's play. The two old men, by turns completing each other's statements, gave a fluent description of the general features of the boys' *unyago :* the arrangement for holding the festival at different villages every year (which was not new to me) ; the introductory ceremony, held in an open square surrounded by the huts erected for the candidates ; and the operation itself, which takes place in a special hut in the depths of the forest. I had heard something of all this from Knudsen, who, in the course of his many years' residence among the Wayao, has acquired a wonderful knowledge of their life and customs, and whom I have been pumping at every spare minute with such persistency that the good fellow has no doubt often wished one of us elsewhere.

At last, however, our two visitors, becoming more loquacious as the *pombe* diminished, reached a part of the subject of which Knudsen knows very little, but which attracts me most of all. This is the instruction given to the boys during the months spent in the bush by their teachers (*anamungwi*). These instructors, of whom every boy has one from the time of his initiation into manhood, are indisputably one of the most sympathetic features in the life of the people. They watch over their pupils through the painful weeks of the *unyago*, teach them what is fitting and unfitting, and remain responsible for their welfare even after they have left their boyhood far behind. I was anxious, above all, to ascertain the gist of the moral teaching given in the bush hut, and, though I only partly succeeded in doing this, it is a great satisfaction to have taken down verbatim a fragment of a speech delivered on such an occasion.

Some extra well-filled cups having removed the last scruples of our two jovial informants, Akundonde, with a little more encouragement from Knudsen, began in a didactic tone :—

"Mwe mari, sambano mumbēle. Atati na achikuluwēno mnyōgopĕ. Nyumba mkasayinjila tinyisimana chimtumbánăgá. Wakongwe mkasayogopa; mkagononawo, mesi akayasináwo. Imālagă akamtikĭté; imālagă akamila muchisiĕ; masakam. Munyitikisie: marhaba. Mkuona mwesi sumyógopé, ngakawa kuulala. Kusimana timchiŭá; Miasi jili kogoya. Chilwele winyi."[1]

The translation is as follows:—"You, my pupil, now you are initiated. Your father and your mother, fear (respect) them. See that you do not enter the house (unannounced), lest you should find them embracing. Do not be afraid of women, but sleep with them, bathe with them, when you have finished let her rub (knead) you; when you have finished she should salute you (saying) 'Masakam,' and you must answer, 'Marhaba.' You must be afraid (= take care) when you see the (new) moon, you might get hurt. Beware of women during their courses, this is dangerous, (it causes) many diseases."

My notes were scarcely as complete and connected as the above when first written down. The native is incapable even when sober of taking his sentences to pieces, as it were, and dictating them bit by bit; but taking down the words of these two jovial old sinners was a difficult task, which, however, we accomplished successfully up to the point when the inevitable catastrophe set in.

The two had invariably paused for refreshment at the end of every sentence till they reached the point above indicated, when they suddenly found the *pombe* jar empty. They had drunk at least five gallons at a sitting, but with the strange logic of the intoxicated, they considered themselves entitled to a further supply, and, when none proved to be forthcoming, they indignantly broke off their lecture and left in a huff. This is the reward of being hospitable overmuch.

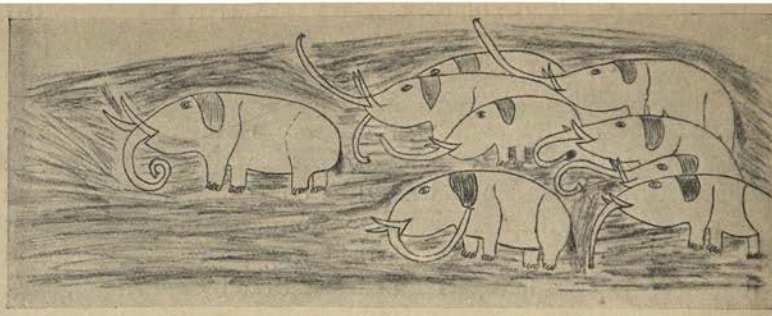
The address here reproduced, which I have translated with the help of Knudsen, Daudi, Matola and some others, is said to be the same, both as to matter and form, at all *unyago* ceremonies. No doubt this is correct, for I know nothing which could more exactly express the feelings of the native

[1] One would expect *chilwele chachijinji*, but possibly there is some mistake in transcription.—[TR.]

than just these precepts. They are a strange mixture of hygienic rules and moral instruction, and at the same time contain a good deal of primitive tradition which still forms part of daily life. I mean by this the fact that the youth, once recognised as a member of the adult community, is forbidden to enter his mother's house unannounced. Here, in East Africa, we are still in the matriarchal stage, where the husband is nothing, so to speak, but a connection by marriage. He is his children's father, but is not related to them, in fact he belongs to a different clan. This clan, as so often happens among primitive peoples, is exogamous—that is to say that there is no impediment to a young man marrying a girl of any clan but his own. This prohibition goes so far that the young Yao has, as far as possible, to avoid his nearest female relations who, of course, are his mother and sisters, and hence the injunction at least to give warning of his approach when entering his mother's house.

The stress here as elsewhere laid on the reverence to be shown to father and mother must strike all right-thinking Europeans as a very pleasing trait. Respect for parents and for grown-up people in general is, as I have been told over and over again, the principal and fundamental feature in native education, and Knudsen testifies that the young people in general observe it in a marked degree in their intercourse with their elders. We Europeans might well learn from the natives in this respect, thinks Nils, who is no doubt, well qualified to form an opinion.

But, in spite of all pleasant impressions as to native educational maxims, I have lost the end of the *unyago* address—a misfortune for which the good Daudi's big *pombe*-jar is to blame. If the mountain will not come to Muhammad, Muhammad will have to go to the mountain. In other words, Akundonde having declared that he must go home to put fresh *dawa* on his leg and cannot possibly come again, we shall have to look up the old gentleman at his own residence.



HERD OF ELEPHANTS. FROM A DRAWING BY BARNABAS, AN EDUCATED MWERA AT LINDI

## CHAPTER X

### FURTHER RESULTS

CHINGULUNGULU, August 31, 1906.

I AM still at Chingulungulu, cursing the infernal heat, horrible dust and dirty natives with more fervour than ever, but unable to get away from them. The reason for this is the fact that while at first my stay here seemed utterly barren of scientific results, this state of things gradually reversed itself, so that the difficulty now lay in dealing with the mass of new impressions and observations. It is impossible to relate in full detail the exact way in which I obtained an insight into native customs and ideas—this would fill several volumes, and my time is limited. I shall therefore content myself with a few personal touches and a small selection from the various departments of the material and mental life of the tribes inhabiting this vast plain.

The most important incident affecting my expedition was the engagement of Nils Knudsen as a permanent member of its staff, subject, of course, to the consent of the Agricultural Committee. I fancy the arrangement is satisfactory to both parties. As I have already remarked, Knudsen is in the service of the Lindi Municipality, as master of the Industrial School. At the request of the District Commissioner, he had been granted leave of absence to make a tour through the plain west of the Makonde Plateau and exercise a sort of supervision over the village headmen. For reasons of which I am not

called on to judge, the plan of appointing such European inspectors has been given up again, and, as the Lindi municipality naturally saw no occasion to let their industrial teacher travel about the country for his own amusement, he was recalled. I must honestly confess that I had long found Knudsen quite indispensable, and therefore took the opportunity of applying to the District Commissioner for permission to engage him, when the latter, a few days ago, visited us on one of his official tours. He has seemed ever since to enjoy an increased sense of his own importance and, in fact, the task of initiating a German scholar into the deepest secrets of alien life is no doubt a far pleasanter one than that of teaching lazy native boys to plane, saw, forge and solder.

The second incident is a severe attack of fever, with which I have been laid up during the last few days. I was just about to photograph the old Sudanese sergeant who had come up with Ewerbeck, and who was chiefly remarkable for a cough which kept everyone awake at night. When I saw him going to muster his men for roll-call in the middle of the afternoon, I went to take down my 9 × 12 cm. camera which hung from a nail on one of the pillars of the *baraza ;* but let it fall in lifting it down, and found, on picking it up, that the sliding front had got bent and the instantaneous shutter injured by the fall. The first accident was remedied by energetic pressure, for the second nothing could be done. I do not to this day understand why the loss of this instrument should have thrown me into such a state of excitement ; but there are moments in life when we do, or omit to do, things for which we afterwards vainly try to account. I suppose I never even remembered at the time that I still possessed a 13 × 18 cm. apparatus of excellent quality. That I did not recall the fact later on, is easier to understand, as by sunset I found that my temperature was rapidly rising. I tried a remedy previously found effectual for bringing on perspiration—huge quantities of tea with citric acid in it, but in vain. After a terrible night with an average temperature of over 104°, the fever had so far abated that I could exert myself to make the working drawings for additional slides to my 13 × 18 cm. camera, which I wished to send to the Indian *fundi* at Lindi. Up to this moment I had thought my photographic equipment perfect, but the

possibility of such an accident as befell my smaller camera and of remedying it by the use of simple wooden frames had not occurred either to me or the firm who supplied me. By exerting all my energies, I was just able to finish the drawings and send them off by a runner to Lindi, when my temperature again rose above 100° and I was forced to go back to bed, The attack then ran its course and came to an end, as fever always does. To-day I should almost feel inclined to smoke, if we had any tobacco worthy of the name. However, I have now had quite enough of Chingulungulu, and as the Rovuma with its green banks and clear, cool water, its sand-banks and islands is only a day's march distant, we intend to go thither shortly for a rest and change after all the discomforts, great and small, of our stay here.

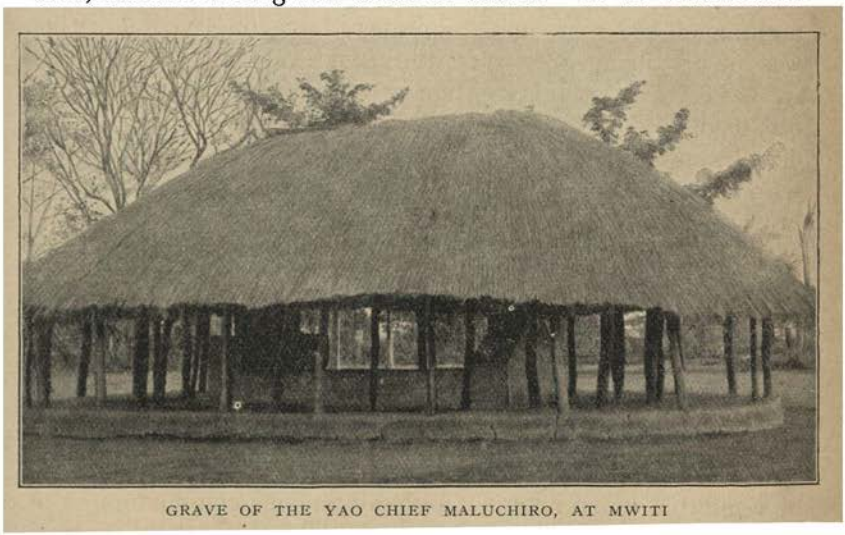
Before leaving, I feel that I ought to set down at least a few of the observations made at this place.

Among many other diseases, such as malarial, black-water and remittent fever, sleeping-sickness, guinea-worm, beriberi, and whatever other ills, great or small, mankind may suffer from in these otherwise favoured regions, leprosy is unfortunately endemic in our colony on the Indian Ocean. On the coast of the southern district, the Government is trying to prevent the further spread of this terrible disease, by establishing an isolation hospital on an island in the Lukuledi Estuary, where the patients, at present about forty in number, are treated by the medical staff at Lindi. Here in the interior, lepers are for the present entirely dependent on the care of their fellow-tribesmen. Among the Yaos this care is a mixture of human sympathy and the crudest barbarity. The patient is taken to a hut built specially for him in a remote part of the bush, where his friends or relations bring him food, till the end seems to be approaching. If the wise men of the tribe come to the conclusion that this diagnosis is correct, a last and very abundant meal is carried out to the hut, which is then fastened up from the outside, so strongly that, even had the patient the power and the will to make an effort, he could not free himself. He is thus, should he still have any vitality left by the time the last of the food and drink is consumed, condemned to perish of starvation.

Another picture connected with death presents itself. We

VILLAGE OF THE NGONI CHIEF MAKACHU

have already seen the mysterious, legend-haunted site of Hatia's grave on Unguruwe mountain ; those of other mortals are unpretending enough and quite prosaic in character. In the country round Chingulungulu I have found graves, both old and recent, at various places in the bush, none of them outwardly distinguishable from graves in our own country, except that the mounds over those of children are round or oval, instead of long like those of adults. So far I have seen



GRAVE OF THE YAO CHIEF MALUCHIRO, AT MWITI

nothing of the custom reported to me by several informants, of building a hut over the grave, and decorating it with calico. Only one grave at Masasi had such a hut, but I was told that it was an Arab grave, and there was no cloth.[1] The grave of Nakaam's predecessor, Maluchiro, at Meviti, has unfortunately quite lost the traditional character. Here the traveller finds a large oval hut, and, stooping under the wide, overhanging eaves to enter, he sees, in the solemn twilight within, massive clay pillars at the head and foot of

[1] The old custom of the Yaos (at any rate in the case of a chief) is to bury the dead man inside his hut (or where he has several, in that of his principal wife), which is then closed, and allowed to decay. Lengths of calico (the quantity being proportioned to the wealth of the deceased) are draped over the roof and left there. Perhaps the building of a house over the grave, which appears to be done sometimes near Lake Nyasa, is a later modification of this custom.—[TR.]

the grave, and a somewhat lower wall on either side of it. Such monuments are shown with pride by the natives to the passing European, but they are a proof how far Islamitic culture has penetrated the old African life.

European influence also has a share in the disappearance of old customs, though, in one point, at least, it is less far-reaching than I had supposed. I imagined that a box of matches would be found in every native hut, but I have seen nothing of the sort, and, moreover, have observed no other way of procuring fire. Yet no hut is ever without it. Here we have the startling solution of a question which has long occupied the attention of ethnographers. Not so many decades ago, inquirers of the standing of Tylor and Lubbock seriously believed in the existence of fireless tribes—even our brown fellow-subjects in the Marianne Islands being classed with such unfortunates. The contrary of this hypothesis has now been irrefutably demonstrated, and it is known that there is no tribe in the world ignorant of the use of fire, or even of the mode of producing it artificially. The problem has therefore assumed another aspect. Did men first use fire, and then learn to produce it ? that is to say, did they begin by making use of its natural sources, such as volcanoes and lava currents, burning naphtha-beds, trees kindled by lightning, or heaps of vegetable matter ignited by spontaneous combustion ?—or did they first learn to bring out the divine spark by boring, friction, or percussion, and then proceed to harness the kindly element to household tasks ? Both sequences of events are *a priori* possible, though, of course, the first is much the more probable of the two. To-day we may say that it is the only one recognised. This knowledge we owe entirely to ethnography.

At a time when hundreds of students are continually busy investigating and describing the remotest and most forlorn of primitive tribes at present accessible—when the existing ethnographic museums are filled to overflowing with new collections, and new museums are opened every year, it is strange to think of the earlier and less favoured period which had to be content with mere arm-chair theories. Two branches of a tree rub together in a storm. As the wind grows stronger, the friction becomes more rapid, till the surfaces are heated;

at last a tiny spark appears, it becomes a larger spark, and then a devouring flame which consumes the whole tree. Primitive man, standing under the tree, has been watching the process with amazement. "Oh!" says he, "is that how it's done?" and thereupon takes a couple of sticks and does likewise.

KINDLING FIRE BY FRICTION

In this description we have a typical specimen of the old-fashioned theory devoid of any concrete basis of fact. It is the hypothesis propounded by Kuhn, the philologist, who, fifty years ago, was at least as famous for his "Origin of Fire"[1] as for his work in comparative linguistics. We of a generation which knows no reverence have grown accustomed to laugh at the venerable scholar; but such is the way of the world.

It is always well to remember, in the case of a widely-distributed art, like the production of fire, that it may have originated in more ways than one. When we see to-day that

[1] *Die Herabkunft des Feuers und des Göttertrankes. Ein Beitrag zur vergleichenden Mythologie der Indo-Germanen.* Berlin, 1859.

by far the greater number of primitive tribes make use of a boring implement, while a smaller section uses friction, and a third an instrument like a saw, and the rest have already advanced to the principles of the flint and steel, the concave mirror and the pneumatic fire-producer—it follows of itself that such must be the case. At the same time this variety of method shows us that the production of fire is everywhere a secondary matter, an accidental discovery, made while pursuing some entirely different end. This is even found to be the case with the Malay fire-pump of South-Eastern Asia. This is a tube, closed below, into which a tightly-fitting piston, whose hollow lower end encloses a small piece of tinder, is forcibly driven, when the compression of the air heats it sufficiently to ignite the tinder. The blow-pipe, which has the same distribution, gives us a hint as to the invention of this appliance. In drilling the hole to make this weapon, it would soon be observed that the air within the tube readily becomes hot enough to ignite the dust or shavings; and it would not be difficult to do the same thing again intentionally. In the very oldest culture of mankind, we can find indications of how all other forms of fire-producing implements came to be invented. The earliest primitive man had to scrape, bore, rub and saw, in order to shape his elementary weapons and implements in accordance with the purpose for which they were to be used. All these processes produced dust, which under favourable circumstances became ignited through the heat engendered by rapid motion.

This is the view taken by present-day ethnographers of the way in which the use of fire originated. No doubt the invention was made independently in many places and at various times, but only, in all probability, after men were already familiar with fire as a natural phenomenon. This necessarily follows from the fact, observed by careful travellers among all primitive people, that fire is looked after and cherished as a kind of domestic animal, all possible precautions being taken to prevent its going out. It is even probable that the invention of the house was suggested by the necessity of protecting the fire from rain and snow. In the tribes which have come under my own observation, nothing is so touching as their care for the "eternal fire." If I had not made a point of getting young and old people to show me, in every place

visited, the mode of making fire by boring, I might live ten years in the country without seeing the slightest indication of their being acquainted with such a thing. They carry the smouldering brand with them for enormous distances, and only when, in spite of all care, it has gone out, and no other fire can be borrowed, the man takes up his two sticks and kindles a new fire by short but severe exertion. It is not every man who can do this. I have seen skilled practitioners who had a bright flame leaping up within half-a-minute from the first twirl of the stick, while others toiled away for a long time and effected nothing. One essential point is the notch at one side of the bore-hole, so that the first spark can reach the little cone of dust as quickly as possible. It is also necessary to twirl the stick quietly and with a uniform, not a hurried motion, and to blow gently and steadily. In my Leipzig experiments in fire-boring I tried all possible methods, and my students and I wearied ourselves out in vain, for want of knowing and attending to these three points.

I see, somewhat to my surprise, that the distinction between the skilled and unskilled use of weapons is also fully recognised. What sort of shooting the men here can do with their muzzle-loaders I am unable to judge, as the importation of powder has been prohibited since the rising,[1] and therefore these weapons are not now in use. This is one reason why the old-fashioned arms are more in evidence at present; and, besides, everyone knows that the stranger from Ulaya is interested in such things. As far as hunting is concerned, however, (and this is the principal purpose for which weapons are required,) the use of fire-arms has occasioned little or no change in tactics. The difficulty of getting within shot of the game with these antediluvian flint-lock guns is almost as great as with bows and arrows, and the innumerable precautions taken before and during hunting expeditions are intended to overcome these difficulties. The local hunters, among whom Nils Knudsen easily takes the first place, have, in the course of the month spent at Chingulungulu, described to me with the fullest details, all native methods of hunting, and everything connected therewith. When everything else failed,

[1] To prevent complications, this prohibition applies to friendly tribes as well as to the late rebels.

when I was weary with the continuous work of photographing, making phonographic and cinematographic records, sketching, cross-examining and taking notes, and when it became evident that my unlucky informants were only being kept awake by consideration for their distinguished visitor, I had only to touch on the subject of hunting, and everyone was quite fresh again, myself included; for, as a matter of fact, no more interesting ethnographical picture can be conceived than that suggested by these conditions.

MY COMPANION, NILS KNUDSEN

In one of those daily conferences in which the men of the village pass much of their time during the greater part of the year, the assembly has to-day decided on a great hunt, to be held shortly. With an eagerness not usually seen in these muscular but fairly plump figures, everyone immediately hurried to his hut to inspect his weapons. It is a well-known fact that the native always keeps his gun in first-rate condition, but this is not the point just now. What has to be done is to cast a spell on the quarry and to secure the assistance of higher powers for the matter in hand. For this purpose, medicine, much and strong medicine, is needed. The most powerful charms are parts of the bodies of still-born children; for, as they have been unable to do any harm in the world, every part of them is, in the native view, calculated to have a beneficent influence. Similar ideas seem to underlie the efforts made to obtain the human placenta for such purposes. On

the other hand, bones of men long dead, especially of such as were famous hunters in their lifetime, are eagerly sought in the belief that the qualities of the deceased will be transferred to the user. All these things, together with the roots of certain plants, are made up into amulets with which the hunter adorns both himself and his gun. Not until he has assured himself that he is forearmed against any possible casualty can he start with an easy mind.

There is, of course, no danger involved in hunting the numerous antelopes of the country. The hunters assemble early in the morning at the rendezvous agreed on, but before they start they are all rubbed down with decoctions of certain roots. This is necessary to overpower by means of a smell less alarming to the game, the strong bodily effluvium already alluded to, together with the peculiar odour of wood smoke, etc., from the huts, which hangs about them. Even the ordinary antelopes require great care in this respect, the eland much more, and the elephant, of course, most of all. Not till this is done does the hunt begin. Having once found the track, the men follow it up without stopping, ascending ant-heaps, climbing trees, and keeping a look-out from hills. At last, having got within thirty or forty yards of the quarry, whether a solitary animal or a herd, they fire a volley of shot and slugs which either brings it down at once, or wounds it so severely that, on following up the blood-spoor, they find it dead in the bush. All the party now crowd round to dip their amulets in its blood, and so make them more effectual for the future. The successful marksman gets the tip of the tail as a much coveted ornament. He and his companions now take a small piece of the animal's nose as medicine, to strengthen and sharpen their scent, of the apex of the heart, to give them endurance and perseverance in stalking, of the eyes, to make their sight keener, and of the brain to increase their intelligence. These parts are eaten, and also a small piece of flesh from the place struck by the bullet—this to ensure a similar result next time—and a piece of the liver. I have not been able to ascertain the reason for this last; but this organ being by many peoples regarded as the seat of life, perhaps this association of ideas is at the bottom of the practice. All particles of flesh or hide which adhere to the hands after partaking of this

remarkable hunting-breakfast must by an invariable rule be smeared on the stock of the gun. Then they all hasten away. The animal is dead, it is true, but its spirit has not been killed, and will want to revenge itself. They return with various herbs and roots, the juice of which they make haste to rub over their bodies, and so protect themselves.

But what are the observances connected with a mere antelope hunt compared with the mass of superstitious practices which precede, accompany and follow the chase of the elephant? I cannot here describe in detail the preparation of the medicines and charms and their more than fantastic ingredients. An elephant-hunt not only compels the master of the house himself to adopt a particular regimen both by day and night, but also exercises a similar constraint on his wife for at least a week beforehand. As a rule, the native dislikes nothing more than any interruption of his night's rest, but at this time man and wife are often kept on their feet half the night in order to prepare the necessary charms. Portions of the human placenta, brain, etc., are again among the principal ingredients, with the addition of human *semen*, and in particular, decoctions of the bark of various trees with which the hunter has to anoint himself and his gun. I must refer the reader to the official report of my expedition, where these and many other details may be found.

We cannot undertake to follow the hunters on their expedition, and have to be content with pointing out that there is one infallible means of stopping an elephant when all efforts to come up with him have failed. It is very simple—you take some earth from the four footprints of the animal pursued, mix it with a certain medicine made of roots, and tie the mixture fast somewhere. After this the elephant will be unable to move, let him try never so hard.

When at last the hunt has been successful and the elephant is killed, the first thing done is to cut off the tip of his trunk, which is immediately buried. It is believed that this is the most dangerous part of an elephant and lives on long after the animal has been killed. It is buried so that it may not see what is done next. The hunters dance round the fallen colossus, firing off their guns over and over again in token of rejoicing; then they seek for medicinal roots, with which

FISH-DRYING ON THE ROVUMA

they rub their bodies as a protection against the elephant's revengeful spirit. This done, they are at leisure to cut out the tusks, cut up the carcase, consume enormous quantities of the fresh meat, and dry the rest for carrying away. This is done in the same manner in which fish are dried on the Rovuma, that is, over a fire, on a stage about two feet high. Others prefer to cut it into strips and let it dry in the sun. There is probably not much left to be treated in this way; the native, like a vulture, scents any bit of meat which might break the monotony of his porridge diet, even though it should be miles away; and so, in an incredibly short time, hundreds of guests see that none of the joint is wasted.

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## CHAPTER XI

### TO THE ROVUMA

NEWALA, beginning of September, 1906.

FOR the last few days I have been living in a different world, and nearer heaven, for I am here at a height of more than 3,000 feet above the level of the Indian Ocean, and look down on the vast greyish-green plain in the west from an altitude of over 1,600 feet. This view over the plain is wonderful, extending, on the south-west across the broad channel of the Rovuma, which just now, it is true, holds very little water, and on the north-west to the distant Masasi range ; while it also embraces the numerous insular peaks appearing at various distances in the south, west, and north-west. I can only enjoy this view, however, by walking back westward for about half-a-mile from my present position, for Newala is not on the precipitous edge of the plateau, but lies about a thousand yards away from it. And the climate here ! What a contrast to the *Inferno* of Chingulungulu and the Purgatory of Akundonde's ! Here it is cool as on the crest of the Thüringer Wald, and we Europeans had to get out our warmest clothes immediately on arriving. Double blankets at night and a thick waistcoat in the morning and evening are not enough, and we have both had to take to overcoats.

But again I am anticipating ! Between our departure from Chingulungulu and our arrival at Newala only eleven days intervened. But how many, or to be more accurate, what varied experiences were crowded into this interval ! Never before had my carriers been so noisy with sheer high spirits as on the morning which put an end to their long inactivity at Matola's. Wanyamwezi porters cannot endure sitting still, they want to be always on the move, always seeing something new; and in the end, if kept too long inactive in one place away from home, they realise the proverb about the sailor with a wife at every port. I had the greatest trouble to steer my twenty-four men (I had already, with no regret whatever, discharged the Lindi Rugaruga at Masasi), through the dangers of this

Capua ; they became violent, committed assaults on women and girls, and gave other cause for complaint as well. I did all I could to keep them out of mischief, as, for instance, employing them to make long tables for the *baraza* out of halved bamboos ; but all to no purpose. On the morning of our departure, however, they skipped along like young calves, in spite of their loads of sixty or seventy pounds, as we marched along to the Rovuma. How cheerily we all marched ! We had soon left the shadeless bush of Chingulungulu far behind. A sharp turn of the road from west to south, and a short steep declivity brought us to the Nasomba, which had a small thread of water at the bottom of its deep gorge. On we went, over extensive stubble-fields of maize and millet, between beds of beans and splendid plantations of tobacco. High ant-heaps showed the fertility of the soil ; little watch-huts fixed on high poles told how the crops were endangered by wild pigs, monkeys, and other foes belonging to the animal world. Knudsen was able to indulge his love of the chase on this trip, and from time to time, one of his venerable shooting-irons lifted up its voice over hill and valley. Meanwhile I had passed the Lichehe Lake, a sheet of water almost choked with reeds, which according to the map ought to be close to the Rovuma. The vegetation, too, indicated a greater abundance of water than hitherto ; we passed enormous baobabs, forced our way through low palm-thickets and heard the leaves of stately fan-palms rustling far above our heads. Just as I was about to push through another clump of bushes, the strong hand of my new corporal, Hemedi Maranga, dragged me back. "*Mto hapa, Bwana*"—("There is the river, sir"). One step more, and I should have fallen down the steep bank, some sixteen or eighteen feet in height, at the foot of which I now see the gleam of those broad reaches which Nils Knudsen has so often described to me, and which have not failed to impress men so free from enthusiasm as Ewerbeck. Having so often heard the word *hapana*, which is really beginning to get on my nerves, the corporal's *hapa* was a pleasant surprise, and it is no wonder that I felt inclined to bless him. What shall I say of the five or six pleasant days passed on the banks and islands of this river, consecrated by the memory of Livingstone ?[1] The

[1] See *Last Journals*, vol. i, chapters i-iii.—[TR.]

ethnographer finds little to do there at the present day. Forty years ago, when Livingstone ascended it, its banks were covered with settlements of the Wamatambwe, its current carried a thousand canoes of that energetic fishing tribe, and a busy, cheerful life prevailed everywhere. But here, too, the Wangoni came down, like frost on a spring night, and of the once

TWO MATAMBWE MOTHERS FROM THE ROVUMA

numerous and flourishing Matambwe only scanty remnants are to be found, irregularly scattered along the immense Rovuma valley, or absorbed into the Makua, Yao and Makonde. The traveller is lucky—as, by the way, I usually am—if he sees a few individuals of this lost tribe.

We made our first camp close to the river. My tent, as usual, was pitched furthest to windward, and next to the water,

Knudsen's being next to it; while the carriers had to seek shelter more to leeward, under an overhanging bank. Steep banks like this are very common here. During the rains the river carries down an immense volume of water to the sea, and piles up masses of alluvial drift to a greater height every year, but in the dry season, as now, its bed, nearly a mile wide, is almost dry, consisting of a vast expanse of sand and gravel banks. Between these the river takes a somewhat uncertain course, sometimes in a single channel about as wide as the Elbe at Dresden, but usually divided into two or three easily-forded arms. Yet, in spite of its powerlessness, the river is aggressive, and constantly washes away its banks at the bends, so that we frequently come upon trees lying in the stream which have been undermined and fallen. Its bed is, therefore, continually changing, as is the case with the Zambezi and Shire, and, in fact, most rivers of tropical Africa.

It is late afternoon: a dozen natives are standing in a circle on a level spot in mid-channel and looking round them attentively, almost timidly, staring straight at the water, as though anxious to penetrate to the bottom. What are they after? Has the white man lost some valuable property for which he is setting them to look? The answer is much simpler than that. Look within the circle, and you will see two hats floating on the surface of the current. When they raise themselves a little from the shining level, you will see two white faces—those of the Wazungu, Knudsen and Weule, who, delighted to escape for once from the rubber bath with its mere half-bucket of water, are cooling their limbs in the vivifying current. And the natives? The Rovuma has the reputation—not altogether undeserved—of containing more crocodiles than any other river in East Africa, and therefore it is as well to station a chain of outposts round us, as a precautionary measure. It is highly amusing to watch the uneasy countenances of these heroes, though the water for a long way round does not come up to their knees.

Evening is coming on; a stiff westerly breeze has sprung up, sweeping up the broad river-channel with unopposed violence, so that even the scanty current of the Rovuma makes a poor attempt at waves. Glad of the unusual sight, the eye ranges far and wide down the river. Everything is still as death—

no trace remains of the old joyous Matambwe life as it was in the sixties. There, far away, on the last visible loop of the river, appears a black dot, rapidly increasing in size. Our natives, with their keen sight, have spied it long ago, and are staring in the same direction as ourselves. "*Mtumbwi*"—(a canoe)! they exclaim in chorus, when the dot coming round a bend becomes a black line. In a quarter of an hour the canoe has reached us, a dug-out of the simplest form, with a mournful freight, an old woman crouching in the stern more dead than alive. I feel sorry for the poor creature, and at a sign from me an elderly man and a younger one spring lightly to the bank. A few questions follow. "She is very ill, the *bibi*," is the answer, "we think she will die to-day." I can see for myself that no human help will avail. The two men return at their paddles, and in ten minutes more we see them landing higher up on the other side, carrying between them a shapeless bundle across the sand-bank into the bush. A human destiny has fulfilled itself.

Nils Knudsen had in his usual enthusiastic way been telling me of the marvels to be found at Naunge camp, higher up the Rovuma, where he insisted that we must go. This time he was not so far wrong; in fact, the wild chaos of rocks beside and in the river, the little cascades between the mossy stones, and the dark green of the vegetation on the banks, made up an attractive picture enough. But the state of the ground itself! The trodden grass and broken bushes, as well as the unmistakable smell, showed plainly enough that it was a popular camping-place and had been used not long before. "No, thank you!" said I. "*Safari*—forward!" Here, where we were directly on Livingstone's track, the open bush begins a couple of hundred yards away from the bank. With three *askari* to cover my left flank, I therefore marched up stream, through the vegetation lining the bank, at the cost of indescribable toil, but rejoicing in the view of the river with its ever-changing scenery. At last I found what I was looking for. In mid-channel, at a distance from us of perhaps six or seven hundred yards, rose an island, steep and sharply-cut as the bow of a man-of-war, its red cliffs shining afar over the silvery grey of the sand-banks, but covered at the top with a compact mass of fresh green vegetation. With a shrill whistle

to call my followers across from the *pori*, and one leap down the bank, I waded through the deep sand direct for the island.

The idyllic life which I enjoyed for some days on this island in the Rovuma has left an indelible impression on my memory Nils Knudsen was always hunting, and never failed to return with a supply of meat for roasting, which kept the men in high good humour. Our tents were pitched in a narrow sandy ravine at the foot of the cliff, which may have been twenty-seven or twenty-eight feet high; the men were encamped at some distance to leeward, and I myself was alone in a green

TYPICAL HUT IN THE ROVUMA VALLEY

bower at the top of the island, where no one was allowed to approach me without announcing himself in the words prescribed by Swahili etiquette, "*Hodi Bwana!*" Only my personal attendants might bring me, unannounced, the repasts prepared by Omari, who has now learned to cook some things so as not to be absolutely uneatable. Altogether it was a delightful interlude.

Equally delightful was our last camp on the Rovuma. It was at the mouth of the Bangala, its largest northern tributary, so imposing on the map, but just now only a dry channel. The water was still flowing underground; but we should have had to dig down several yards to reach it. We did not find it necessary to do so, having abundance of clear water in the Rovuma itself, where my men led quite an amphibious life. How neat and clean they all looked as soon as daily washing became possible. "*Mzuri we!*" ("How fine you are!") I

remarked appreciatively in passing to Chafu koga, the Dirty Pig, for that is the approximate rendering of his name. The self-complacent smile on his bronze-coloured face was by itself worth the journey to Africa.

There is only one drawback to life on the Rovuma: the gale which springs up about sunset and, gradually rising till it becomes a veritable hurricane, sinks again about midnight. No reed fence is any protection against it, neither is it any use to seek shelter behind the tent; and no contrivance so far devised will keep the lamp from being blown out, so that there is nothing for it but to go to bed at eight.

Our nights, moreover, were disturbed by unwelcome visitors. Elephants, it is true, which, though abounding in this part of the country, are very shy, always made a wide circuit round our camp; but lions seemed to be fond of taking moonlight walks up and down between the sleeping carriers. At the Bangala, the sentry, who had stood a little way off with his gun at the ready, related to me with a malicious grin how he saw a lion walk all along the row of snoring men, and stop at Omari, the cook, seemingly considering whether to eat him or not. After standing like this for some time, he gave a deep, ill-tempered growl, as if he did not consider Omari sufficiently appetising, and slowly trotted back into the bush.

Luisenfelde Mine—I do not know what Luise gave it its name—will long remain in my memory as a greeting from home, in the heart of the African bush; it sounds so enterprising and yet so pleasantly familiar. It is true that the mining operations did not last long, though the former owner, Herr Vohsen, in the pride of his heart, bestowed on the lustrous red garnets produced there the name of "Cape rubies." Garnets are so cheap and found in so many places that in a very short time the market was glutted. Herr Marquardt, the enterprising manager, went home, and Nils Knudsen, his assistant and factotum, remained behind forgotten in the bush. Literally in the bush, for the well-built house with its double roof of corrugated zinc protected by an outer covering of thatch, was shut up, and the Norwegian had to find shelter as best he could in one of the two outhouses. We halted here, on our march northward from the Rovuma, for three or four hours, so as to eat our Sunday dinner under the verandah of the

manager's house. Here we had before us a double reminder of the past: in the middle of the compound a great heap of the unsaleable "Cape rubies" which were to have realised such fortunes, and now lie about as playthings for native children, and in the foreground the grave of Marquardt's only child, a promising little girl of three, who came here with her parents full of health and life. We prosaic Europeans have no faith in omens; but it appears that the child's sudden death was no surprise to the natives. Knudsen tells me that one day a

DESERTED BUILDINGS, LUISENFELDE MINE

native workman from the garnet-pits came to him and said, "Some one will die here, sir." "'Nonsense!' I said, and sent him away. Next day he came again and said the same thing. I sent him about his business, but he kept coming. Every night we heard an owl crying on the roof of Marquardt's house. This went on for a whole fortnight, and then Marquardt's little girl was taken ill and died in a few hours. The bird never came after that. They call it *likwikwi*."

One story suggests another. Matola told us several of the same sort, as we sat round the lamp of an evening. Here are one or two samples:—

"Between this (Chingulungulu) and Nyasa," said Matola, "is a high mountain, called Mlila; the road passes close to it. Beside the road are two axes and a shovel,[1] and no one can carry them away. If anyone picks them up and takes them

[1] Query "a hoe"? The shovel is not a native implement.—[TR.]

UNYAGO BOYS PLAYING ON FLUTES OUTSIDE THE NDAGALA AT AKUNDONDE'S

on his shoulder, he has not gone far before he feels as if they were no longer there, and when he turns he sees them going back to their place. But the owner of those axes and that shovel is Nakale."

The other story is as follows: "At Mtarika's (the old Yao chief now dead), people saw a great wonder. The grains of *Usanye* (a red kind of millet) cried in the basket. It came to pass in this way: The people had cut off the heads of *usanye* in the garden and put them into a basket. And as they were pressed together in the basket the grains began to weep and to scream. The people did not know where the crying came from, and turned out the basket, to look in it and under it, but they could find nothing, and heard nothing more. Then they put the grain back into the basket and the crying began again, and the people were frightened and ran away to fetch others. These searched, too, but could find nothing, and they all went away much astonished. But when they got home, they found the mortar dancing, and all the large earthen bowls (*mbale*) were dancing too, and Jongololo, the millipede, was building himself houses. Next day they all assembled to ask each other what could be the meaning of all this. And three days after, Mtarika died. That was the meaning of it."

LIKWIKWI, THE BIRD OF ILL OMEN, AS DRAWN BY A MAKUA. (See p. 372)

It was only in part for the sake of the past that we visited Luisenfelde; we should scarcely have done so but for the fact that the road from the mouth of the Bangala to Akundonde's runs directly past it. A march of an hour and a half or two hours up the deeply-excavated ravine of the Namaputa, and a short, steep ascent to the crest of the next ridge, brought us to Akundonde's. We saw before us the typical native settlement of these parts, a moderate-sized, carefully-swept open space with the *baraza* in the middle—a roof supported on pillars, and open all round. This is surrounded by some half-dozen huts,

LISAKASA (RING OF HUTS FOR THE UNYAGO) IN THE FOREST NEAR AKUNDONDE'S

round or square, all with heavy thatched roofs, the eaves reaching nearly to the ground, other groups of huts being scattered at long intervals all along the crest of the hill. Akundonde, though he said he had been expecting our visit, did not seem very obliging or communicative. We could scarcely attribute this to the after effects of his recent libations—his throat must be far too well seasoned for that; but thought it more probable that his bad leg made him feel indisposed for society. I had just one bottle of "*jumbe* cognac" left, that delectable beverage, which smells like attar of roses, but has a taste which I cannot attempt to describe, and this I bestowed on the old chief, but took no further notice of him, which I could well afford to do without endangering the success of my enterprise. The junior headman of the village,—a smart Yao, quite a dandy according to local standards, who even wore a watch on a very large chain and consequently had to look at the time every two minutes—proved a much more

competent guide to the life and customs of this remote district than morose old Akundonde. The young man showed us plenty of indigenous works of art—we had only to go from house to house and look under the eaves to find the walls covered with frescoes. He also conducted us to a small burying ground—a few Yao graves sheltered by low thatched roofs

YAO GRAVES AT AKUNDONDE'S

(now somewhat dilapidated) which, with the cloth fastened on the top, I now saw for the first time.

Having previously heard that the *unyago* was taking place this year at Akundonde's, we made every effort to see and hear as much as possible. The promise of a princely remuneration soon brought about the desired result, but the *jumbe* told me that the carriers and soldiers could not be allowed to come with me, though Moritz and Kibwana would be admitted. My two boys are by this time heartily sick of campaigning, and their sense of duty requires stimulating in the usual way ; but this done, they trudge along, though reluctantly, behind us with the camera.

The headman leads us out of the village through byways, evidently desiring to escape notice, and then our party of five

plunges into the silent bush, which here, with its large trees almost reminds me of our German forests; the foliage, too, is fresher and more abundant than we ever saw it on the other side of Chingulungulu. In the natural excitement of the new discoveries awaiting us, I pay no heed to place or time—I cannot tell whether we have been walking for half-an-hour or an hour, when, breaking through a thicket, we see a small hut before us and find that we have reached our goal.

Our exertions have been amply rewarded. Before I have yet had time to note the size, construction and workmanship of the hut, we are surrounded by a troop of half-grown boys. With loud cries and energetic gestures the *jumbe* orders them back, and I now perceive the approach of an elderly man who must have come out of the hut, for he suddenly appears as if he had risen out of the ground. This is the *wa mijira*,[1] the man who presides over all the ceremonies of the boys' *unyago*. He greets us solemnly and signals with a barely perceptible motion of his eyelids to the boys. These are already drawn up in a long row: strange, slight figures in the wide grass kilts which make them look like ballet-dancers. Each one holds to his mouth a flute-like instrument from which they proceed to elicit a musical salute. Once more I have to regret my lack of musical training, for this performance is unique of its kind. After hearing the not unpleasing melody to its close, I approach near enough to make a closer inspection of the band. The instruments are nothing more than pieces of bamboo, each differing from the rest in length and diameter, but all closed at the lower end by the natural joint of the reed, and cut off smoothly at the upper. In this way, each of the little musicians can only play one note, but each produces his own with perfect correctness and fits it so accurately into the concerted "song without words" as to form an entirely harmonious whole. Moritz has meanwhile been attending to his duties as Minister of Finance, and some of the boys have even been persuaded to retire behind the hut and show me the result of the surgical operation which they underwent

[1] More correctly in Yao, *Jua Michila* = "(he) of the tails." The Rev. Duff Macdonald says that he is called "the rattler of the tails," *juakuchimula michila*. Tails of animals are supposed to have great efficacy in magic, and usually belong to a witch-doctor's outfit, either forming part of his costume or carried in his hand.—[TR.]

NDAGALA (CIRCUMCISION-LODGE) IN THE FOREST NEAR AKUNDONDE'S

about a month ago, but which in some cases is still causing suppuration. Now, however, I wish to see the inside of the hut.

The European in Africa soon grows accustomed to do without luxuries for his own part, and would never dream of looking for them in the dwellings of the natives; but the primitive roughness of this place in which fifteen boys are expected to live for several months, baffles description. The *ndagala*, as the circumcision-lodge is officially called, is a good-sized building, being about thirty-two feet by thirteen, but neither the walls, constructed of crooked, knotty logs, with gaps between them affording free admission to the wind, nor the very airy and badly-kept thatch of the roof, are much protection against the cold at night. There is a doorway in the centre of each longitudinal wall, but no doors. On entering one sees in the first instance nothing but millet-straw mixed with heaps of ashes. This straw covers the floor, lies in heaps against the walls, and is spread out untidily

over sixteen originally, doubtless, quite decent beds. One of these couches is appropriated to the master, the others are those on which his disciples have not only slept, but undergone the painful operation without anæsthesia or antiseptic treatment of any kind, but with set teeth and in silence. Every sign of suffering on such occasions is sternly forbidden by the Yaos, these East African Spartans. If, in spite of all his resolution, some poor little fellow, really only a child, is unable to suppress a cry of pain, he finds himself roared down by the *anamungwi*, his master and his companions.

The fifteen beds are already much dilapidated; some are quite broken, and others show but scant traces of the neat arrangement of straw which distinguished them at first. The great heap of ashes beside every bed shows that the little patients try to protect themselves against the cold at night by keeping up a good fire. They all look thoroughly neglected, and are thickly encrusted with dirt, dust and ashes from head to foot, so that the bath which concludes the ceremonies in the *ndagala*, and therefore the novitiate of the candidates, is not only a long foregone pleasure, but a direct necessity.

In the centre of the hut we see the branch of a tree set up in the ground. It is painted in various colours and hung with strips of skin, tails of animals and skins of birds. This is called the *lupanda*, and from it the whole ceremony takes its name, the term *unyago* being applied to initiation ceremonies in general, that of *lupanda* to the boys' "mysteries" only. Nothing more is to be got out of the old man, so that I shall have to find some other informant, especially with regard to the girls' *unyago*, which, by all I hear must be at least as interesting as the *lupanda*. Part of my wish was unexpectedly gratified a day or two later. The *jumbe*, roused to enthusiasm by the fee received for his services, came to us in great haste just after dinner. We have pitched our camp on a spot with a beautiful view but imperfectly sheltered from the evening gale, at the edge of the bush on the highest point of the hill. Knudsen at first pleaded, as on previous occasions, for the occupation of the *baraza*; but our old enemy the whirlwind, which of course surprised us just as the pea-soup was being dished up, soon brought him to a better mind. As we were dozing under the *banda*, a shelter of branches and grass, such as every *mnyampara*

and his men can set up in a few minutes, pressing our hands from sheer habit to our aching temples and thinking of nothing —unquestionably the best occupation in these latitudes—the *jumbe* came running up, shouting from afar that a *chiputu* was going on at Akuchikomu's. The *bwana mkubwa* and the *bwana mdogo* might see a great deal if they would go, but the women were shy and timid, and the carriers and soldiers could not be allowed to come with us. In a few minutes we were on the road, Moritz and Kibwana being heavily loaded, as this time I brought not only my large camera, but the cinematograph, too long inactive, from which I hoped great things. The walk was a longer one than on the previous day, the road at first leading north-eastward along the crest of the ridge, and then turning to the west and descending into the green valley of a babbling stream. Before reaching the valley we found the road barred by a huge circle of huts—structures of the most primitive kind consisting merely of a few poles driven into the ground, upright or slanting, and joined at the top by a horizontal cross-piece, the whole thatched with the long African grass. But these sheds were arranged with almost mathematical precision in a continuous circle of over fifty yards in diameter. This is the real place where the festival—not, however, the ceremony we have come to see, but the *lupanda*—is held. Here the long series of observances begins with dancing, feasting and singing, and here, when the boys return after their three or four months' absence, recovered from the operation and initiated into the mysteries of sexual life and the moral code of the tribe, the closing celebration takes place. So out with tripod, camera, and plates. Though but a beginner in photography when I started, I have long ago by dint of continual practice become a *fundi* who can take his twenty or thirty negatives in a few minutes. One glance at the two little mounds of ashes occupying fixed positions in the arena, and then we were off again.

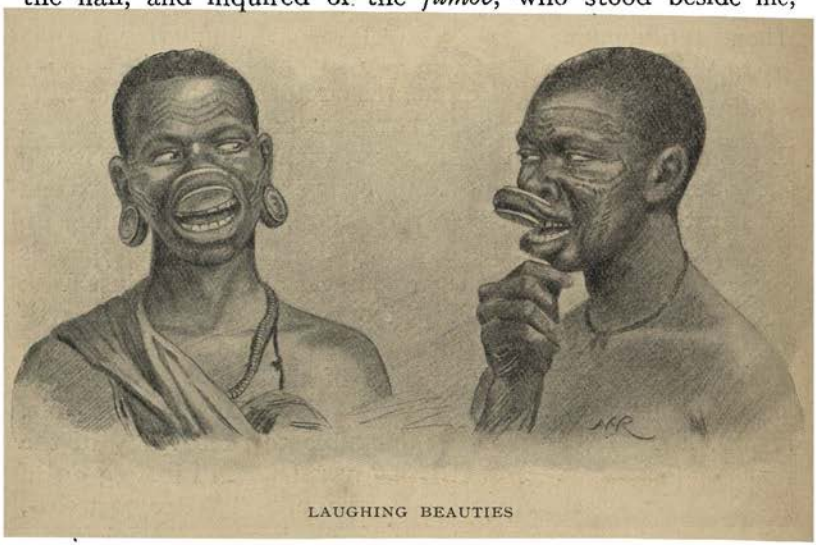
By two in the afternoon we had reached a miserable little Makua village; indeed, it scarcely deserves the name of a village, though the inhabitants of its two or three wretched huts had taken upon themselves to entertain the whole neighbourhood. In fact, a large crowd was assembled, consisting chiefly of women and girls, the men being decidedly in a minority. This

alone would be sufficient to stamp the festival as one belonging peculiarly to the women.

The structure where this ceremony was to take place was typically African, not over large, but quite sufficiently so for the object in view. The natives thoroughly understand the art of putting up buildings admirably suited to the purpose they are to serve, and also quite pleasing in style and shape, out of the cheapest materials and with the simplest appliances, in a very short time. This hut was circular, with an encircling wall of poles and millet straw, between six and seven feet high. It was about thirty feet in diameter, with two doorways facing each other, and a central post supporting the roof. The women were just entering in solemn procession, while the tuning up of several drums was heard from the inside. The *jumbe's* hint as to the shyness of the women was abundantly justified; those who caught sight of us at once ran away. The participants only grew calm when we had succeeded in getting up unseen close to the outer wall of the building and there finding shelter in a group of men disposed to be sensible. It was, however, even now impossible to sketch any of the women. I am in the habit, wherever I can, of jotting down in a few rapid strokes every picturesque "bit" I come across, and here I found them in unusual number. Since I left the coast, labrets, nose-pins, and ear-studs have become quite hackneyed, but hitherto I had come across no specimens of such size or racial types so markedly savage and intact. When one of these women laughs, the effect is simply indescribable. So long as her face keeps its normal serious expression, the snow-white disc remains in a horizontal position, that is to say, if the wearer is still young and good-looking. If, however, she breaks into the short, giggling laugh peculiar to the young negress, the *pelele* flies up with an abrupt jerk and stands straight up over the ivory-white and still perfect teeth, while the young woman's pretty brown eyes flash with merriment, and the weight of the heavy wooden plug sets up a quick vibration in the upper lip, which is dragged out by almost a hand-breadth from its normal position. Then the baby on the woman's back (nearly all of them are carrying babies), begins to cry piteously under the searching gaze of the strange white man; and, in short, the whole spectacle is

one which must be seen to be appreciated—no pen can describe it.

Our place was well chosen, and enabled us to survey the whole interior of the hut without let or hindrance. I noticed three youths sitting on stools of honour in a reserved part of the hall, and inquired of the *jumbe*, who stood beside me,



LAUGHING BEAUTIES

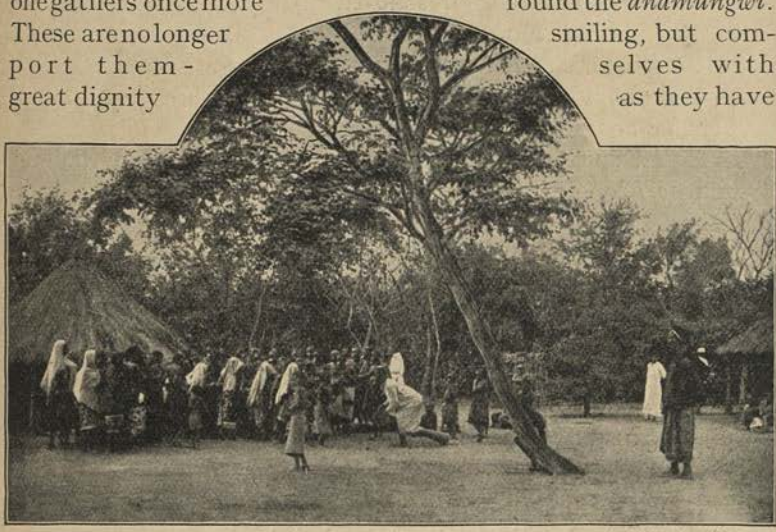
obligingly ready to be of use, who those three little shrimps were? It appeared that they were the husbands of the girls whose *chiputu* was being celebrated that day.

And what is *chiputu?* It is the celebration of a girl's arrival at womanhood; but that is a long story, which we have no time to investigate just now, for the drums have struck up, in that peculiar cadence, heard at every *ngoma,* which no one who has visited East Africa can ever forget. At the same moment the closely-packed throng of black bodies has already arranged itself for a dance. With a step something like the gait of a water-wagtail, they move, rhythmically gliding and rocking, round the central posts, at which three old hags stand grinning.

"Who are those?" I ask.

Those are the *anamungwi,* the instructresses of the three girls; they are to receive the reward of their work to-day. "See now, sir, what is happening." For the moment nothing

happens, the dance goes on and on, first in the way already described, then changing to one which is not so much African as generally Oriental: it is the so-called *danse du ventre*. At last this too comes to an end, the figure breaks up in wild confusion, one snatching in this direction, another in that, and everyone gathers once more round the *anamungwi*. These are no longer smiling, but comport themselves with great dignity as they have



GIRLS' UNYAGO AT THE MAKONDE HAMLET OF NIUCHI

every right to do. One after another, the women come forward to hand them their gifts, pieces of new cloth, strings of beads, bead necklaces and armlets, and various items of a similar character. "That is all very fine," their looks seem to say, "but is this an equivalent for the unspeakable trouble which the training of our *amwali*, our pupils, has given us for years past? We expect something more than that!" However, the festive throng are not in the least disturbed by this mute criticism; people all chatter at once, just as they do in other parts of the world, and everyone is in the highest spirits.

Now comes a new stage. "*Hawara marre*," mutters the *jumbe*. This even Nils Knudsen cannot translate, for it is Kimakua, which he does not know, but the *jumbe*, like all intelligent men in this country, is a polyglottist. He says the Yao for it is "*Chisuwi mkamule*" ("The leopard breaks

out"). At this moment something unexpected happens. The three young fellows rise quick as lightning, and, with loud crashing and rustling, they have burst through the fragile hut-wall and are seen retiring towards the outskirts of the village. I have not yet clearly made out whether these youthful husbands themselves represent the leopard or whether they are to be thought of as pursued by an imaginary leopard. In either case, the leisurely pace at which they stroll away is scarcely convincing and still less imposing; less so, certainly, than the song of *Hawara marre*, rendered by the women with equal spirit and energy, which rings out into the sun-baked *pori* long after the three leopards have vanished in the distance.

Now comes another picture; the hall is empty, but the open space beside it, which has been carefully swept, swarms with brightly-coloured fantastic figures. It is only now that we can see how they have adorned themselves for the occasion. The massive brass bangles, nearly an inch thick, which they wear on their wrists and ankles, shine like burnished gold, and the calico of their skirts and upper garments is of the brightest colours. These cloths, in fact, have just been bought from the Indian traders at Lindi or Mrweka, at great expense, by the gallant husbands, who have recently made an expedition to the coast for the purpose. The white *pelele* seems to shine whiter than usual, and the woolly heads and brown faces are quite lustrous with freshly-applied castor oil, the universal cosmetic of these regions. Once more the *anamungwi* take up a majestic pose, and once more all the women crowd round them. This time the presents consist of cobs of maize, heads of millet, and other useful household supplies, which are showered wholesale on the recipients.

Once more the scene changes. The drummers have been tuning up their instruments more carefully than usual, and at this moment the fire blazes up for the last time and then expires. The first drum begins—*boom, boom, boóm, boom, boom, boóm, boom, boom, boóm:* two short notes followed by a long one. How the man's hands fly! There are more ways of drumming than one, certainly,—but the art as practised here seems to require a special gift. It is by no means a matter of indifference whether the drumhead is struck with the whole

hand, or with the finger-tips only, or whether the sound is produced by the knuckles or finger-joints of the closed fist. It is pretty generally assumed that we Europeans have an entirely different mental organization from that of the black race, but even we are not unaffected by the rhythm of this particular kind of drumming. On the contrary, the European involuntarily begins to move his legs and bend his knees in time to the music, and would almost feel impelled to join the ranks of the dancers, were it not for the necessity of maintaining the decorum of the ruling race, and of keeping eye and ear on the alert for everything that is going forward.

The dance which the women are now performing is called *ikoma.*[1] Our eyes are insufficiently trained to perceive the slight differences between these various choric dances, and so we grew tired with mere looking on long before the natives, who are exerting themselves to the utmost, begin to weary. In this case the sun contributes to the result, and Moritz is already feeling ill, as he says, from the smell of the crowd; though he certainly has no right to look down on his compatriots in this respect. It is true that he has improved since the day at Lindi, when I drove him before my kiboko into the Indian Ocean, because he diffused around him such a frightful effluvium of "high" shark, that it seemed as if he himself had been buried for months. I am just about to pack up my apparatus, when the uniform, somewhat tedious rhythm in which the crowd of black bodies is moving suddenly changes. Hitherto, everything has been characterized by the utmost decency, even according to our standards, but now what do I see? With swift gesture the bright-coloured draperies fly up, leaving legs and hips entirely free, the feet move faster, and with a more vivacious and rapid motion the dancers now circle round one another in pairs. I am fixed to the spot by a sight I have often heard of, but which has never come in my way before:—the large keloids which, in the most varied patterns cover these parts of the body. The scars are raised to this size by cutting again and again during the process of healing. This, too, belongs to the ideal of beauty in this country.

Unfortunately, I was not able to await the end of the *ikoma.*

[1] The Makua word corresponding to *ngoma.*—[TR.]

The performers, in spite of the small silver coin which I had distributed to each of them, were evidently constrained in the presence of a European,—a being known to most of them only by hearsay—and the spontaneous merriment which had prevailed inside the hut was not to be recovered. Besides, I was forced, out of consideration for Moritz, who was now quite grey in the face, to return as quickly as possible.

Akundonde's junior headman is excellent as a practical guide, but has little theoretic knowledge,—he is probably too young to know much of the traditional lore of his own tribe and the Makua. Old Akundonde himself keeps silence, —perhaps because he needs a stronger inducement than any yet received. This, however, I am unable to offer, especially as we ourselves have to subsist on our tinned goods, the usual lean fowls and a few old guinea-fowl shot by Knudsen. There is no trace of the liberal gifts of *pombe* which had delighted our thirsty souls at Masasi and Chingulungulu.

It was, therefore, with light hearts that we left Akundonde's on the fourth day for Newala. The stages of our three days' march were Chingulungulu, where we had left a considerable part of our baggage, and Mchauru, a very scattered village in a district and on a river of the same name, in the foothills of the Makonde plateau. Mchauru is interesting enough in several respects. First, topographically: the river, which has excavated for itself a channel sixty, in some places even ninety feet deep, in the loose alluvial soil, runs south-westward towards the Rovuma. On reaching the bottom of this gorge, after a difficult climb, we found no running water, but had to dig at least a fathom into the clean sand before coming on the subterranean supply. The deep, narrow water-holes, frequently met with show that the natives are well aware of this circumstance. The vegetation in this whole district, however, is very rich, and it is not easy to see at present whence it comes, since we are on the landward side of the hills whose seaward slope precipitates the rains. It is possible that the soil here holds more moisture than in other parts of the plain.

Mchauru has not only charming scenery but abounds in ethnographic interest. It possesses, in the first place, a *fundi* who makes the finest ebony nose-pins in the country, and inlays them with zinc in the most tasteful manner, and secondly,

a celebrated magician by the name of Medula. In fact, it was on account of these two men that I halted here at all. The nose-pin-maker was not to be found—we were told that he was away on a journey—but Medula was at home.

From our camp, pitched under a huge tree beside the road, we—that is Knudsen and I, with my more immediate followers carrying the apparatus—walked through banana groves (which I now saw for the first time), and extensive fields of maize, beans, and peas, ready for gathering, in a south-westerly direction for nearly an hour. At intervals the path runs along the bed of a stream, where the deep sand makes walking difficult. At last, on ascending a small hill, we found ourselves before an open shed in which an old native was seated, not squatting in the usual way, but with his legs stretched out before him, like a European. After salutations, my errand was explained to him,—I wanted him to tell me all about his medicines and sell me some of them, also to weave something for us. According to native report, there are only two men left in the whole country who still possess this art, already obsolete through the cheapness of imported calico. Medula is one of these weavers,—the other, a tottering old man, I saw, several weeks ago, at Mkululu. I was greatly disappointed in him ; he had not the faintest notion of weaving, and there was nothing in the shape of a loom to be seen in his hut ; the only thing he could do was to spin a moderately good cotton thread on the distaff.

I expected more satisfactory results from Medula ; but the medicines were the first point to be attended to. We haggled with him like Armenians, but he would concede nothing, finally showing us one or two of the usual calabashes with their questionable contents, but demanding so exorbitant a price that it was my turn to say, as I had great satisfaction in doing, "*Hapana rafiki*" ("It won't do, my friend"). Medula is a philosopher in his way—"Well, if it won't, it won't," appeared to be his reflection, as he turned the conversation to the subject of his name, then tried to pronounce mine, and gradually passed over to the second part of our programme. All this time I was on the watch with my camera, like the reporter of some detestable illustrated weekly. Medula was seated in an unfavourable position : bright light outside—

PARTICIPANTS ASSEMBLING AT THE UNYAGO HUT

PRESENTATION OF CALICO BY THE MOTHERS

DANCE OF THE OLD WOMEN

ARRIVAL OF THE NOVICES

GIRLS' UNYAGO AT THE MATAMBWE VILLAGE OF MANGUPA. I

OLD WOMEN GROUPED ROUND THE GIRLS TO BE INITIATED

DANCE OF THE OLD WOMEN ROUND THE INITIATES

DANCE OF THE INITIATES BEFORE THE OLD WOMEN

DEPARTURE OF THE INITIATES

GIRLS' UNYAGO AT THE MATAMBWE VILLAGE OF MANGUPA. II

deep shadow within his cool hut. I requested him to change his seat—he declined. My entreaties and flatteries had no other result than to make him grin, deliberately get out his pipe, light it with a burning coal, and puff away without moving. Trusting to my Voigtländer's lens, I at last let him alone, as things had come to a standstill, and I wanted to see the loom and its use. Medula said that he must first make

OLD MEDULA LIGHTING HIS PIPE

the thread. I submitted; the old man put a leisurely hand into a basket, deliberately took out a handful of cotton-seeds, husked them *secundum artem* and began beating the flaky white mass with a little stick. In a surprisingly short time a fairly large quantity of cotton was reduced to the proper consistency; Medula seized it in his left hand and began to pull out the thread with his right. So far the process looked familiar; the people who came over every winter during my boyhood from Eichsfeld to our Hanoverian village, to spin the farmers' wool for them, always began in the same way. The parallel, however, ceased with the next step, and the procedure became entirely prehistoric. The new thread was knotted on to the end of that on the distaff, the latter drawn through a

cleft which takes the place of the eye on our spinning-wheel, the spindle whirled in the right hand, the left being extended as far as possible—and then both arms moved downward ; the spindle was quickly rolled round on the upper part of the thigh, and the thread was ready for winding. Medula contrived to weary us out with this performance, but never produced his loom, in whose existence I have entirely ceased to believe. He promised at our parting—which was marked by a decided coolness—to bring the implement with him to Newala ; but not even the most stupid of my men gave any credit to his assurance.

## CHAPTER XII

### UNYAGO EVERYWHERE

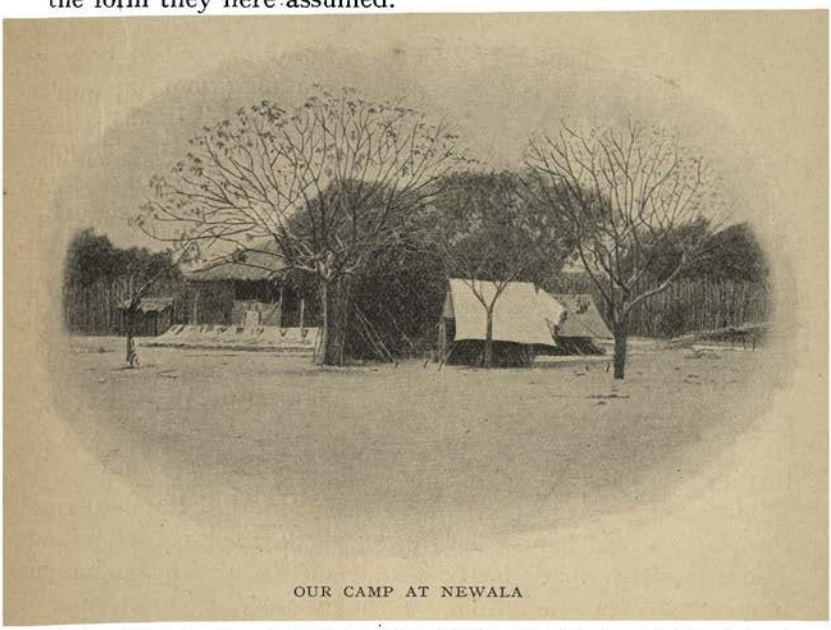
NEWALA, middle of September, 1906.

THE charming festival recently witnessed at Achikomu's seems to have broken the spell which debarred me, just when the season was at its height, from gaining an insight into this most important and interesting subject. In the short period since my arrival at Newala, I have been present at no less than two typical celebrations, both of them girls' *unyagos*. This I owe to the kindness of the Akida Sefu.

Sefu bin Mwanyi is an Arab—apparently of unmixed blood—from Sudi. He is a tall, light-complexioned man, with finely-cut features. He knows a number of languages, excelling even Knudsen in this respect, and I cannot say enough of the obliging way in which he has endeavoured to further my plans ever since my arrival.

After a fatiguing climb up the edge of the cliff bordering the plateau, which just at Newala is particularly steep, and a short rest, we made hasty arrangements for encamping in the *baraza*—open as usual to the dreaded evening wind—within the *boma* or palisade of stakes. The cold that night was almost Arctic, and we wrapped ourselves in all the blankets we could find. In the early dawn, the zealous *akida* came in a great hurry, to conduct us to the Makua village of Niuchi, where the concluding ceremony of the girls' *unyago* was fixed for that day, and where I was sure to see and hear much that was new. An hour later, our party, this time including my mule, had already wound its way through a long stretch of primæval Makonde bush. It proved impossible to ride, however—the path, bordered by thick, thorny scrub, being never two feet wide in the most frequented parts. We suddenly walked out of the thickest bush on to a small open space surrounded by houses, and perceived with some astonishment a large crowd of strange-looking female figures, who were staring at us, struck dumb with terror. I saw at once that, here, too, it would be well to keep as much as possible in the

background, and disappeared with my men and all the apparatus behind the nearest hut. From this coign of vantage, I was able to watch undisturbed a whole series of performances which few if any travellers, probably, have seen in exactly the form they here assumed.



OUR CAMP AT NEWALA

It is eight in the morning; the Makonde bush, which almost closes over our heads, is clad in the freshest green, one large tree in the middle of the *bwalo*[1] and a few others of equal proportions rise above the general level of the *pori*, and the low Makonde huts stand out sharply in the clear morning air. The few women whom on our arrival we found sweeping the *bwalo* with bunches of green twigs, have vanished like lightning in the crowd surrounding five other figures dressed in gaudy cloths. These are squatting in the shadow of a hut, covering their eyes and temples with their hands, and staring fixedly at the ground through their fingers. Then a shrill sound is heard, and five or six women are seen hurrying with grotesque jumps across the open space. As they raise the traditional

[1] This Nyanja word, here used for convenience sake, means the "village green," or "forum," where the affairs of the community are discussed, and all public transactions take place.—[TR.]

cry of rejoicing,[1] the *pelele*, here of truly fabulous dimensions, stands up straight in the air, while the tongue, stretched out under it, vibrates rapidly to and fro in the manner indispensable to the correct production of the sound. The first six are soon followed by a dozen other women, among whom one voice sings:—"*Anamanduta, anamanduta, mwanangu mwanagwe*" ("They go away, they go away, my dear child,")—the rest repeating the line in chorus. The song is accompanied by accurately-rhythmical hand clapping, as the dancers move in short tripping steps backward and forward. "Surely a barbaric lament over a parting," I reflect, on hearing Sefu's rapid translation, but already a new song is heard :—

THE AUTHOR IN WINTER COSTUME AT NEWALA

"*Namahihio achikuta kumaweru*" ("The owl cries in the gardens"). This, too, is repeated for some time, then once more, all

[1] This action is called *ku luluta* both in Yao and in Nyanja. The Rev. H. B. Barnes explains the word, in the latter language, as "to say *lu-lu-lu-lu* indefinitely. The women do this as a sign of rejoicing; the sound is produced by moving the tongue quickly from side to side with the mouth a little open, and very often the hand is alternately clapped to the lips and taken away rapidly." The cry itself is called in Nyanja *ntungululu*. It seems to be universal (under various names) among African women.—[TR.]

crowd round the five bundles of cloth. Five elderly women now step forward out of the throng and decorate the heads of their pupils—for such are the gaudily-attired beings—with bunches of millet. The latter now rise, and take up their position in Indian file, each with her hands on the shoulders of the one before her. The drums strike up—old and young together swaying with skilled vibration in the *danse du ventre.*

"*Chihakatu cha Kuliwile nandu kuhuma nchere.*" ("The *chihakatu* (small flat basket) of Liwile is carried out of the house early.") This is the song now chanted as before by solo and chorus. By the *chihakatu* is probably meant the decoration of millet-heads—the natives are fond of symbolical expressions.

This song in its turn comes to an end; the ranks of the dancers break up and the women hasten in all directions, coming back to lay further supplies of millet, manioc, cloth, etc., at the feet of the five instructresses. These, meanwhile, have been preparing for the next step. An egg is broken, a little of the yolk is rubbed on the forehead of each girl and the rest mixed with castor oil and used to anoint the girls on chest and back. This is the sign that they have reached maturity, and that the *unyago* is over. The first part of the festival is concluded by the presentation of more new cloth to the girls.

Sefu now points out to me a stick planted in the ground, and tells me that medicines belonging to the *unyago* have been buried under it. He also says that some months ago, a large pot of water was buried at another spot in the *bwalo;* this was also "medicine."

While I am listening to this explanation, the women have once more taken their places. With a *ntungululu* which, even at the distance at which we are standing, is almost enough to break the drums of our ears, all the arms fly up with a jerk, then down again, and the performers begin to clap their hands with a perfection of rhythm and uniformity of action seemingly peculiar to the dwellers on the shores of the Indian Ocean, in order to accompany the following song:—

"*Kanole wahuma kwetu likundasi kuyudika kuyedya ingombe.*"

The meaning is something like this: "Just look at that girl;

she has borrowed a bead girdle, and is now trying to wear it gracefully and becomingly."

Women are very much alike all the world over, I mutter to myself, as Sefu explains this—full, on the one hand, of vanity, on the other, of spite. The song refers to a poor girl appearing in borrowed finery, who is satirized by her companions. In the next song it is my turn to furnish the moral.

"*Ignole yangala yangala meme mtuleke tuwakuhiyoloka.*"

The sense appears to be about the following :—

"You are here assembled (for the *unyago*), rejoice and be merry. We who have come here, we do not want to play with you, only to look on."

If Sefu is right, as there is every reason to suppose, these words are to be understood as spoken by myself, they are either dictated by my own delicacy of feeling : "I have no wish to intrude"—or they are intended as a *captatio benevolentiae* : "Please stay at a distance, white man, or we shall be afraid ! "

In spite of my discreet attitude, the performers do not seem to feel quite easy, for they now sing till they grow tired :—

"*Nidoba ho, nidoba ho*" ("It is difficult, it is difficult, truly.")

This is followed by a long pause.

The second division of the programme goes on to repeat part of the first. Still more completely muffled in their brightly-coloured cloths, so that neither face nor arms are to be seen, the five girls come forward as before, and march round to the right, the rest of the company following them in the same order as previously. Now the drums, which in the meantime have been tuned afresh over a tremendous fire, strike up again, and the chorus starts : "*Chihakatu cha Kuliwile,*" etc., with dance as before. This lasts fully half-an-hour, and then the long file breaks up ; the oldest of the instructresses comes forward into the open space in front of the crowd, puts on a critical expression, and waits for what is about to happen. This is not long in showing itself. Like a gorgeous butterfly, one of the coloured calico bundles separates itself from the mass, and trips gracefully before the old woman, while the chorus bursts into song :—

"*Nande è è, nande è è.*"

The astonished white man, looking on, can only see clearly the head and feet of the bundle, which are comparatively at rest—everything between these extremities being an undistinguishable blur. On boldly approaching, I make out that the girl is vibrating her waist and hips, throwing herself to and fro with such velocity that the eye cannot follow the lines of her figure. The performer retires after a time, and the others follow, each in her turn, receiving praise or censure from the high authorities convoked for the occasion. But not even Sefu can tell me what the words of the song mean.

The third part follows. As full of expectant curiosity as myself, the five young girls certified as having arrived at maturity are now gazing at the arena. They have freed themselves from their wrappings, and seem to feel quite at home, with their mothers and aunts all standing round them. Then, with a quick, tripping step, another bundle of cloth comes out of the bush, followed by a second, and, after a short interval by a third and fourth. The four masks—for such, when they turn round, they are seen to be—stand up two and two, each pair facing the other, and begin the same series of movements which I had already watched at Chingulungulu, comprising the most varied manœuvres with arms and legs, contortions of the body above the waist, quivering vibrations of the region below the waist. In short, everything is African, quite authentic and primitive. I had seen all these evolutions before, but was all the more struck with the whole get-up of these strange figures. Makonde masks are now to be found in the most important ethnographic museums, but no one, it appears, has ever seen them in use—or, if so, they have not been described. The masks are of wood, two of them representing men, and two women. This is evident a hundred paces off, from the prominence given to the *pelele*, whose white stands out with great effect from the rigid black surface. The costume of the male and female figures is in other respects alike, following the principle of letting no part of the human form be seen—everything is swathed in cloth, from the closely-wrapped neck to the tips of the fingers and toes. This excessive amount of covering indicates the aim of the whole—the masks are intended to terrify. It is young men who are thus disguised; they do not wish to be recognized, and are supposed to give

the girls a good fright before their entrance on adult life. The masks themselves in the first instance serve this purpose in a general way, but their effect is still further heightened by making them represent well-known bugbears : portraits of famous and much dreaded warriors or robbers, heads of monstrous beasts, or, lastly, *shetani*—the devil.[1] This personage

MAKONDE MASKS

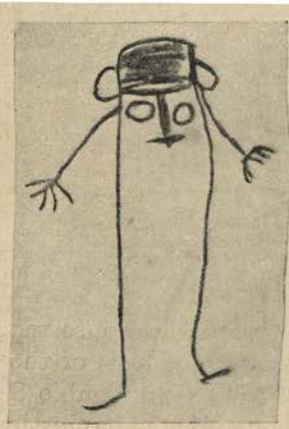
appears with long horns and a large beard, and is really terrible to behold.

While the four masks are still moving about the arena—sometimes all together facing each other, sometimes separating and dancing round in a circle with all sorts of gambols—a new figure appears on the stage. A tapping sound is heard as it jerks its way forward—uncanny, gigantic ; a huge length of cloth flutters in the morning breeze ; long, spectral arms, draped with cloth so as to look like wings, beat the air like the sails of a windmill ; a rigid face grins at us like a death's head ; and the whole is supported on poles, a yard or more in length, like fleshless legs. The little girls are now really frightened, and even my bodyguard seem to feel somewhat creepy. The European investigator cannot allow himself to give way to such sensations : he has to gaze, to observe, and to snapshot.

The use of stilts is not very common in any part of the world. Except in Europe they are, so far as I know, only

[1] Surely this name, if not the figure itself, must be of Muslim origin ?—[TR.]

used in the culture-area of Eastern Asia, and (curiously enough) in the Marquesas Islands (Eastern Pacific), and in some parts of the West Coast of Africa. Under these circumstances, I cannot at present suggest any explanation of their presence on the isolated Makonde plateau. Have they been introduced? and, if so, from whence? Or are they a survival of very ancient usages once prevalent from Cape Lopez, in the west to this spot in the east, preserved at the two extremities of the area, while the intervening tribes advanced beyond the old dancing-appliances? My mind involuntarily occupies itself with such questions, though, properly speaking, this is not the time for them, as there are still many things to see.



MAKONDE STILT-DANCER. FROM A DRAWING BY OMARI, A MBONDEI

That the stilt-dancer's intention is to terrify, is evident from his movements, quite apart from his disguise. In a few gigantic strides he has reached the other side of the fairly spacious arena, and drives the natives squatting there back in headlong flight; for it looks as if the monster were about to catch them, or tread them under foot. But it has already turned away, and is stalking up to the five novices at the other end: they, and others near them, turn away shrieking. Now he comes within range of my camera—a click of the shutter, and I have him safe. I could almost have imagined that I saw the man's face of consternation behind his mask—he stopped with such a start, hesitated a moment, and then strode swiftly away.

This dancing on stilts can scarcely be a pleasure. The man is now leaning, tired out, against the roof of one of the huts, and looks on while the four masks come forward again to take part in the dance. But the proceedings seem inclined to hang fire—the sun has by this time climbed to the zenith, and the stifling heat weighs us all down. A great many of the women taking part in the ceremony have already dispersed, and those still present are visibly longing for the piles of *ugali* at home. I take down the apparatus and give the word

THE *NJOROWE* DANCE AT NEWALA

to start, and once more we are forcing our way through the thorny thickets of the Makonde bush towards Newala.

The indefatigable Sefu only allowed me one day in which to digest the impressions of Niuchi, before announcing another important expedition. Sefu lives only some thirty or forty yards away from us, in a house built Coast-fashion. He is not, like Nakaam and Matola, a native of the country, but has been transferred here from the coast as an official of the German Administration, while the other two might be compared with large landowners placed in a similar position on account of their local standing and influence among the people. He has rather more notion of comfort than is usual among his congeners, for he has had very neat bamboo seats—some even with backs to them, an unheard of luxury in this region—put up in his *baraza*, where he holds *shauris* and also receives, with great dignity, the leaders of passing caravans. Sefu spends all his spare minutes with us; he arrives first thing in the morning, and shivers through the evening with us in that temple of the winds which goes by the name of the rest-house, and which we shall be compelled to

close in with a wall in order to get some protection against the evening gales.

Sefu, then, had a grand plan to propose. This time, he said, he could show us a ceremony of the Wamatambwe at the village of Mangupa. It was again a girls' *chiputu*, that is, the conclusion of the first course of instruction which these children of between eight and eleven had been going through for some months in a special hut. But the Matambwe procedure is in some points different from that of the Yaos and the Makua ; and, also, it was not far. If we started next morning at 7.30, we should be in time to see the beginning after a walk of an hour and a half.

I was able to form a slight idea of the famous Makonde bush on the expedition to Niuchi—but it was very far from being an adequate one. Much has been written about this form of vegetation, but I believe the theme is inexhaustible. Not that this bush is remarkable for æsthetic charms, for beautiful scenery, or abundance and variety of vegetation. It is a perfectly uniform, compact mass of thin stems, branches, leaves and tendrils. This is the unpleasant part of it ; this indescribably thick tangle lets no one pass unless he has first cut his painful and toilsome way with axe and bill-hook. Our native troops have gone through unspeakable sufferings in this way, in the last ten years alone, especially in the war against Machemba. Things have been made easier for us—the victorious struggle against the formerly unreliable and often rebellious tribes of the south has led to the wise measure of connecting every place of the slightest importance with all other settlements by means of roads deserving the name of *barabara, i.e.*, beaten road, in the most literal sense of the term. This road is so broad that a column could at need march along it four abreast ; though in some places indeed it is very much overgrown.

We took the main road leading to Nkunya, but very soon turned off to the right, getting deeper and deeper into the bush. Riding soon became impossible ; in fact, every member of the expedition was engaged in a very cautious struggle with the *upupu*. Nils Knudsen warned me against this agreeable plant soon after our arrival at Newala, so I have escaped an experience which many a new-comer will not

forget in a hurry. The *upupu*[1] is a kind of bean bearing dark green pods, which, if touched, cause an unbearable irritation in the skin. Rubbing or scratching only brings the victim nearer to madness. Washing is quite useless—the only effectual remedy is wood ashes, which, if mixed with water and plastered on the skin, draw out the minute poison-crystals in a short time. As in many other cases, the cure is easily applied if one only knows it.

Punctually at nine, we are standing before a hut similar to the one already described, only that the *likuku*, as it is here called, is double—two low, round structures, standing side by side. The ceremony is just about to begin, Sefu says. I am hard-hearted and barbarous enough to send the headman of the place—who has one foot ulcerated in the most horrible way and consequently poisons the atmosphere for some distance around him, but in spite of this feels that he ought to do the honours of his village—half a mile away to windward, before setting up my camera by the side of a bush, where I await the progress of events.

For some time we hear nothing but the familiar *lu-lu-lu*-ing of the women in all keys, soprano and alto, *piano* and *fortissimo*, as if the company, standing in a dense crowd behind the double house, wished to practise a little before making their appearance. Meanwhile, they are growing more and more shiny—they are anointing themselves with castor-oil till they drip with it. They are also wearing *peleles* of a size I have never yet seen. Suddenly, the scene changes—seven women come forward out of the crowd carrying a long pole, and walk quickly towards the open space on the left of the *likuku*. As they approach we see that the pole is really a huge flag-staff—a whole length of brand-new coloured cotton print hangs down it from one end to the other. "*Nini hii?*" ("What is this?") I ask Sefu. It is the fee for the instructresses, among whom it will soon be divided, but before being cut up, it is to be shown in all its beauty to the people.

From the moment of their first coming forward, the seven women have been chanting: "*Watata wadihauye akalumbane kundeka unguwanguwe.*" Sefu says that this means:—"My father has treated me badly—he gave me a bad husband,

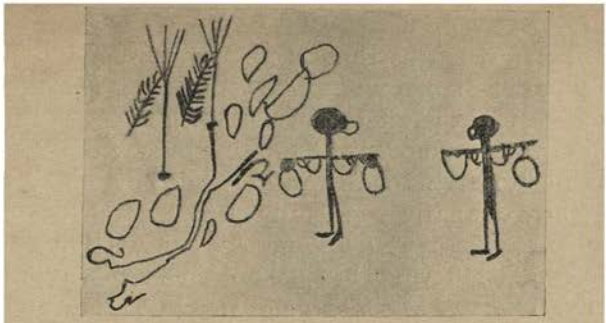
[1] Called in Chinganja *chitedzi*; it is the plant known as "cowage."—[TR.]

who ran away from me, and now I am left alone." I cannot make out what this song has to do with the *chiputu,* but have no time for speculation on the subject, for the whole company is beginning to enact a kind of " Walpurgisnacht ! " At least, should an African Goethe attempt to depict a festival on the heights of Kilimanjaro analogous to the famous scene in *Faust,* he would probably do it on the lines of what we see before us. Pigs, broomsticks, and other traditional paraphernalia of the venerable profession are here entirely wanting, but the illusion is more than sufficiently maintained by the white disc in the upper lip, the huge stud in the nose ; the combs stuck in the woolly hair, the heavy bangles on arms and ankles, and, finally, the unhappy baby on the back of every young witch, and, strangely enough, on those of a good many elderly ones as well. Clapping their hands, and uttering their shrill, vibrating cry, the whole troop run, jump, and dance wildly in and out till the spectator's senses are completely bewildered.

Suddenly, the noise ceases, and the figures of the five novices, closely huddled together, stooping low, swathed in new, gaudy cloths which cover them all over, appear from the " wings " in the same way as their predecessors. The silence lasts till they have taken their places in the arena, but then a din breaks loose to which what I have described as the " Walpurgisnacht " was merely a gentle murmur, for in addition to the voices we have now the roll and thunder of the half-dozen drums forming the inevitable band. Meanwhile, the chaos has hastily arranged itself into a large circle, in the centre of which the five bundles, now quite a familiar sight to me, stand in the same stooping posture as at Niuchi. The drums have by this time moderated their pace and volume, and the women glide and shuffle round the ring to the accustomed rhythm. Finally, the performers change places as on the previous occasion, the instructress comes forward, the rest of the women being now merely accessories, and the novices proceed to show their proficiency in the dance before alluded to. This trial being over, it seems as if the girls were receiving congratulations, and then the whole mass moves towards the double hut, the five girls walking backwards. All vanish into the dusk of the interior, but while the grown-up women

remain there, the girls re-appear after a few minutes' interval, and, walking in Indian file, a short distance apart, they cross the arena,—not backwards this time, but in the ordinary way—and silently vanish into the thick bush.

The exit of the five girls seems to mark the official close of the ceremony, as the women do not appear again. The lords of creation, however, now come into action, and man after man, as if drawn by a magnet, moves towards one of the two doors and enters, while no one is seen to come out again. This interests me, and approaching the entrance of the hut, to discover the cause of this singular phenomenon, I find that preparations are being made for a beer-drinking on a large scale :—the ground inside the hut is occupied by rows on rows of huge pombe-jars, waiting to fulfil the object of their being. We have not been invited to the feast—an omission due, we may be certain, not to any want of hospitality, but probably to timidity, and a feeling that the admission of a stranger to a share in their tribal mysteries is something unfitting. We should have liked to be asked, all the same.



MAKONDE WOMEN GOING TO DRAW WATER.
FROM A DRAWING BY PESA MBILI

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE HARVEST OF KNOWLEDGE

NEWALA, towards the end of September, 1906.

HAVING witnessed—thanks to Sefu, and to a favourable conjuncture of circumstances—the festive ceremonies of the *unyago*, I have been trying to study the theory and the details of the whole process of initiation for both sexes. I find this extremely difficult. It is true that I have gradually obtained a complete view of the boys' *unyago*, though it cost me endless trouble to ascertain all the rules; but the other part of the problem seems to be absolutely bewitched, so many accumulated obstacles oppose themselves to its solution. Under other circumstances, this might drive the most patient inquirer to despair; but on the Makonde plateau, happily, there is no time for despair, for with this question are associated a hundred others, not less interesting and important, and therefore demanding an answer with equal insistency.

But I see that I must arrange the account of my inquiries and their principal results in a systematic way in order to present them in a form which can be satisfactorily grasped by the reader.

Taken all round, the whole environment of Newala is such as to offer a sort of resistance to every kind of intense intellectual work. Not that we suffer from the heat here, at a height of about 2,460 feet above sea-level, to the same degree as we did in the plain, which had gradually become something like a

baker's oven. It is true that the temperature of about 80° F. indicated by the maximum thermometer in our *baraza* during the early hours of the afternoon, causes the same severe headache as the 86° F. and over of the plain; but, on the one hand, one gets used to having one's work suspended by the heat, and, on the other, the natives generally sleep through the hottest part of the day, so that I lose nothing by inactivity at that time. Much more trying is the loss of time resulting from the cumulative effect of a series of other circumstances, which may seem almost comical to those not immediately concerned, and even occasionally prove amusing to ourselves, but which are serious hindrances none the less.

In the first place, we have the daily changes of temperature. In the grey dawn, wrapped up warmly in two blankets, I hear heavy drops falling on the tent-roof, think half-consciously, that it is raining, and doze off again, soon to be awakened by sounds of creaking and groaning which make me sit up with a start. On opening my eyes I see the ropes so tightly stretched that the tough ashen poles are bent over almost into a half-circle. With an imprecation on the careless sentinel, I jump from beneath my mosquito-net, call him up along with the two previously on duty, and make them lengthen the ropes as a punishment. By the time this is accomplished, not without severe exertion, it is quite light, and I do not find it worth while to go to sleep again. Now comes the pleasantest event of the day—the morning bath; at six a.m. the temperature is between 57° and 58°, perfectly Arctic for Africa. The long row of gourds treated the day before with alum contain water which feels ice-cold; and the bath and the rub down afterwards, are truly delicious. Kibwana, in his capacity of valet, has long ago become accustomed to my white skin; but there are plenty of eyes staring through the gaps in the *boma* palisade or the headman's fence, in astonished enjoyment of this daily spectacle. When I get out, I find there is not a vestige of rain—it was only the heavy morning dew, dripping from the thick-foliaged mango-trees under which our tents are pitched. The sun is as yet invisible; Newala is shrouded in a thick mist—not even the lofty trees in the burying-ground outside the gateway being recognizable in this rolling sea of white. Instinctively, Knudsen and I put on the

winter clothes already described, and I add a muffler in the shape of a folded handkerchief, while he buttons his overcoat up to his chin.

This has brought us to about half-past six; and, quite ready for work, I leave the tent at the moment when the soldiers are reporting for the two hours' daily drill, which I introduced at Masasi, to keep them from becoming confirmed loafers. Hemedi Maranga comes up to me to make his report. This

TWO NEWALA SAVANTS

smart fellow has already improved the appearance of the company; he is a born soldier, while his predecessor, Saleh, was more of a hunter. Saleh has been sent by the District Commissioner to the Central Lukuledi Valley to get rid of the lions which are still decimating the unhappy inhabitants, numerous lives having been lost even since we passed through in July. All success to him in his perilous task!

While I am amusing myself with my breakfast—cocoa made very thick, and the usual large omelette with bananas—the corporal and his division have marched out into the *pori*, to practise bush-fighting or go through their drill. "*Legt an! Feuer! Geladen!*" The word of command, strange enough

in the mouth of a native, rings out from a distance as clearly and sharply as if spoken by the smartest of German non-commissioned officers. But I have no time to listen to this reminder of far-off home scenes, for already my wise elders are arriving with the slow, dignified pace of the old native. It was agreed yesterday that they should be here by seven. This may sound surprising, considering that the natives have neither clocks nor watches, and would be unable to read them if they had; but it was arrived at in the following way. When we stopped work at sunset yesterday, all, white and black alike, too tired to sit up any longer, I said to the fifteen old men, getting Sefu to interpret my words into Kimakua and Kimakonde: "You are to come again to-morrow, *saa*" (at the hour of), and completed my sentence by stretching out my arm to the east at an angle of 15° with the horizon. The men watched me attentively. In order to make sure, I had them asked whether they understood, and each forthwith raised one arm and held it at exactly the same angle. Fifteen degrees is the height reached by the sun an hour after rising, and therefore equivalent to seven o'clock; if I want them at a later hour, I enlarge the angle accordingly. This is no invention of mine, but the universal custom of the country; and the people can indicate accurately the relative position of the sun at periods separated by the smallest intervals of time.

A couple of hours have sped quickly enough, filled up with questions and answers relating to various points of custom and tradition, and the old gentlemen are still squatting round me in a semicircle, on a huge mat. On the first day of our work in common, one of them was so far from putting any restraint on himself as to send a jet of tobacco-juice, sailor-fashion, through his teeth just in front of my feet. "*Mshenzi!*" ("You savage!") I growled, half involuntarily, and since then I have had no occasion to complain of the smallest breach of good manners. It is true that they bring with them a strong effluvium of perspiration and rancid oil, so that I feel worse and worse as the hours pass; and they are accompanied by a cloud of flies, which go on doing their level best to transfer to the white stranger the ophthalmic affections from which the natives suffer; but otherwise their behaviour is deserving of all respect. The observation which I have made in all places

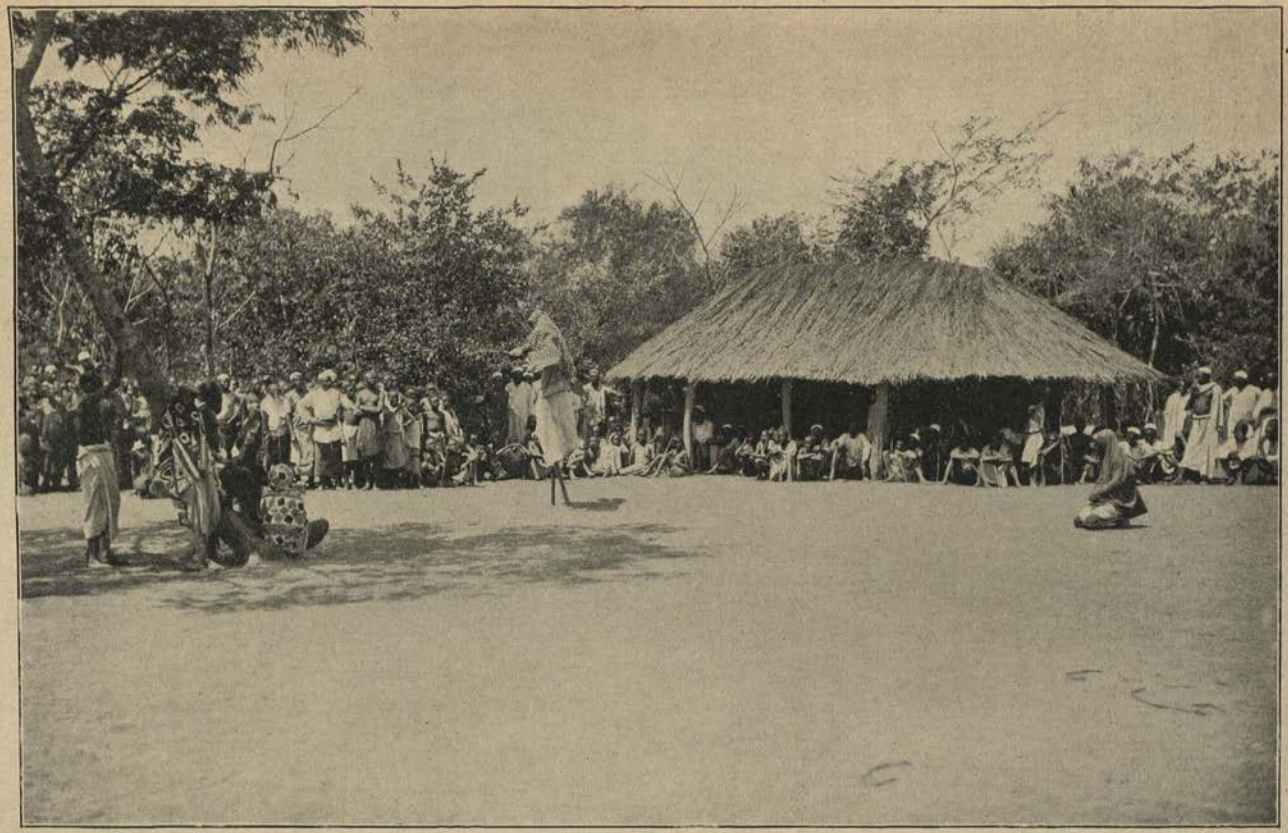
hitherto visited, that these savages have a strong natural sense of tact, holds good here also. If we compare their behaviour with that of certain circles and strata of our home population, we are forced to the conclusion that we Europeans, though we imagine ourselves to have taken a long lease of all the culture and tact on earth, are, after all, not very much more favourable specimens of humanity.

But the shed has all this time been growing hotter, and the northern style of clothing is no longer called for. Off with the heavy boots, then, and the thick woollen stockings, as well as the warm flannel shirt, waistcoat, and neckcloth, to be replaced by thin tropical garments affording free passage of the air. At noon the khaki coat is flung into a corner, and a thin silk jacket assumed instead of it. This completes the negative process, which has to be reversed again as the sun declines. The dreaded evening gale of Newala sets in with a sharp, icy squall, and Knudsen and I, by a simultaneous and violent sneeze, prove that our chronic catarrh, though latent by day, is as vigorous as ever. There is no help for it; we must put on again, piece by piece, our whole winter stock, and, moreover, by a habit which has now become an instinct, wrap ourselves up in overcoats when the gale, now arrived at its height, whirls clouds of dirt and dust through our dwelling. In the course of the four weeks we have spent here, we have had to close in this abode more and more. The mats originally put up to protect the open side have long since been replaced by a solid wall of thatch, which has swallowed up one panel after another, so that now by the end of the month only one large window remains to admit light. In the evening the carriers tie a large tarpaulin in front of this opening, but even this complete shutting off of the wind does not make the place comfortable. When, about ten, I have finished developing my plates and come, bathed in perspiration, out of the tent which serves me for a dark-room into the *baraza*, I find my Norwegian friend a shapeless bundle, wrapped in all the available blankets, but his teeth chattering all the same. Each of us then makes haste to creep into his warm tent. The tents, by the bye, have only become really warm since we have had a screen of millet-straw, strengthened by strong stakes, built in front of them to windward. Before this was

done, they were in danger of being blown over every night. These are the daily cares of clothing and lodging : their amount is not excessive, but in any case they take up a certain fraction of my precious time, on which still further inroads are made by the necessary provision for food and health.

Next to the bush, the greatest peculiarity of the Makonde Plateau is the fact that its surface is quite waterless ; the soil, down to a considerable depth, consisting of a loose stratification of sandy loam and loamy sand. In the west these strata belong to the upper chalk formation, and are called Makonde beds, in the east they are tertiary, and are called Mikindani beds. Both are extraordinarily pervious to water, so that all atmospheric moisture, if not evaporated or retained by the abundant vegetation, rapidly sinks through them till stopped by the impervious strata—the inclined plane of the Newala sandstone or the primæval granite core (of the same nature as the insular mountains yonder in the Masasi plain), which we must suppose to exist in the depths of the Makonde Plateau. The water, flowing down along these strata, does not, of course, come to the surface till it reaches the declivity of the plateau, which, in contrast with the upper level, is a region abounding even to excess in springs and brooks.

One might therefore expect to find the plateau itself uninhabited, and all the people settled at its edges. That is the course which would have been followed by Europeans like ourselves skilled in the *rationale* of colonization. As a matter of fact, not a human being lives below, but on the heights there are over 80,000 Makonde, nearly 5,000 Wangoni, thousands of Wayao and Wamakua, and a—to me—unknown number of Wamatambwe. In recent times, however, the tendency to come further and further down into the well-watered lowlands, has been gaining ground. This has been caused by the cessation of the Mafiti raids and the firm rule of the German Administration. This tendency, however, only affects the more progressive elements, the Yaos and Makuas, not the Makonde. The latter follow the practice which has been usual with them from time immemorial. So soon as the most necessary work has been done in house and garden, father and son, or mother and daughter take on their shoulders a pole, some yard and a half or two yards long, to each end of which



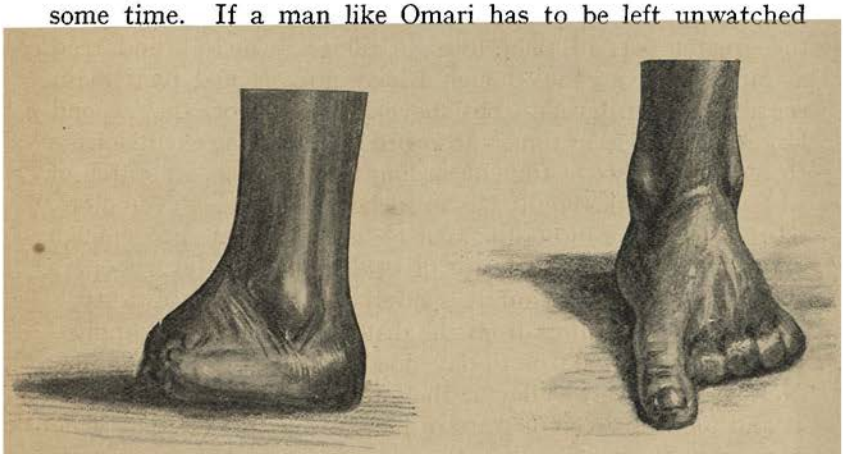
DANCE ON STILTS AT THE GIRLS' UNYAGO, NIUCHI

is fastened a large gourd, or perhaps two. They hurry along at a rapid walk to the edge of the plateau, from which their hamlet is inconveniently distant, scramble down a steep declivity by a difficult path, remain for a while in the marshy bottom and return with their load up the almost vertical ascent of several hundred yards. At last, having accomplished the toilsome climb, they draw a deep breath, and walk, or rather trot, back to their village. The Makonde are said to devote the greater part of their lives to tillage—which I find true as far as I have gone, though I have not reached their main centre of distribution—but beyond all doubt the second largest share of their time is absorbed by these long excursions—so foolish a waste of time according to our ideas—in search of water. If half the family has to spend two hours, or even more, daily in bringing in, at the cost of severe labour, just enough water to cook their pittance of *ugali* and allow every one a muddy draught all round, it is surely an economic absurdity.

Newala, too, suffers from the distance of its water-supply—at least the Newala of to-day does; there was once another Newala in a lovely valley at the foot of the plateau. I visited it and found scarcely a trace of houses, only a Christian cemetery, with the graves of several missionaries and their converts, remaining as a monument of its former glories. But the surroundings are wonderfully beautiful. A thick grove of splendid mango-trees closes in the weather-worn crosses and headstones; behind them, combining the useful and the agreeable, is a whole plantation of lemon-trees covered with ripe fruit; not the small African kind, but a much larger and also juicier imported variety, which drops into the hands of the passing traveller, without calling for any exertion on his part. Old Newala is now under the jurisdiction of the native pastor, Daudi, at Chingulungulu, who, as I am on very friendly terms with him, allows me, as a matter of course, the use of this lemon-grove during my stay at Newala.

The water-supply of New Newala is in the bottom of the valley, some 1,600 feet lower down. The way is not only long and fatiguing, but the water, when we get it, is thoroughly bad. We are suffering not only from this, but from the fact that the arrangements at Newala are nothing short of luxurious. We have a separate kitchen—a hut built against the *boma*

palisade on the right of the *baraza*, the interior of which is not visible from our usual position. Our two cooks were not long in finding this out, and they consequently do—or rather neglect to do—what they please. In any case they do not seem to be very particular about the boiling of our drinking-water—at least I can attribute to no other cause certain attacks of a dysenteric nature, from which both Knudsen and I have suffered for some time. If a man like Omari has to be left unwatched



FEET MUTILATED BY THE RAVAGES OF THE "JIGGER"
(*Sarcopsylla penetrans*)

for a moment, he is capable of anything. Besides this complaint, we are inconvenienced by the state of our nails, which have become as hard as glass, and crack on the slightest provocation, and I have the additional infliction of pimples all over me. As if all this were not enough, we have also, for the last week been waging war against the jigger, who has found his Eldorado in the hot sand of the Makonde plateau. Our men are seen all day long—whenever their chronic colds and the dysentery likewise raging among them permit—occupied in removing this scourge of Africa from their feet and trying to prevent the disastrous consequences of its presence. It is quite common to see natives of this place with one or two toes missing; many have lost all their toes, or even the whole front part of the foot, so that a well-formed leg ends in a shapeless stump. These ravages are caused by the female of *Sarcopsylla penetrans*, which bores its way under the skin and there

develops an egg-sac the size of a pea. In all books on the subject, it is stated that one's attention is called to the presence of this parasite by an intolerable itching. This agrees very well with my experience, so far as the softer parts of the sole, the spaces between and under the toes, and the side of the foot are concerned, but if the creature penetrates through the harder parts of the heel or ball of the foot, it may escape even the most careful search till it has reached maturity. Then there is no time to be lost, if the horrible ulceration, of which we see cases by the dozen every day, is to be prevented. It is much easier, by the way, to discover the insect on the white skin of a European than on that of a native, on which the dark speck scarcely shows. The four or five jiggers which, in spite of the fact that I constantly wore high laced boots, chose my feet to settle in, were taken out for me by the all-accomplished Knudsen, after which I thought it advisable to wash out the cavities with corrosive sublimate. The natives have a different sort of disinfectant—they fill the hole with scraped roots. In a tiny Makua village on the slope of the plateau south of Newala, we saw an old woman who had filled all the spaces under her toe-nails with powdered roots by way of prophylactic treatment. What will be the result, if any, who can say ?

The rest of the many trifling ills which trouble our existence are really more comic than serious. In the absence of anything else to smoke, Knudsen and I at last opened a box of cigars procured from the Indian store-keeper at Lindi, and tried them, with the most distressing results. Whether they contain opium or some other narcotic, neither of us can say, but after the tenth puff we were both " off," three-quarters stupefied and unspeakably wretched. Slowly we recovered—and what happened next ? Half-an-hour later we were once more smoking these poisonous concoctions—so insatiable is the craving for tobacco in the tropics.

Even my present attacks of fever scarcely deserve to be taken seriously. I have had no less than three here at Newala, all of which have run their course in an incredibly short time. In the early afternoon, I am busy with my old natives, asking questions and making notes. The strong midday coffee has stimulated my spirits to an extraordinary degree, the brain is active and vigorous, and work progresses rapidly, while a

pleasant warmth pervades the whole body. Suddenly this gives place to a violent chill, forcing me to put on my overcoat, though it is only half-past three and the afternoon sun is at its hottest. Now the brain no longer works with such acuteness and logical precision ; more especially does it fail me in trying to establish the syntax of the difficult Makua language on which I have ventured, as if I had not enough to do without it. Under the circumstances it seems advisable to take my temperature, and I do so, to save trouble, without leaving my seat, and while going on with my work. On examination, I find it to be 101·48°. My tutors are abruptly dismissed and my bed set up in the *baraza ;* a few minutes later I am in it and treating myself internally with hot water and lemon-juice.

Three hours later, the thermometer marks nearly 104°, and I make them carry me back into the tent, bed and all, as I am now perspiring heavily, and exposure to the cold wind just beginning to blow might mean a fatal chill. I lie still for a little while, and then find, to my great relief, that the temperature is not rising, but rather falling. This is about 7.30 p.m. At 8 p.m. I find, to my unbounded astonishment, that it has fallen below 98·6°, and I feel perfectly well. I read for an hour or two, and could very well enjoy a smoke, if I had the wherewithal—Indian cigars being out of the question.

Having no medical training, I am at a loss to account for this state of things. It is impossible that these transitory attacks of high fever should be malarial ; it seems more probable that they are due to a kind of sunstroke. On consulting my note-book, I become more and more inclined to think this is the case, for these attacks regularly follow extreme fatigue and long exposure to strong sunshine. They at least have the advantage of being only short interruptions to my work, as on the following morning I am always quite fresh and fit. My treasure of a cook is suffering from an enormous hydrocele which makes it difficult for him to get up, and Moritz is obliged to keep in the dark on account of his inflamed eyes. Knudsen's cook, a raw boy from somewhere in the bush, knows still less of cooking than Omari ; consequently Nils Knudsen himself has been promoted to the vacant post. Finding that we had come to the end of our supplies, he

began by sending to Chingulungulu for the four sucking-pigs which we had bought from Matola and temporarily left in his charge; and when they came up, neatly packed in a large crate, he callously slaughtered the biggest of them. The first joint we were thoughtless enough to entrust for roasting to Knudsen's *mshenzi* cook, and it was consequently uneatable; but we made the rest of the animal into a jelly which we ate with great relish after weeks of underfeeding, consuming incredible helpings of it at both midday and evening meals. The only drawback is a certain want of variety in the tinned vegetables. Dr. Jäger, to whom the Geographical Commission entrusted the provisioning of the expeditions—mine as well as his own—because he had more time on his hands than the rest of us, seems to have laid in a huge stock of Teltow turnips,[1] an article of food which is all very well for occasional use, but which quickly palls when set before one every day; and we seem to have no other tins left. There is no help for it—we must put up with the turnips; but I am certain that, once I am home again, I shall not touch them for ten years to come.

Amid all these minor evils, which, after all, go to make up the genuine flavour of Africa, there is at least one cheering touch: Knudsen has, with the dexterity of a skilled mechanic, repaired my 9 × 12 cm. camera, at least so far that I can use it with a little care. How, in the absence of finger-nails, he was able to accomplish such a ticklish piece of work, having no tool but a clumsy screw-driver for taking to pieces and putting together again the complicated mechanism of the instantaneous shutter, is still a mystery to me; but he did it successfully. The loss of his finger-nails shows him in a light contrasting curiously enough with the intelligence evinced by the above operation; though, after all, it is scarcely surprising after his ten years' residence in the bush. One day, at Lindi, he had occasion to wash a dog, which must have been in need of very thorough cleansing, for the bottle handed to our friend for the purpose had an extremely strong smell. Having performed his task in the most conscientious manner, he

[1] These are a small kind of turnip, the size of a large radish, grown at and near Teltow, a Prussian town on the line between Berlin and Potsdam.—[TR.]

perceived with some surprise that the dog did not appear much the better for it, and was further surprised by finding his own nails ulcerating away in the course of the next few days. "How was I to know that carbolic acid has to be diluted?" he mutters indignantly, from time to time, with a troubled gaze at his mutilated finger-tips.

Since we came to Newala we have been making excursions in all directions through the surrounding country, in accordance with old habit, and also because the *akida* Sefu did not get together the tribal elders from whom I wanted information so speedily as he had promised. There is, however, no harm done, as, even if seen only from the outside, the country and people are interesting enough.

The Makonde plateau is like a large rectangular table rounded off at the corners. Measured from the Indian Ocean to Newala, it is about seventy-five miles long, and between the Rovuma and the Lukuledi it averages fifty miles in breadth, so that its superficial area is about two-thirds of that of the kingdom of Saxony. The surface, however, is not level, but uniformly inclined from its south-western edge to the ocean. From the upper edge, on which Newala lies, the eye ranges for many miles east and north-east, without encountering any obstacle, over the Makonde bush. It is a green sea, from which here and there thick clouds of smoke rise, to show that it, too, is inhabited by men who carry on their tillage like so many other primitive peoples, by cutting down and burning the bush, and manuring with the ashes. Even in the radiant light of a tropical day such a fire is a grand sight.

Much less effective is the impression produced just now by the great western plain as seen from the edge of the plateau. As often as time permits, I stroll along this edge, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another, in the hope of finding the air clear enough to let me enjoy the view; but I have always been disappointed. Wherever one looks, clouds of smoke rise from the burning bush, and the air is full of smoke and vapour. It is a pity, for under more favourable circumstances the panorama of the whole country up to the distant Majeje hills must be truly magnificent. It is of little use taking photographs now, and an outline sketch gives a very poor idea of the scenery. In one of these excursions I went

NATIVE PATH THROUGH THE MAKONDE BUSH, NEAR MAHUTA

out of my way to make a personal attempt on the Makonde bush. The present edge of the plateau is the result of a far-reaching process of destruction through erosion and denudation. The Makonde strata are everywhere cut into by ravines, which, though short, are hundreds of yards in depth. In consequence of the loose stratification of these beds, not only are the walls of these ravines nearly vertical, but their upper end is closed by an equally steep escarpment, so that the western edge of the Makonde plateau is hemmed in by a series of deep, basin-like valleys. In order to get from one side of such a ravine to the other, I cut my way through the bush with a dozen of my men. It was a very open part, with more grass than scrub, but even so the short stretch of less than two hundred yards was very hard work ; at the end of it the men's calicoes were in rags and they themselves bleeding from hundreds of scratches, while even our strong khaki suits had not escaped scatheless.

I see increasing reason to believe that the view formed some time back as to the origin of the Makonde bush is the correct one. I have no doubt that it is not a natural product, but

the result of human occupation. Those parts of the high country where man—as a very slight amount of practice enables the eye to perceive at once—has not yet penetrated with axe and hoe, are still occupied by a splendid timber forest quite able to sustain a comparison with our mixed forests in Germany. But wherever man has once built his hut or tilled his field, this horrible bush springs up. Every phase of this process may be seen in the course of a couple of hours' walk along the main road. From the bush to right or left, one hears the sound of the axe—not from one spot only, but from several directions at once. A few steps further on, we can see what is taking place. The brush has been cut down and piled up in heaps to the height of a yard or more, between which the trunks of the large trees stand up like the last pillars of a magnificent ruined building. These, too, present a melancholy spectacle; the destructive Makonde have ringed them—cut a broad strip of bark all round to ensure their dying off—and also piled up pyramids of brush round them. Father and son, mother and son-in-law, are chopping away perseveringly in the background—too busy, almost, to look round at the white stranger, who usually excites so much interest. If you pass by the same place a week later, the piles of brushwood have disappeared and a thick layer of ashes has taken the place of the green forest. The large trees stretch their smouldering trunks and branches in dumb accusation to heaven—if they have not already fallen and been more or less reduced to ashes, perhaps only showing as a white stripe on the dark ground.

This work of destruction is carried out by the Makonde alike on the virgin forest and on the bush which has sprung up on sites already cultivated and deserted. In the second case they are saved the trouble of burning the large trees, these being entirely absent in the secondary bush.

After burning this piece of forest ground and loosening it with the hoe, the native sows his corn and plants his vegetables. All over the country, he goes in for bed-culture, which requires, and, in fact, receives, the most careful attention. Weeds are nowhere tolerated in the south of German East Africa. The crops may fail on the plains, where droughts are frequent, but never on the plateau with its abundant rains and heavy dews.

Its fortunate inhabitants even have the satisfaction of seeing the proud Wayao and Wamakua working for them as labourers, driven by hunger to serve where they were accustomed to rule.

But the light, sandy soil is soon exhausted, and would yield no harvest the second year if cultivated twice running. This fact has been familiar to the native for ages; consequently he provides in time, and, while his crop is growing, prepares the next plot with axe and firebrand. Next year he plants this with his various crops and lets the first piece lie fallow. For a short time it remains waste and desolate; then nature steps in to repair the destruction wrought by man; a thousand new growths spring out of the exhausted soil, and even the old stumps put forth fresh shoots. Next year the new growth is up to one's knees, and in a few years more it is that terrible, impenetrable bush, which maintains its position till the black occupier of the land has made the round of all the available sites and come back to his starting-point.

The Makonde are, body and soul, so to speak, one with this bush. According to my Yao informants, indeed, their name means nothing else but "bush people." Their own tradition says that they have been settled up here for a very long time, but to my surprise they laid great stress on an original immigration. Their old homes were in the south-east, near Mikindani and the mouth of the Rovuma, whence their peaceful forefathers were driven by the continual raids of the Sakalavas from Madagascar and the warlike Shirazis[1] of the coast, to take refuge on the almost inaccessible plateau. I have studied African ethnology for twenty years, but the fact that changes of population in this apparently quiet and peaceable corner of the earth could have been occasioned by outside enterprises taking place on the high seas, was completely new to me. It is, no doubt, however, correct.

The charming tribal legend of the Makonde—besides informing us of other interesting matters—explains why they have to live in the thickest of the bush and a long way from the edge of the plateau, instead of making their permanent homes beside the purling brooks and springs of the low country.

[1] The Persians who had settled at Lamu in the tenth century.—[TR.]

"The place where the tribe originated is Mahuta, on the southern side of the plateau towards the Rovuma, where of old time there was nothing but thick bush. Out of this bush came a man who never washed himself or shaved his head, and who ate and drank but little. He went out and made a human figure from the wood of a tree growing in the open country, which he took home to his abode in the bush and there set it upright. In the night this image came to life and was a woman. The man and woman went down together to the Rovuma to wash themselves. Here the woman gave birth to a still-born child. They left that place and passed over the high land into the valley of the Mbemkuru, where the woman had another child, which was also born dead. Then they returned to the high bush country of Mahuta, where the third child was born, which lived and grew up. In course of time, the couple had many more children, and called themselves Wamatanda. These were the ancestral stock of the Makonde, also called Wamakonde,[1] *i.e.*, aborigines. Their forefather, the man from the bush, gave his children the command to bury their dead upright, in memory of the mother of their race who was cut out of wood and awoke to life when standing upright. He also warned them against settling in the valleys and near large streams, for sickness and death dwelt there. They were to make it a rule to have their huts at least an hour's walk from the nearest watering-place; then their children would thrive and escape illness."

The explanation of the name Makonde given by my informants is somewhat different from that contained in the above legend, which I extract from a little book (small, but packed with information), by Pater Adams, entitled *Lindi und sein Hinterland*. Otherwise, my results agree exactly with the statements of the legend. Washing? *Hapana*—there is no such thing. Why should they do so? As it is, the supply of water scarcely suffices for cooking and drinking; other people do not wash, so why should the Makonde distinguish himself by such needless eccentricity? As for shaving the head, the

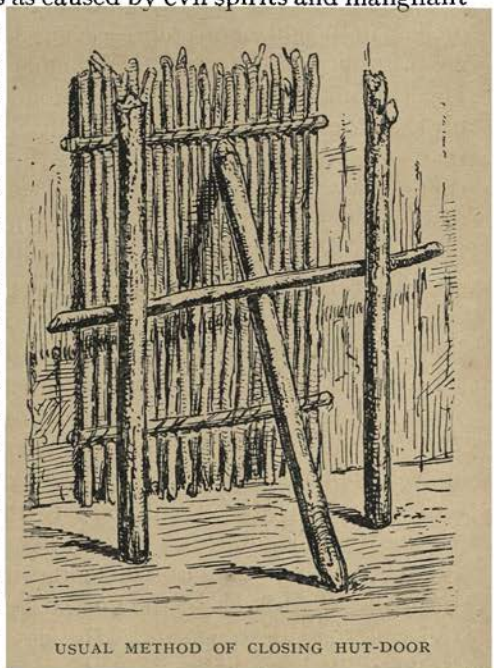
[1] It has sometimes been thought that the *Ma* in "Makua" and "Makonde" is a prefix, as in "Matabele," "Mashona," etc. It appears, however, to be an integral part of the word, and the correct plural is therefore *Wamakua, Wamakonde*.—[TR.]

short, woolly crop scarcely needs it,[1] so the second ancestral precept is likewise easy enough to follow. Beyond this, however, there is nothing ridiculous in the ancestor's advice. I have obtained from various local artists a fairly large number of figures carved in wood, ranging from fifteen to twenty-three inches in height, and representing women belonging to the great group of the Mavia, Makonde, and Matambwe tribes. The carving is remarkably well done and renders the female type with great accuracy, especially the keloid ornamentation, to be described later on. As to the object and meaning of their works the sculptors either could or (more probably) would tell me nothing, and I was forced to content myself with the scanty information vouchsafed by one man, who said that the figures were merely intended to represent the *nembo*—the artificial deformations of *pelele*, ear-discs, and keloids. The legend recorded by Pater Adams places these figures in a new light. They must surely be more than mere dolls; and we may even venture to assume that they are—though the majority of present-day Makonde are probably unaware of the fact—representations of the tribal ancestress.

The references in the legend to the descent from Mahuta to the Rovuma, and to a journey across the highlands into the Mbekuru valley, undoubtedly indicate the previous history of the tribe, the travels of the ancestral pair typifying the migrations of their descendants. The descent to the neighbouring Rovuma valley, with its extraordinary fertility and great [redacted] of game, is intelligible at a glance—but the crossing [redacted] abundant [redacted] depression, the ascent to the Rondo Plateau of the Lukuledi [redacted] ru, also lie within the bounds and the descent to the Mbemku[redacted] have exactly the same of probability, for all these districts [redacted] however, comes character as the extreme south. Now, [redacted] a point of especial interest for our bacteriological age. The primitive Makonde did not enjoy their lives in the marshy river valleys. Disease raged among them, and many died.

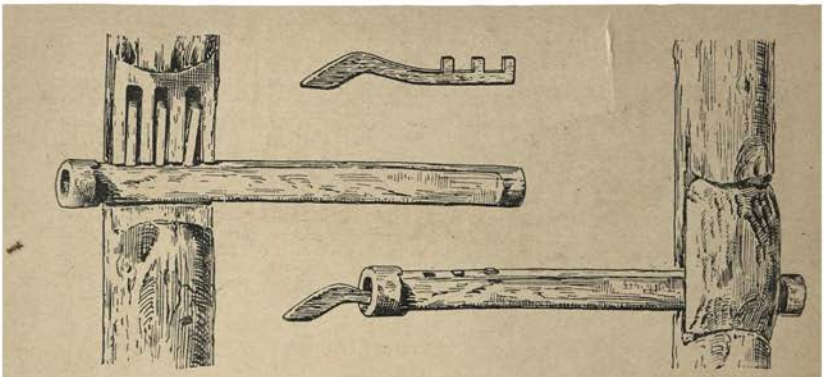
[1] The author seems to have overlooked the fact that the "short, woolly crop" is the result of regular shaving. The shock heads of, *e.g.*, the Alolo (Alomwe) or other "bush people" strike the eye at once among the Yaos or Anyanja, and these people (who are a branch of the Makua) frequently wear the hair twisted into long strings. The sentence about washing, as it stands, is somewhat too sweeping. It only applies to districts where water is scarce—as, indeed, appears from other passages in the book.—[TR.]

It was only after they had returned to their original home near Mahuta, that the health conditions of these people improved. We are very apt to think of the African as a stupid person whose ignorance of nature is only equalled by his fear of it, and who looks on all mishaps as caused by evil spirits and malignant natural powers. It is much more correct to assume in this case that the people very early learnt to distinguish districts infested with malaria from those where it is absent.



USUAL METHOD OF CLOSING HUT-DOOR

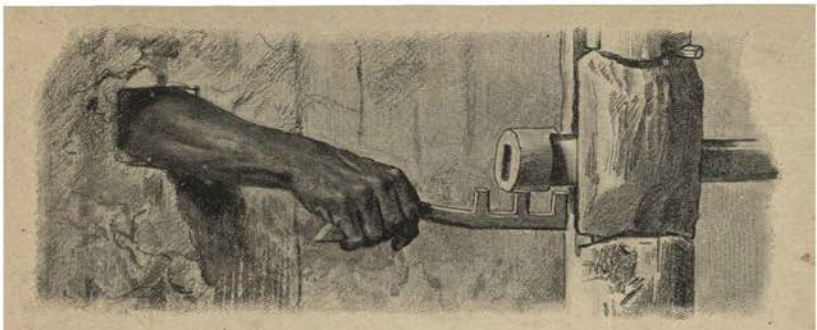
This knowledge is crystallized in the ancestral warning against settling in the valleys and near the great waters, the dwelling-places of disease and death. At the same time, for security against the hostile Mavia south of the Rovuma, it was enacted that every settlement must be not less than a certain distance from the southern edge of the plateau. Such in fact is their mode of life at the present day. It is not such a bad one, and certainly they are both safer and more comfortable than the Makua, the recent intruders from the south, who have made good their footing on the western edge of the plateau, extending over a fairly wide belt of country. Neither Makua nor Makonde show in their dwellings anything of the size and comeliness of the Yao houses in the plain, especially at Masasi, Chingulungulu and Zuza's. Jumbe Chauro, a Makonde hamlet not far from Newala, on the road to Mahuta, is the most important settlement of the tribe I have yet seen, and has fairly spacious huts. But how slovenly is their construction compared with the palatial residences of the elephant-hunters



MAKONDE LOCK AND KEY AT JUMBE CHAURO

living in the plain. The roofs are still more untidy than in the general run of huts during the dry season, the walls show here and there the scanty beginnings or the lamentable remains of the mud plastering, and the interior is a veritable dog-kennel; dirt, dust and disorder everywhere. A few huts only show any attempt at division into rooms, and this consists merely of very roughly-made bamboo partitions. In one point alone have I noticed any indication of progress—in the method of fastening the door. Houses all over the south are secured in a simple but ingenious manner. The door consists of a set of stout pieces of wood or bamboo, tied with bark-string to two cross-pieces, and moving in two grooves round one of the door-posts, so as to open inwards. If the owner wishes to leave home, he takes two logs as thick as a man's upper arm and about a yard long. One of these is placed obliquely against the middle of the door from the inside, so as to form an angle of from 60° to 75° with the ground. He then places the second piece horizontally across the first, pressing it downward with all his might. It is kept in place by two strong posts planted in the ground a few inches inside the door. This fastening is absolutely safe, but of course cannot be applied to both doors at once, otherwise how could the owner leave or enter his house? I have not yet succeeded in finding out how the back door is fastened.

This is the general way of closing a house. The Makonde at Jumbe Chauro, however, have a much more complicated, solid and original one. Here, too, the door is as already



MODE OF INSERTING THE KEY

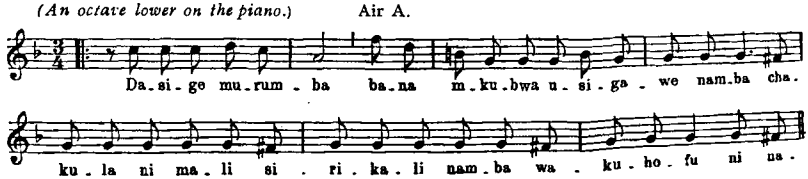
described, except that there is only one post on the inside, standing by itself about six inches from one side of the doorway. Opposite this post is a hole in the wall just large enough to admit a man's arm. The door is closed inside by a large wooden bolt passing through a hole in this post and pressing with its free end against the door. The other end has three holes into which fit three pegs running in vertical grooves inside the post. The door is opened with a wooden key about a foot long, somewhat curved and sloped off at the butt; the other end has three pegs corresponding to the holes in the bolt, so that, when it is thrust through the hole in the wall and inserted into the rectangular opening in the post, the pegs can be lifted and the bolt drawn out.[1]

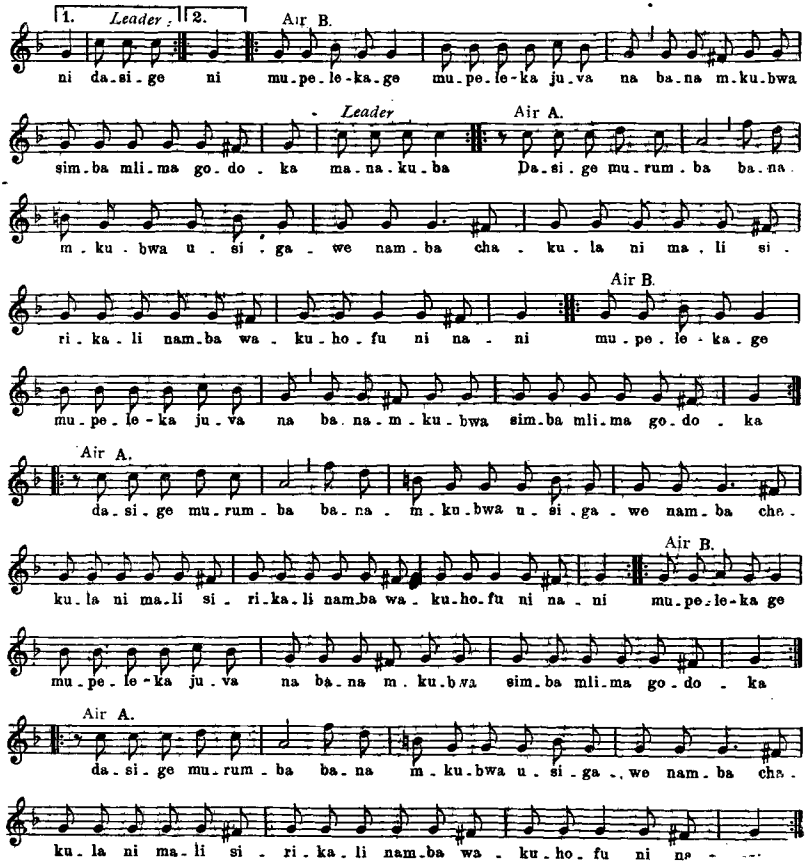
[1] "This kind of lock and key," says the late Rev. D. C. Scott (*Cyclopædic Dictionary of the Mang'anja Language*, s.v., *mfungulo*), "is common among the Ambo branch of the Mang'anja" (living between the Ruo junction and the sea), "and is a wooden key about [illegible] with three teeth; it is passed in between the wall-p[illegible] foot long, door-stick (*kapambi*) inside, and the teeth fi[illegible]st and upright bolts; only the Ambo can make them [illegible] into notches and lift the [illegible] and they lock their door thus behind them, carrying the key [illegible] with them when they go to any short distance from their house." (See also svv. *Funga* and *Mtengo*: "*mitengo ya Ambo*, the Ambos' stick keys.") The ordinary method of fastening the door (*chitseko*) is by cross-bars, slipped in between the door and the side posts. The following passage from Mr. Charles Doughty's *Travels in Arabia Deserta* seems to show that this Ambo form of lock and key must have been borrowed, directly or indirectly, from the Arab settlers on the coast—doubtless at a remote period, as it seems to be no longer in use among the latter. "The fastening, as in all Arabic places, is a wooden lock; the bolt is detained by little pegs falling from above into apposite holes, the key is a wooden stele, some have them of metal, with teeth to match the holes of the lock, the key put in under, you strike up the pegs and the slot may be withdrawn" (Vol. I, p. 143).—[TR.]

With no small pride first one householder and then a second showed me on the spot the action of this greatest invention of the Makonde Highlands. To both with an admiring exclamation of "*Vizuri sana!*" ("Very fine!"). I expressed the wish to take back these marvels with me to Ulaya, to show the Wazungu what clever fellows the Makonde are. Scarcely five minutes after my return to camp at Newala, the two men came up sweating under the weight of two heavy logs which they laid down at my feet, handing over at the same time the keys of the fallen fortress. Arguing, logically enough, that if the key was wanted, the lock would be wanted with it, they had taken their axes and chopped down the posts—as it never occurred to them to dig them out of the ground and so bring them intact. Thus I have two badly damaged specimens, and the owners, instead of praise, come in for a blowing-up.

The Makua huts in the environs of Newala are especially miserable; their more than slovenly construction reminds one of the temporary erections of the Makua at Hatia's, though the people here have not been concerned in a war. It must therefore be due to congenital idleness, or else to the absence of a powerful chief. Even the *baraza* at Mlipa's, a short hour's walk south-east of Newala, shares in this general neglect. While public buildings in this country are usually looked after more or less carefully, this is in evident danger of being blown over by the first strong easterly gale. The only attractive object in this whole district is the grave of the late chief Mlipa. I visited it in the morning, while the sun was still trying with partial success to break through the rolling mists, and the circular grove of tall euphorbias, which, with a broken pot, is all that marks the old king's resting-place, impressed one with a touch of pathos. Even my very materially-minded carriers seemed to feel something of the sort, for instead of their usual ribald songs, they chanted solemnly, as we marched on through the dense green of the Makonde bush:—

*(An octave lower on the piano.)* Air A.




1. Leader 2. Air B.
ni da-si-ge ni mu-pe-le-ka-ge mu-pe-le-ka ju-va na ba-na m-ku-bwa
Leader Air A.
sim-ba mli-ma go-do-ka ma-na-ku-ba Da-si-ge mu-rum-ba ba-na
m-ku-bwa u-si-ga-we nam-ba cha-ku-la ni ma-li si-
Air B.
ri-ka-li nam-ba wa-ku-ho-fu ni na-ni mu-pe-le-ka-ge
mu-pe-le-ka ju-va na ba-na-m-ku-bwa sim-ba mli-ma go-do-ka
Air A.
da-si-ge mu-rum-ba ba-na-m-ku-bwa u-si-ga-we nam-ba cha-
Air B.
ku-la ni ma-li si-ri-ka-li nam-ba wa-ku-ho-fu ni na-ni mu-pe-le-ka ge
mu-pe-le-ka ju-va na ba-na m-ku-bwa sim-ba mli-ma go-do-ka
Air A.
da-si-ge mu-rum-ba ba-na m-ku-bwa u-si-ga-we nam-ba cha-
ku-la ni ma-li si-ri-ka-li nam-ba wa-ku-ho-fu ni na-

"We shall arrive with the great master, we stand in a row and have no fear about getting our food and our money from the Serkali (the Government). We are not afraid; we are going along with the great master, the lion; we are going down to the coast and back."

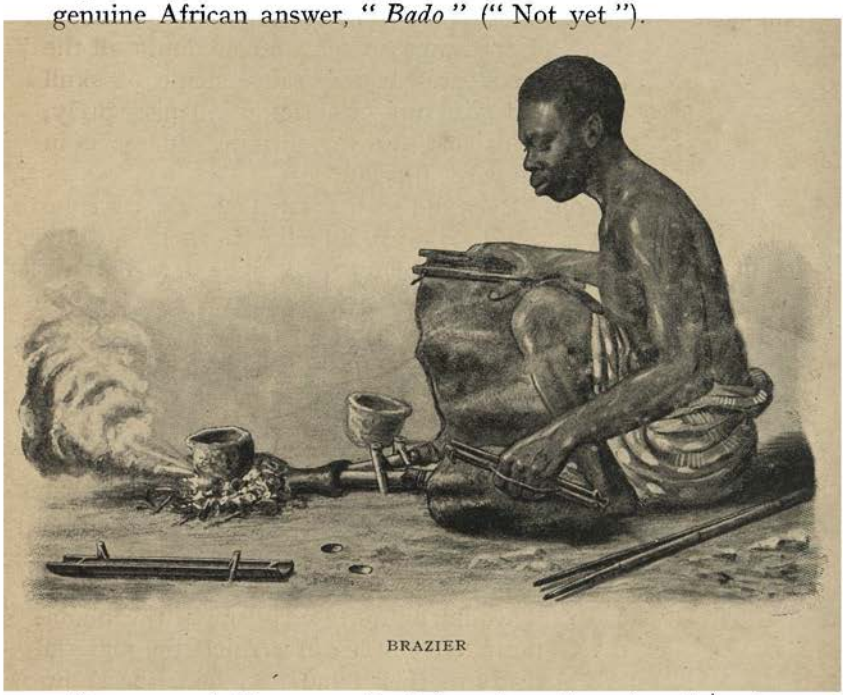
With regard to the characteristic features of the various tribes here on the western edge of the plateau, I can arrive at no other conclusion than the one already come to in the plain, viz., that it is impossible for anyone but a trained anthropologist to assign any given individual at once to his proper tribe. In fact, I think that even an anthropological specialist, after the most careful examination, might find it a

difficult task to decide. The whole congeries of peoples collected in the region bounded on the west by the great Central African rift, Tanganyika and Nyasa, and on the east by the Indian Ocean, are closely related to each other—some of their languages are only distinguished from one another as dialects of the same speech, and no doubt all the tribes present the same shape of skull and structure of skeleton. Thus, surely, there can be no very striking differences in outward appearance.

THE ANCESTRESS OF THE MAKONDE

Even did such exist, I should have no time to concern myself with them, for day after day, I have to see or hear, as the case may be—in any case to grasp and record—an extraordinary number of ethnographic phenomena. I am almost disposed to think it fortunate that some departments of inquiry, at least, are barred by external circumstances. Chief among these is the subject of iron-working. We are apt to think of Africa as a country where iron ore is everywhere, so to speak, to be picked up by the roadside, and where it would be quite surprising if the inhabitants had not learnt to smelt the material ready to their hand. In fact, the knowledge of this art ranges all over the continent, from the Kabyles in the north to the Kafirs in the south. Here between the Rovuma and the Lukuledi the conditions are not so favourable. According to the statements of the Makonde, neither ironstone nor any other form of iron ore is known to them. They have not therefore advanced to the art of smelting the metal, but have hitherto bought all their iron implements from neighbouring tribes. Even in the plain the inhabitants are not much better off. Only one man now living is said to understand the art of smelting iron. This old *fundi* lives close to Huwe, that isolated, steep-sided block of granite which rises out of the green solitude between Masasi and Chingulungulu, and whose jagged and splintered top meets the traveller's eye everywhere.

While still at Masasi I wished to see this man at work, but was told that, frightened by the rising, he had retired across the Rovuma, though he would soon return. All subsequent inquiries as to whether the *fundi* had come back met with the genuine African answer, "*Bado*" ("Not yet").



BRAZIER

Some consolation was afforded me by a brassfounder, whom I came across in the bush near Akundonde's. This man is the favourite of women, and therefore no doubt of the gods; he welds the glittering brass rods purchased at the coast into those massive, heavy rings which, on the wrists and ankles of the local fair ones, continually give me fresh food for admiration. Like every decent master-craftsman he had all his tools with him, consisting of a pair of bellows, three crucibles and a hammer—nothing more, apparently. He was quite willing to show his skill, and in a twinkling had fixed his bellows on the ground. They are simply two goat-skins, taken off whole, the four legs being closed by knots, while the upper opening, intended to admit the air, is kept stretched by two pieces of wood. At the lower end of the skin a smaller opening is left

into which a wooden tube is stuck. The *fundi* has quickly borrowed a heap of wood-embers from the nearest hut; he then fixes the free ends of the two tubes into an earthen pipe, and clamps them to the ground by means of a bent piece of wood. Now he fills one of his small clay crucibles, the dross on which shows that they have been long in use, with the yellow material, places it in the midst of the embers, which, at present are only faintly glimmering, and begins his work. In quick alternation the smith's two hands move up and down with the open ends of the bellows; as he raises his hand he holds the slit wide open, so as to let the air enter the skin bag unhindered. In pressing it down he closes the bag, and the air puffs through the bamboo tube and clay pipe into the fire, which quickly burns up. The smith, however, does not keep on with this work, but beckons to another man, who relieves him at the bellows, while he takes some more tools out of a large skin pouch carried on his back. I look on in wonder as, with a smooth round stick about the thickness of a finger, he bores a few vertical holes into the clean sand of the soil. This should not be difficult, yet the man seems to be taking great pains over it. Then he fastens down to the ground, with a couple of wooden clamps, a neat little trough made by splitting a joint of bamboo in half, so that the ends are closed by the two knots. At last the yellow metal has attained the right consistency, and the *fundi* lifts the crucible from the fire by means of two sticks split at the end to serve as tongs. A short swift turn to the left—a tilting of the crucible—and the molten brass, hissing and giving forth clouds of smoke, flows first into the bamboo mould and then into the holes in the ground.

The technique of this backwoods craftsman may not be very far advanced, but it cannot be denied that he knows how to obtain an adequate result by the simplest means. The ladies of highest rank in this country—that is to say, those who can afford it, wear two kinds of these massive brass rings, one cylindrical, the other semicircular in section. The latter are cast in the most ingenious way in the bamboo mould, the former in the circular hole in the sand. It is quite a simple matter for the *fundi* to fit these bars to the limbs of his fair customers; with a few light strokes of his hammer he

SHAPING THE POT

SMOOTHING WITH MAIZE-COB

CUTTING THE EDGE

FINISHING THE BOTTOM

LAST SMOOTHING BEFORE BURNING

FIRING THE BRUSH-PILE

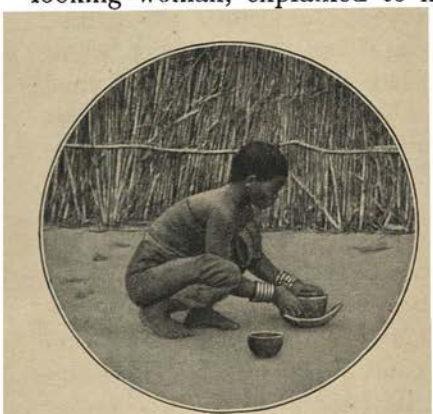
LIGHTING THE FARTHER SIDE OF THE PILE

TURNING THE RED-HOT VESSEL

NYASA WOMAN MAKING POTS AT MASASI

bends the pliable brass round arm or ankle without further inconvenience to the wearer.

Pottery is an art which must always and everywhere excite the interest of the student, just because it is so intimately connected with the development of human culture, and because its relics are one of the principal factors in the reconstruction of our own condition in prehistoric times. I shall always remember with pleasure the two or three afternoons at Masasi when Salim Matola's mother, a slightly-built, graceful, pleasant-looking woman, explained to me with touching patience, by means of concrete illustrations, the ceramic art of her people. The only implements for this primitive process were a lump of clay in her left hand, and in the right a calabash containing the following valuables: the fragment of a maize-cob stripped of all its grains, a smooth, oval pebble, about the size of a pigeon's egg, a few chips of gourd-shell, a bamboo splinter about the length of one's hand, a small shell, and a bunch of some herb resembling spinach. Nothing more. The woman scraped with the shell a round, shallow hole in the soft, fine sand of the soil, and, when an active young girl had filled the calabash with water for her, she began to knead the clay. As if by magic it gradually assumed the shape of a rough but already well-shaped vessel, which only wanted a little touching up with the instruments before mentioned. I looked out with the closest attention for any indication of the use of the potter's wheel, in however rudimentary a form, but no—*hapana* (there is none). The embryo pot stood firmly in its little depression, and the woman walked round it in a stooping posture, whether she was removing small stones or similar foreign bodies with the maize-cob, smoothing the inner or outer surface with the splinter of bamboo, or later, after letting it dry for a day,



MAKUA WOMAN MAKING A POT. SHOWS THE BEGINNINGS OF THE POTTER'S WHEEL

pricking in the ornamentation with a pointed bit of gourd-shell, or working out the bottom, or cutting the edge with a sharp bamboo knife, or giving the last touches to the finished vessel. This occupation of the women is infinitely toilsome, but it is without doubt an accurate reproduction of the process in use among our ancestors of the Neolithic and Bronze ages.

There is no doubt that the invention of pottery, an item in human progress whose importance cannot be over-estimated, is due to women. Rough, coarse and unfeeling, the men of the horde range over the countryside. When the united cunning of the hunters has succeeded in killing the game; not one of them thinks of carrying home the spoil. A bright fire, kindled by a vigorous wielding of the drill, is crackling beside them; the animal has been cleaned and cut up *secundum artem*, and, after a slight singeing, will soon disappear under their sharp teeth; no one all this time giving a single thought to wife or child.

To what shifts, on the other hand, the primitive wife, and still more the primitive mother, was put! Not even prehistoric stomachs could endure an unvarying diet of raw food. Something or other suggested the beneficial effect of hot water on the majority of approved but indigestible dishes. Perhaps a neighbour had tried holding the hard roots or tubers over the fire in a calabash filled with water—or maybe an ostrich-egg-shell, or a hastily improvised vessel of bark. They became much softer and more palatable than they had previously been; but, unfortunately, the vessel could not stand the fire and got charred on the outside. That can be remedied, thought our ancestress, and plastered a layer of wet clay round a similar vessel. This is an improvement; the cooking utensil remains uninjured, but the heat of the fire has shrunk it, so that it is loose in its shell. The next step is to detach it, so, with a firm grip and a jerk, shell and kernel are separated, and pottery is invented. Perhaps, however, the discovery which led to an intelligent use of the burnt-clay shell, was made in a slightly different way. Ostrich-eggs and calabashes are not to be found in every part of the world, but everywhere mankind has arrived at the art of making baskets out of pliant materials, such as bark, bast, strips of palm-leaf, supple twigs, etc. Our inventor has no water-tight vessel provided by nature.

"Never mind, let us line the basket with clay." This answers the purpose, but alas! the basket gets burnt over the blazing fire, the woman watches the process of cooking with increasing uneasiness, fearing a leak, but no leak appears. The food, done to a turn, is eaten with peculiar relish; and the cooking-vessel is examined, half in curiosity, half in satisfaction at the result. The plastic clay is now hard as stone, and at the same time looks exceedingly well, for the neat plaiting of the burnt basket is traced all over it in a pretty pattern. Thus, simultaneously with pottery, its ornamentation was invented.

Primitive woman has another claim to respect. It was the man, roving abroad, who invented the art of producing fire at will, but the woman, unable to imitate him in this, has been a Vestal from the earliest times. Nothing gives so much trouble as the keeping alight of the smouldering brand, and, above all, when all the men are absent from the camp. Heavy rain-clouds gather, already the first large drops are falling, the first gusts of the storm rage over the plain. The little flame, a greater anxiety to the woman than her own children, flickers unsteadily in the blast. What is to be done? A sudden thought occurs to her, and in an instant she has constructed a primitive hut out of strips of bark, to protect the flame against rain and wind.

This, or something very like it, was the way in which the principle of the house was discovered; and even the most hardened misogynist cannot fairly refuse a woman the credit of it. The protection of the hearth-fire from the weather is the germ from which the human dwelling was evolved. Men had little, if any share, in this forward step, and that only at a late stage. Even at the present day, the plastering of the house-wall with clay and the manufacture of pottery are exclusively the women's business. These are two very significant survivals. Our European kitchen-garden, too, is originally a woman's invention, and the hoe, the primitive instrument of agriculture, is, characteristically enough, still used in this department. But the noblest achievement which we owe to the other sex is unquestionably the art of cookery. Roasting alone—the oldest process—is one for which men took the hint (a very obvious one) from nature. It must have been suggested by the scorched carcase of some animal overtaken by

the destructive forest-fires. But boiling—the process of improving organic substances by the help of water heated to boiling-point—is a much later discovery. It is so recent that it has not even yet penetrated to all parts of the world. The Polynesians understand how to steam food, that is, to cook it, neatly wrapped in leaves, in a hole in the earth between hot stones, the air being excluded, and (sometimes) a few drops of water sprinkled on the stones; but they do not understand boiling.

To come back from this digression, we find that the slender Nyasa woman has, after once more carefully examining the finished pot, put it aside in the shade to dry. On the following day she sends me word by her son, Salim Matola, who is always on hand, that she is going to do the burning, and, on coming out of my house, I find her already hard at work. She has spread on the ground a layer of very dry sticks, about as thick as one's thumb, has laid the pot (now of a yellowish-grey colour) on them, and is piling brushwood round it. My faithful Pesa mbili, the *mnyampara*, who has been standing by, most obligingly, with a lighted stick, now hands it to her. Both of them, blowing steadily, light the pile on the lee side, and, when the flame begins to catch, on the weather side also. Soon the whole is in a blaze, but the dry fuel is quickly consumed and the fire dies down, so that we see the red-hot vessel rising from the ashes. The woman turns it continually with a long stick, sometimes one way and sometimes another, so that it may be evenly heated all over. In twenty minutes she rolls it out of the ash-heap, takes up the bundle of spinach, which has been lying for two days in a jar of water, and sprinkles the red-hot clay with it. The places where the drops fall are marked by black spots on the uniform reddish-brown surface. With a sigh of relief, and with visible satisfaction, the woman rises to an erect position; she is standing just in a line between me and the fire, from which a cloud of smoke is just rising: I press the ball of my camera, the shutter clicks—the apotheosis is achieved! Like a priestess, representative of her inventive sex, the graceful woman stands: at her feet the hearth-fire she has given us beside her the invention she has devised for us, in the background the home she has built for us.

At Newala, also, I have had the manufacture of pottery carried on in my presence. Technically the process is better than that already described, for here we find the beginnings of the potter's wheel, which does not seem to exist in the plains; at least I have seen nothing of the sort. The artist, a frightfully stupid Makua woman, did not make a depression in the ground to receive the pot she was about to shape, but used instead a large potsherd. Otherwise, she went to work in much the same way as Salim's mother, except that she saved herself the trouble of walking round and round her work by squatting at her ease and letting the pot and potsherd rotate round her; this is surely the first step towards a machine. But it does not follow that the pot was improved by the process. It is true that it was beautifully rounded and presented a very creditable appearance when finished, but the numerous large and small vessels which I have seen, and, in part, collected, in the "less advanced" districts, are no less so. We moderns imagine that instruments of precision are necessary to produce excellent results. Go to the prehistoric collections of our museums and look at the pots, urns and bowls of our ancestors in the dim ages of the past, and you will at once perceive your error.

To-day, nearly the whole population of German East Africa is clothed in imported calico. This was not always the case; even now in some parts of the north dressed skins are still the prevailing wear, and in the north-western districts—east and north of Lake Tanganyika—lies a zone where bark-cloth has not yet been superseded. Probably not many generations have passed since such bark fabrics and kilts of skins were the only clothing even in the south. Even to-day, large quantities of this bright-red or drab material are still to be found; but if we wish to see it, we must look in the granaries and on the drying-stages inside the native huts, where it serves less ambitious uses as wrappings for those seeds and fruits which require to be packed with special care. The salt produced at Masasi, too, is packed for transport to a distance in large sheets of bark-cloth. Wherever I found it in any degree possible, I studied the process of making this cloth. The native requisitioned for the purpose arrived, carrying a log between two and three yards long and as thick as his thigh,

MAKING LONGITUDINAL CUT IN BARK

DRAWING THE BARK OFF THE LOG

REMOVING THE OUTER BARK

BEATING THE BARK

WORKING THE BARK-CLOTH AFTER BEATING, TO MAKE IT SOFT

MANUFACTURE OF BARK-CLOTH AT NEWALA

and nothing else except a curiously-shaped mallet and the usual long, sharp and pointed knife which all men and boys wear in a belt at their backs without a sheath—*horribile dictu !*[1] Silently he squats down before me, and with two rapid cuts

[1] Both Yaos and Anyanja carry sheath-knives, either stuck in the waist-cloth or hung to a cross-belt passing over the right shoulder, or (if of small size) on a string round the neck or left arm.—[Tr.]

has drawn a couple of circles round the log some two yards apart, and slits the bark lengthwise between them with the point of his knife. With evident care, he then scrapes off the outer rind all round the log, so that in a quarter of an hour the inner red layer of the bark shows up brightly-coloured between the two untouched ends. With some trouble and much caution, he now loosens the bark at one end, and opens the cylinder. He then stands up, takes hold of the free edge with both hands, and turning it inside out, slowly but steadily pulls it off in one piece. Now comes the troublesome work of scraping all superfluous particles of outer bark from the outside of the long, narrow piece of material, while the inner side is carefully scrutinised for defective spots. At last it is ready for beating. Having signalled to a friend, who immediately places a bowl of water beside him, the artificer damps his sheet of bark all over, seizes his mallet, lays one end of the stuff on the smoothest spot of the log, and hammers away slowly but continuously. "Very simple!" I think to myself. "Why, I could do that, too!"—but I am forced to change my opinions a little later on; for the beating is quite an art, if the fabric is not to be beaten to pieces. To prevent the breaking of the fibres, the stuff is several times folded across, so as to interpose several thicknesses between the mallet and the block. At last the required state is reached, and the *fundi* seizes the sheet, still folded, by both ends, and wrings it out, or calls an assistant to take one end while he holds the other. The cloth produced in this way is not nearly so fine and uniform in texture as the famous Uganda bark-cloth, but it is quite soft, and, above all, cheap.

Now, too, I examine the mallet. My craftsman has been using the simpler but better form of this implement, a conical block of some hard wood, its base—the striking surface—being scored across and across with more or less deeply-cut grooves, and the handle stuck into a hole in the middle. The other and earlier form of mallet is shaped in the same way, but the head is fastened by an ingenious network of bark strips into the split bamboo serving as a handle. The observation so often made, that ancient customs persist longest in connection with religious ceremonies and in the life of children, here finds confirmation. As we shall soon see, bark-cloth is still worn

during the *unyago*,[1] having been prepared with special solemn ceremonies; and many a mother, if she has no other garment handy, will still put her little one into a kilt of bark-cloth, which, after all, looks better, besides being more in keeping with its African surroundings, than the ridiculous bit of print from Ulaya.

[1] The reference is to p. 315 where the *chimbandi* ceremony (observed when a young wife is expecting her first child) is described. Dr. Weule does not mention the fact of bark-cloth being worn by the girls at the *unyago* mysteries he has previously described—indeed, he says expressly that, at Nuchi (p. 231, and apparently also at Akuchikomu's, p. 222) they were dressed in new, bright-coloured calicoes. But he appears to have witnessed only the closing ceremony. Usually, if not always, bark-cloth is worn during the weeks spent in the bush. This was certainly the case among the Yaos of the Shire Highlands, fourteen or fifteen years ago, and probably is so still. "The *unyago* [at one of the Ndirande villages near Blantyre] was just over, and [two of the missionaries] met the girls coming away from it all freshly anointed and dripping with oil. They found the *masasa* (booths or huts) built round three sides of a square, divided into little compartments, where the girls sleep. They are not allowed outside the place till the thing is over, and they wear bark-cloth. In the middle of the square were traces of pots having been made, and *ufa* (flour) pounded. . . . The girls go through symbolic performances of all their married duties,—pretend to sow maize, hoe it, gather it, bring it home, etc.—pounding, sweeping, fetching water, cooking, making pots, etc., are all gone through."—(MS. note, September 26th and 27th, 1894.)—[TR.]

MAKUA WOMEN

## CHAPTER XIV

### FURTHER RESEARCHES

LAST week, we had a few days of such cool, bright, windless weather, that it seemed as if a St. Luke's summer had set in. Now, however, the icy gales from the east are once more blowing round the *boma* of Newala, and we had rain on Michaelmas Day, which was somewhat early. This must have been a signal universally understood by young and old; for I am no longer besieged by the hitherto inevitable boys, and my old men, too, have ceased their visits. Fortunately, I have been able to pump the old gentlemen so effectually in the course of the last few weeks that I could leave at once, quite happy in the possession of an enormous stock of notes, were I not detained by the linguistic inquiries which I am now set on making. It is quite impossible to give here even the merest indication of the knowledge so far gained as to all these more or less strange customs and usages. The details

will have a place in official and other documents to the preparation of which the leisure of many coming terms will have to be sacrificed; here I can only indicate such prominent points as are calculated to interest every civilized person.

Personal names among the natives offer an unlimited field for research. Where Islam has already gained a footing, Arab names are prevalent. The Makonde *askari* Saidi bin Musa keeps step with his comrade Ali bin Pinga from Nyasa, and Hasani from Mkhutu marches behind the Yao porter Hamisi. Among the interior tribes the division into clans predominates as a principle of social classification, and therefore, even in the case of converts to Christianity, the baptismal name is followed by the clan name. Daudi (David) Machina is the name of the native pastor at Chingulungulu, and the presumptive successor to Matola I and Matola II calls himself Claudio Matola. We shall have something more to say about these clan names later on.

The meaning of the names is often equally interesting. My carriers alone have already provided me with a good deal of amusement in this respect, the appellations they go by being in most cases exceedingly absurd. Pesa mbili ("Mr. Twopence") is as familiar to us as his friend Kofia tule, the tall man with the little flat cap, Kazi Ulaya, the man who works for the European and Mambo sasa—"Affairs of to-day." Besides these, the following gentlemen are running about among the two dozen who compose my faithful retinue:—Mr. Blanket (Kinyamwezi *bulangeti*, corrupted from the English word), Mr. Cigarette (no commentary needed), Kamba Ulaya (European rope, *i.e.* hemp rope as distinguished from native cordage of cocoa-nut fibre or palm-leaf twist), Mr. Mountain (Kilima) and Messrs. Kompania and Kapella (Company and Band—from the German *Kapelle*). The names Mashua (boat) and Meli (steamer, from the English "mail") have a nautical suggestion and Sita (Six) an arithmetical one—and, to wind up with, we have Mpenda kula—("He who loves eating").

The names used by the interior tribes are free from the noticeable European touch found in these designations of the carriers, but here, too, we come across amusing specimens. I notice at the same time that these names are certainly not

the first to grace their bearers. As is so often the case with primitive peoples, and with the Japanese at the present day, we find that every individual on being formally admitted to the duties and responsibilities of adult life assumes a new name. The natives hereabouts do not know or have forgotten the original significance of this change, but we are not likely to be wrong in supposing that the new name also means a new person, who stands in quite a different relation to his kinsmen and his tribe from his former one. Officially, every adult Yao, Makua, Makonde or Matambwe has the right to offer himself as godfather, but I have the impression that the majority of names one hears are really nicknames, casually given by acquaintances.[1] It is well known that the native has a very acute sense of the weak points and absurdities of others.

Che Likoswe ("Mr. Rat") will be remembered by his war-songs at Chingulungulu, and with him may be classed Che Chipembere ("Mr. Rhinoceros"). The latter is liable to fits of sudden rage, like the pachyderm, hence his name. The name of the old beer-drinker, Akundonde, is a reminiscence of his original kinship with the Wandonde tribe. Che Kamenya is he who is victorious in fight; there was joy at the birth of Machina; Makwenya gathers everything to himself, but Che Mduulaga, on the other hand, thinks nothing of himself,—he is modesty in person. In the same way, Mkotima is a quiet man, Siliwindi is named after a song-bird so-called; and, finally, Mkokora is he who carries away dirt in his hands.

These are some Yao men's names. I will only mention the following women's names for this tribe:—Che Malaga means "She is left alone"—all her relations have died. Che Chelayero, "She who has a hard time." Che Tulaye, "She who fares poorly," and Che Waope, "She is yours."

The personal names of the other tribes have on the whole the same character—Kunanyupu is an old Makua, who, according to his own statement, has killed many gnus (*nyupu*) in his youth. Nantiaka is the Don Juan who flits from one attraction

[1] A native is not likely to tell a stranger, above all a European, the names by which he is known at home. The name by which he is known to his employer is therefore most probably a nickname, or one assumed by himself for the occasion.—[TR.]

to another. A similar train of thought has suggested the name of Ntindinganya, the joker, who contrives to saddle others with the blame of his own tricks. Linyongonyo is the weakling; Nyopa the ambitious man who strives to make himself feared by others; Madriga is the sad, melancholy man; Dambwala the lazy one.

Among the women Alwenenge is "the one who knows her own worth,"—her lord and master has, it is true, taken another wife, but he will not remain with her, but return penitently to Alwenenge, as she very well knows. Much less fortunate is Nantupuli; she wanders about the world and finds nothing at all, neither a husband nor anything else. Other unfortunates are Atupimiri and Achinaga—the former has a husband who is always on his travels and only comes home from time to time to "measure" (*pima*) his wife, *i.e.*, to see how she is behaving. Achinaga's husband, on the other hand, is ill and cannot work, so that she has to do everything by herself. There is also a Pesa mbili among the Makonde women. The name implies that she formerly stood high in the estimation of men, but now she has grown old and is only worth two pice. Beauty has its market value even with the negro.

A field of inquiry, extremely difficult to work, but which will everywhere well repay cultivation, is that of the customs accompanying the life of the individual from his cradle to his grave.

The native infant—which is not black, but at first as pink as our own new-born babies—has come into the world in its mother's hut. The father is far from the spot, the women having sent him out of the way in good time. The baby is carefully washed, and wrapped in a piece of new bark-cloth. At the same time its ears are anointed with oil, that it may hear well, and the ligature under the tongue loosened with a razor, to ensure its learning to speak. Boys are everywhere welcomed; but with regard to girls, the feeling varies in different tribes, and, just as is the case among ourselves, in different families. It is often stated in ethnographical works that primitive peoples rejoice on purely interested grounds at the birth of girls, on account of the price they will bring when married. Up to a certain point such considerations may have weight here, too, but in general people are glad of daughters

if only because they can soon begin to help their mother in her numerous outdoor and indoor tasks. Their marriage, moreover, brings an additional faithful and unpaid worker into the household. For this is the land of exogamy, where the young wife does not go to her husband's home, or enter his family, but, on the contrary, the man leaves his father and mother and either moves directly into the house of his wife's parents, or builds his own close beside it. In any case for some years, until his own family circumstances necessitate a different arrangement, he devotes all his powers to keeping up his mother-in-law's establishment. He sees to the planting of the crops and their ingathering, he breaks up new ground, in short he renders every possible service, and anticipates her every wish. I have often been ashamed when the conversation turned on this and other features of native life, to remember the tenor of those venerable jests of which our comic papers never weary. Of course, a mere passing traveller like myself is no judge of the more intimate side of family life, but Knudsen, who has lived in the country long enough to become thoroughly familiar with the people's ways of thinking and acting, confirms the impression I had arrived at, that, not only is the relation between mother and son-in-law nothing short of ideal, but that the behaviour of young people to their elders in general deserves to be called exemplary. We who belong to the highest stage of culture, or, according to the view held by most of us, *the* stage of culture, spend half our lives in educational establishments of various kinds and grades, and the final result is shown by statistics in the diminishing percentage of illiterates in our population. But let all who have eyes to see and ears to hear observe how little ethical sense and how much downright brutality make up the daily life of these very representatives of culture. I am far from wishing to say anything against our system of education and our schools—I am a kind of schoolmaster myself—but it gives food for serious reflection to see how worm-eaten, in spite of all the care bestowed on it, is much of the fruit they produce, and how ethically sound is the life we meet with among these barbarians. And this is the outcome of a training extending over three or four months and received from teachers who have passed through no school or college.

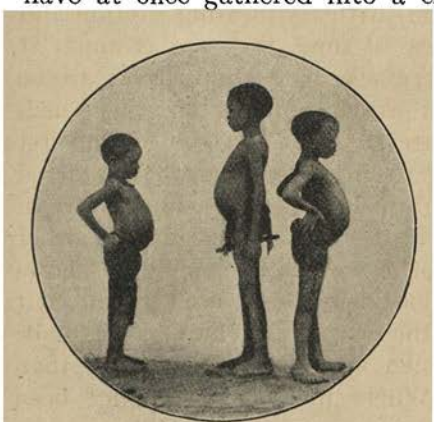
The treatment of twins is different among the various tribes in this part of the country. The Wayao welcome them with unmixed joy, while the Makonde look on their birth as a terrible event, to be averted if possible by all sorts of charms. But even here the parents are not so cruel as to kill them if they do come into the world; they are allowed to live and treated in the same way as by the Wayao, *i.e.*, their clothing (such as it is) is always alike. If this were not done, it is believed that one of them would certainly die.

WOMAN CARRYING A BABY ON HER BACK. FROM A DRAWING BY PESA MBILI

For the first year the African infant remains in close contact with its mother. When it is only a few days old, she takes it out for the first time, to be shown to the admiring neighbours. Like a little lump of misery it squats in the large coloured cloth enfolding the upper part of its mother's person. It usually hangs on the mother's back, but she very often swings it round to one hip. When the time comes for feeding the baby, it and the bag containing it are brought round to the front. Nothing so impresses me with the idea of poverty and squalor as this treatment of infants: no change of clothing for mother or child—for there is no supply of extra garments—no drying, no powdering, no napkins, no regular bath after the first few days, no care of the mouth. On the contrary, every child has sore places where the skin has been chafed, especially at the joints, and in folds and depressions of the body; half-healed scabs, where nature is getting the upper hand in spite of neglect; eyes nearly always bleared and running in consequence of the perpetual attacks of flies, and, finally, individual cases, here and there, of thrush-ulcers on such a scale that fungoid growths actually protrude from mouth and nostrils. It would be well if the Government and the Missions could unite to put an end to this frightful state of things, not so

much by medical work, which is naturally limited to certain localities, as by training the mothers, as extensively as possible, in the simplest rules of hygiene and cleanliness.

I have been half-an-hour in a native village. The men and boys were all assembled within two minutes of my arrival; the women are gathering more slowly; the little girls, curiously enough, are altogether absent. Just as with us, the women have at once gathered into a closely-packed group. A shy silence reigns at first, but no sooner have they had time to get used to the sight of the white man, than there is an outburst of talk in every key, in spite of the hugest of *peleles*. At least half these women are carrying babies, but this term is tolerably comprehensive. Great boys and girls of two, or even three years old, are sprawling on the slight backs of delicate-looking mothers, or making violent attacks on the maternal fount of nourishment. My camera apparently affords the pretext for this last manœuvre; for, as if at a given signal, the whole little black band is propelled forward into position at the very moment when I press the bulb.



THREE MAKUA VEGETARIANS

The later stages of childhood among the natives are passed in a way not materially differing from our own youthful recollections. The little boys band themselves together in troops and carry on their games in the village and the bush; while the little girls begin at an early age to help their mothers indoors and out. Wherever I have been able to carry on my activity as a collector, I have been particularly assiduous in getting together all toys and games in use in the country. There is one point deserving of special notice in connection with children's games, and this is that almost from the first day of its existence the child is present wherever anything is going on. When the mother joins in the dance, the baby on her back goes through every movement with her, and thus

learns dancing, so to speak, instinctively. By the time it can stand on its own little feet, it joins in with the same certainty as that with which the partridge chick just out of the egg goes to pick up its food. Whether native children have outside these dances anything that can be called concerted games, I cannot say, but so far I have seen nothing of the sort,[1] unless we might count the great skill shown in clapping the hands in unison, in which, with its pleasing rhythm and (one might almost say) variety of tune, they are as much at home as their elders. Otherwise every child seems to be dependent on itself, at least as far as toys are concerned. For boys, bow and arrows are the *sine qua non* in the first place. If I had been willing to buy all the toy bows offered me, I should have had enough to load a small ship. Here in Africa the weapon is as much of a survival as in most other countries. The fact of its being confined to children shows that, as in Europe, it is no longer seriously used in war, but only in play, or at most, in the chase. We find, as might be expected, that the grown men are no better archers than the boys, and *vice versa*. Where firearms have once been introduced, more primitive weapons are no longer valued.

It is not easy to form an ethnographical collection in this country. It is only in consequence of my very resolute attitude—which is far more effectual than my bags of copper coin—that the people make up their minds to bring anything at all, and then it is chiefly rubbish. In order to obtain the more valuable class of articles, such as the more important household implements, or the carved masks and other works of art, I am frequently compelled to resort to a mild display of force, by making the headman of the village morally responsible for the production of the specimens. And yet every article is liberally paid for. How peculiarly difficult it is to obtain toys, of all things, people at home have no notion. I would suggest the following explanation for this fact. If a Japanese ethnographer, for instance, were to visit Germany in the autumn he would find it easy enough to make a large collection of kites,

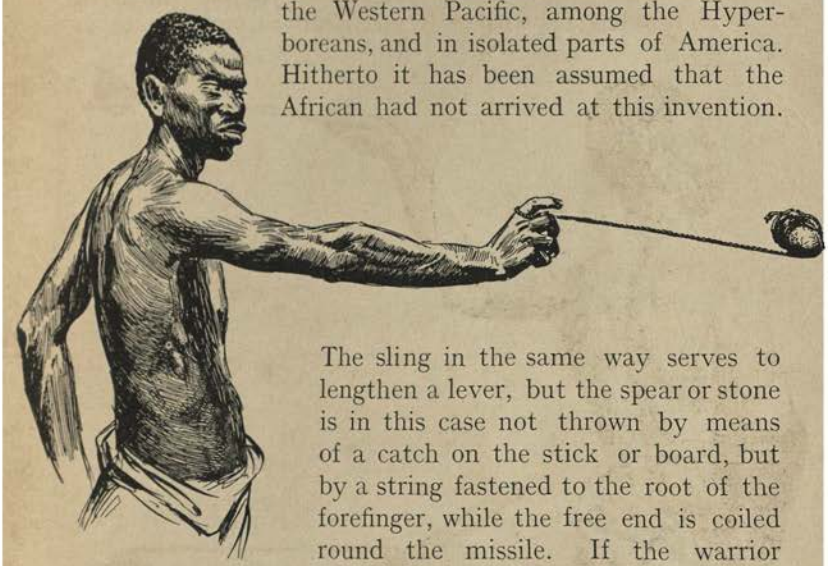
[1] It is not always easy to draw the line between games and dances; but there is certainly no lack of the former. Particulars of games played by a number of children are given in Scott, *Cyclopædic Dictionary of the Mang'anja Language*, s.vv. *Masewero* and *Sewera*.—[TR.]

but tops—to take one of our most typical children's toys—he would only be enabled to see and procure if he definitely inquired for them. It is just the same here; everything has its season, and toys above all. Having once grasped this truth, I always made short work of the business, by delivering to the assembled villagers a lecture on all the playthings of mankind, winding up with, "If you have so and so—or so

USE OF THE THROWING STICK

and so—be quick and bring it here." In many cases neither my own linguistic acquirements nor the interpreter are sufficient, and gestures have to supply the lack of words. I was quite startled at my success, one day at Chingulungulu, when, on having gone through the vigorous movement of slinging a stone, I saw Salim Matola, the all-accomplished, return in a short time with two remarkable objects, which, on his demonstration of the way in which they were used, proved to be a veritable throwing-stick and a sling—an *amentum*. I have rarely had such a feeling of complete success as at this moment. Who would have thought to find the throwing-stick and the sling in Eastern Africa,

a region hitherto considered so barren as regards ethnography? The former is an implement intended to serve no other purpose than the lengthening of the lower arm in order to throw a spear or a stone; it represents, therefore, in terms of physics, the lengthened arm of a lever. Its principal region of distribution is Australia; it also exists in some parts of the Western Pacific, among the Hyperboreans, and in isolated parts of America. Hitherto it has been assumed that the African had not arrived at this invention.



THROWING WITH THE SLING

The sling in the same way serves to lengthen a lever, but the spear or stone is in this case not thrown by means of a catch on the stick or board, but by a string fastened to the root of the forefinger, while the free end is coiled round the missile. If the warrior throws his arm forward, the weapon leaves the hand by centrifugal force, uncoils itself from the string and flies away with great initial velocity.

Where such antiquities as these occur—I reflected at the time—surely there are more discoveries to be made. This expectation was in fact fulfilled, though I had first to fight my way through a superfluity of another species of toy. One day, in the course of the lecture already referred to, I happened to make the gesture of whipping something over the ground, and it was at once correctly understood, for from that time forward the young people simply overwhelmed me with tops. No less than four kinds are in use here. One exactly corresponds to our European peg-top,[1] and is, like it, driven with a whip, a second has a round or square piece of gourd fixed

[1] In Chinyanja, *Nguli* or *Nanguli*.—[TR.]

on a short, stout wooden peg as axis of rotation ;[1] a third is similar to the last, but has a second disc under the first (which is about the size of a five-shilling piece), in order to place the centre of gravity higher up. Finally, we have a very complicated mechanism whose action resembles that of our humming-top. The second and third require no whip, but are spun with the thumb and middle finger. The fourth, on the other hand, needs a "frame" to spin it. This is represented by a piece of maize-cob perforated lengthwise, through which the string wound round the top is quickly pulled back. Like many other things, the art of spinning tops is not made easy for native boys, the soft, sandy ground being ill-suited to this game; yet the little fellows show great skill in it.

SPINNING A TOP

With one exception, children have no musical instruments peculiar to themselves. Whether they fiddle on the *sese*, the one-stringed violin, or maltreat the *ulimba*, that instrument on which all Africans strum—the box with wooden or iron keys fixed to its surface, and struck with the finger-tips—or strike the *mgoromondo*, that antediluvian xylophone in which the keys rest on a layer of straw, or play on the *lugombo*, the

[1] This is evidently the one called *Nsikwa* in Chinyanja. See Scott, *Cyclopædic Dictionary of the Mang'anja Language*, p. 465: "A small top made of a round piece of gourd-shell with a spindle of cane through the middle." A game is played with the *Nsikwa* in which the players take sides, and spin their tops so as to knock down bits of maize-cob set up by their adversaries.—[TR.]

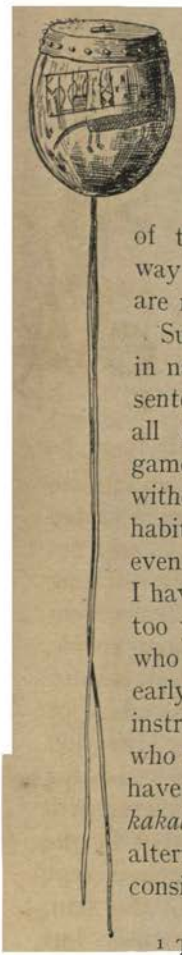
IKOMA DANCE AT THE GIRLS' UNYAGO, ACHIKOMU

musical bow with calabash resonator, which is so widely distributed over East and South Africa—in every case the instruments are only clumsy imitations of those used by grown-up people. The only one whose use is confined to the young is the *natura*—a friction-drum, made from a bottle-gourd or the fruit of the baobab, cut across and covered in, like a drum, with the skin of some small animal. A blade

XYLOPHONE (MGOROMONDO)

of grass passes through the middle of the diaphragm, and thence down through the bottom of the shell. By rubbing a wetted thumb and forefinger down the stalk, as the little wretches are perpetually doing, a noise is produced so excruciating that even my carriers—who are not precisely sufferers from nerves—take to flight when they hear it. But young people are not only capable of preserving ancient survivals in culture through thousands of years, but also have the advantage of a greater receptivity for novelties. I have in my collection two charming specimens of an African telephone, consisting of two miniature drums, beautifully carved and covered with the delicate skin of some small animal, perforated in the middle to allow the passage of a thin string, which is kept from slipping through by a knot on the inside of the skin. I never thought, at first, of taking this thing seriously, but one day, having a spare quarter of an hour, I put one of the drums into Knudsen's hand, and told him to walk away till

the string—about a hundred yards in length—was stretched tight. I held the membrane to my ear, and heard quite clearly, "Good-day, Professor. Can you hear me?" So the thing really acts, and all that remains for us to do is to develop it and boldly link ourselves up with the coast and that centre of civilization, Lindi![1] There can be no question of independent invention in this case; the telephone is undoubtedly borrowed—but the fact of the borrowing, and the way it is applied by children are not without interest.



NATURA (FRICTION-DRUM)

Such an important epoch in native life as that represented by the *unyago*, with all its joys and woes, its games and dances, cannot be without influence on the habits of the young people, even before it arrives. Thus I have some *ipivi* flutes obtained from little fellows far too young to be admitted to the mysteries. Anyone who wishes to excel in an art must begin his training early, and the flute players of the *ndagala* practise their instrument for years beforehand. Moreover, boys, who had evidently not yet passed through the *unyago*, have more than once brought me specimens of the *kakale*, the long sticks, painted black and white in alternate rings with a little trophy at the top, consisting of the shell of some fruit with a plume

PLAYING THE *NATURA*

[1] The articles figured look like bull-roarers, which no doubt might be put to the use indicated, by a native who had seen the telephone at Lindi. But we take leave to doubt their being originally made for such a purpose.—TR.

of feathers stuck in it. These two insignia of maturity, therefore, are also found in the capacity of toys. There is nothing surprising in this so far as the boys are concerned, for the native has no secrets from them. At the ceremonies I witnessed at Achikomu, as well as at Niuchi and Mangupa, there was always a whole troop of little fellows, covered

*UNASIKIA?*: "DO YOU HEAR?"

with dirt and ashes, running about. Strangely enough, there were never any half-grown girls to be seen on these occasions; everything relating to the mysteries seems to be carefully kept secret from them. It was only during my long residence at Newala, with its possibilities of free intercourse between me and the different tribes, as well as among natives of different ages, that I could see and photograph any of these young things. They seem to be brought up much more within the walls of the hut and its compound than we are accustomed to suppose; and even in the hundreds of visits I have paid to native homes, I have seldom been able to see the young daughters of the house face to face. As a rule, I only caught sight of a slender little figure retreating swiftly through the back door of the hut.

Under these circumstances, of course, I cannot say how the little native girl actually grows up, and whether she enjoys anything even faintly resembling the happy childhood of our own loved ones—but nothing leads us to suppose that she does; though there is no question that the native shares in the universal instinct which inspires all parents with affection for their offspring; he feeds his children and protects them when they need protection; he rejoices when they thrive and mourns over their illness and death. I can still see Matola, as he came

to me one day—his usual expression of gentle melancholy heightened to one of deep grief and anxiety—carrying a little girl of some five or six years. She was not even his own child, but a relative, for whom he entreated my help. To my sincere regret, it was impossible for me to do anything—the poor little thing was suffering from a malignant gangrene, which had eaten away the whole front of one thigh, so that the tendons were laid bare and the bones were beginning to bend. I spoke very seriously to Matola, asking whether he were as much of a *mshenzi* as his people, who were perishing through their own stupidity and apathy. He, the headman, and a clever man at that, knew very well, so I told him, that there were German doctors at Lindi, who could cure even such cases as this, if the patients were brought to them. He ought therefore, to send the child down at once, unless he wished her to die, as all her elder brothers and sisters had done.

*NDIO:* "YES"

NATIVE TELEPHONE

Matola gazed at me for some time, evidently wavering between hope and doubt; but in the end he followed my advice; and I have since heard that the child is well on the way to recovery. But it is astonishing and perplexing that such an enlightened man as the chief of Chingulungulu should have allowed the disease

to go on so long before taking any serious steps to obtain assistance. What then could be expected of a man from the bush, who consulted me immediately after my arrival, asking me for medicine for his sick child?

"What is the matter with your child?"

"A wound on her foot."

"But, my good man," I said, "I can't give you medicine to take home,—you would not know how to put it on. You must bring your child here. Where do you live?"

"*Mbali*—a long way off—Bwana," he answers, lengthening the vowel to signify inexpressible distance.

"How far?"

"Well—about two hours."

"Oh! you call that far, do you? you *mshenzi!* if you were going to a beer-drink, twenty hours would be *karibu sana*. Off with you now, and come back at eight to-morrow morning." But neither at eight nor at any later hour was there any sign of the noble father from the Makonde bush. It was not till the fifteenth day after the preliminary consultation that he appeared, bringing with him a little girl of five or six. I did not at first remember him, but at once recalled his previous visit when the child, overcoming her natural shyness, held out her foot. Nothing was to be seen but a horrible mass of dirt and sand cemented together with blood. I started at once on the cleansing process, with the help of Stamburi, my trusty hospital orderly; and when at last the foot was laid bare, we found that the whole ball was eaten away to the bone—whether owing to jiggers, or through the cumulative effect of various other circumstances, my medical knowledge is insufficient to decide. When at last I glanced at the father, I saw him staring like one hypnotized at a leg of antelope intended for the next day's dinner, which Knudsen had hung up just over my table. Having recalled him to reality, I bade Moritz give him the softest part from the skin of a recently killed wild pig, and told him to make a shoe, or at least a sandal such as are certainly not unknown in this country, as he must see for himself that the child could not walk through the dirty sand with her freshly-bandaged foot. He had his knife with him—let him get to work without delay! We two practitioners devoted ourselves once more to the

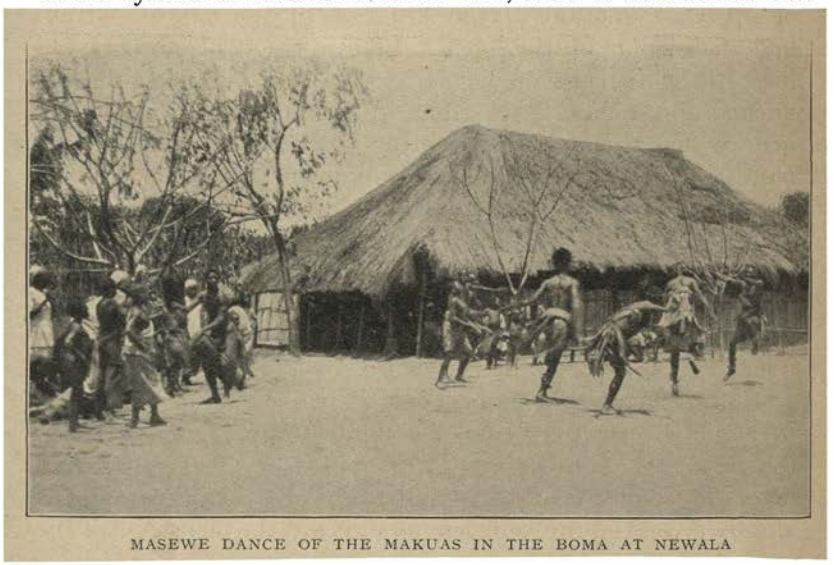
treatment of the wound, which was in truth a terrible one; and in a little while the bandage was put on as correctly as we knew how. A second look at the father showed that he was still staring at the raw joint, as intently as if he had really eaten his way into it. It is a good thing, after all, in such cases, to have the *kiboko* within reach. In another quarter of an hour the well-wrapped foot was protected by a very serviceable pigskin slipper. But that is the last I ever saw

MAKONDE CHILDREN

or heard of the gentleman, and he never so much as thanked me either for the treatment or for the thrashing.

Boys and girls, as a rule, reach the age of eight or nine, perhaps ten, before any event of importance interrupts the even tenor of their lives. Then the assembly of the men, which when the harvest is over, meets daily in the *baraza*, decides where the *unyago* is to be celebrated in the current year. Since all the adjacent districts have now taken their turn in bearing the expense of the ceremony, it is a point of honour that our village should invite them this time. The resolution is soon carried into effect; the moon is already on the wane, and the celebration must take place before the new moon. The *unyago* presents exactly the same features in all the tribes of this region. The men erect a circle—larger or smaller as circumstances may

require—of simple grass huts in an open space near the village. In this space the opening and closing ceremonies are performed; the huts are intended for the candidates to live and sleep in. Such an arena, with all its appurtenances in excellent preservation, was the circle of something over fifty yards' diameter which I was enabled to photograph when visiting the *echiputu* at Akuchikomu. The charred remains of a similar *lisakasa*, as the system of huts is called in Yao, were to be seen near the



MASEWE DANCE OF THE MAKUAS IN THE BOMA AT NEWALA

road on this side of Akundonde's—the relics of a former festival.

It is inherent in the nature of the whole institution that both boys and girls should be passive throughout. They sit silent, inactive and motionless in their huts while, on the first night of the festival, the grown-ups feast and drink and enjoy themselves in the wild *masewe* dance. Next day the boys, each one in charge of his instructor, are conducted to the bush by the chief director. There they sleep one night without any shelter whatever. For a short time, on the following day, they may do as they please, but during the remainder they have to set to work with their *anamungwi* (teachers) and build the *ndagala*. As soon as this airy construction is finished, one after another of the boys is laid on a very

primitive couch of millet-straw, and the *jua michila* performs the operation. For weeks the little patients lie there in a row, unable to do anything to accelerate the slow process of healing. Not till this is complete and the subsequent moral and other instruction has begun do the *wari*, as the boys are now called, acquire the right to take part in public life. In the high spirits engendered by the pride of their new position, they indulge in many a mad freak. Woe to the unhappy woman or girl who, ignorant of the situation of the *ndagala*, strays into this region of the bush. Like a troop of mischievous imps, the boys rush on her, tease her, perhaps even tie her up and ill-use her. According to tribal custom, they are quite within their rights in so doing, for their abode in the bush is supposed to be utterly unknown to women. When he goes out into the *pori* the boy is dead to his mother,—when he returns, he will be a different person with a new name, and nothing to connect him with his former relationship.

I have already tried to describe the course taken by the instruction imparted in the *ndagala*. Old Akundonde and his councillor, in the candour induced by their libations, were certainly trustworthy informants in this respect. It is an irreparable misfortune that the liquor supply coming to an end when it did (in such a surprisingly short time) deprived me of the conclusion of the address to the *wari*, but the fragment already given is quite sufficient to indicate the character of the teaching.

The *lupanda* reaches its culminating point only with the closing ceremony. The preparations on both sides are extensive: in the bush the *wari* are being restored by their mentors by means of head-shaving, baths, anointing with oil, and a supply of new cloth, to a condition worthy of human beings. In the village, meanwhile, the mothers, long before the time fixed, have been brewing large quantities of beer and preparing still larger piles of food for the festivity. When the great day at last arrives, the boys come back in procession, in their clean new garments, with their faces, necks, and freshly-shorn scalps all shining with oil, and carrying in their right hands the *kakale*, the sticks headed with rattles which have already been described. Men and women line the road in joyful expectation. Ever louder and more piercingly, the "lu-lu-lu'

of the women vibrates across the arena, and yonder the drums strike up with their inspiriting rhythm, while the hoarse throats of the men utter the first notes of a *ng'oma* song. In short, everything is going on in the most satisfactory and genuinely African way.

The Africans, being human, like ourselves, it is only to be expected that all their works and ways are subject to as many

*KAKALE* PROCESSION ON THE LAST DAY OF THE *UNYAGO*

changes and inconsistencies as our own. I have devoted a disproportionate part of the time (over a month) spent at Newala to the task of fixing the typical course of all these ceremonies. This has been a most severe labour, for if, in my wish to obtain unimpeachably accurate results, I arranged to let my informants of each tribe come separately, I might be sure that the two or three old men who made their appearance would say little or nothing. The native intellect seems not to become active till awakened and stimulated by sharp retort and rejoinder in a numerous circle of men. I have thus been compelled to go back again and again to my original method of assembling the whole senate of "those who know," some fifteen aged Yaos, Makua and Makonde in a heterogeneous crowd round my feet. This was so far successful as to produce a lively discussion every time, but it becomes very difficult to distinguish between the elements belonging to different tribes. Yet I venture to think that, with a great

deal of luck, and some little skill, I have succeeded so far as to get a general outline of these matters. I feel quite easy in my mind at leaving to my successors the task of filling up the gaps and correcting the inaccuracies which no doubt exist.

Further, it must be remembered that my notes on the initiation ceremonies of these three tribes would, if given in full, take up far too much space to allow of their reproduction here. Two other points must be borne in mind. What I saw with my own eyes of the *unyago*, I have here related in full, with that local colouring of which actual experience alone enables a writer to render the effect. But those scenes at Achikomu, Niuchi and Mangupa are only tiny fractions of the very extensive *fasti* represented by the girls' *unyago* in reality; while, as to the remainder, I can only repeat what I have heard from my informants. Quotations, however, always produce an impression of dryness and tedium, which is what I would seek to avoid at any price. I therefore think it better to refer those interested in the details of such things to the larger work in which it will be my duty, according to agreement, to report to the Colonial Office on my doings in Africa and their scientific results.

The last point belongs to another department. The negro is not in the least sophisticated as regards the relation between the sexes. Everything pertaining to it seems to him something quite natural, about which his people are accustomed to speak quite freely among themselves,—only in extreme cases showing a certain reticence before members of the alien white race. Now the part played by sex in the life of the African is very great, incomparably greater than with us. It would be too much to say that all his thoughts and desires revolve round this point, but a very large proportion thereof is undoubtedly concerned with it. This is shown in the clearest way, not only in the *unyago* itself, but in the representation which I subsequently witnessed. In the present state of opinion resulting from the popular system of education, such delicate matters can only be treated in the most strictly scientific publications, being debarred from reproduction in a book of any other character. This is necessary—I must once more emphasize the fact,—not on account of the subject

itself, but out of consideration for the misguided feelings of the public. It may be regrettable, but it is true.

Of all the tribes in the South of German East Africa, the Yaos seem to be, not only the most progressive, but the most prosaic and unimaginative, and in fact their initiation ceremonies are very simple, compared with those of the Makonde and Makua. Those of the latter have to a certain extent a dramatic character. The Makua choose a branch of a particular shape, and forked several times, which they plant in the midst of the open space where the festival is held. This is fetched from the bush by the men, who, singing a certain song, carry it in procession into the arena, where the director of the mysteries stands, in the attitude of a sacrificing priest. He now kills a fowl, the blood of which is caught in a bowl, while some charcoal is pounded to powder in a second vessel, and some red clay crushed in a third—the branch is then encircled with a triple band of the three substances—red, black, and red. Meanwhile some men have been digging a hole, in which is laid a charm made out of pieces of bark tied together. The hole is then filled up and the earth heaped over it in a mound on which the forked branch, called *lupanda*, is planted. A second mound is then made, which, as well as the first, was still clearly recognizable in the ring of huts at Akundonde's. This second mound is the seat for the *unyago* boy who is considered of highest rank, the others being grouped around him, on stumps, which, if the director of the proceedings has the slightest sense of beauty, are arranged in two regular, concentric circles similar to those which I saw in the bush near Chingulungulu. "The cromlech of the tropics!" was the idea which occurred to me at the time, and even now I cannot resist the impression that this arrangement of tree-stumps resembles our prehistoric stone circles, not only in form but perhaps also in the object for which it is designed. If our Neolithic megaliths were really used by assemblies for ritual purposes, there seems no reason why these venerable stones should not have served as seats for our ancestors. The negro, too, would no doubt dispense with wooden seats, if stone ones had been obtainable in his country.

If I were at all given to imaginative speculations, I could easily prove that the Makonde are fire-worshippers. As

soon as the men have built the *likumbi*, *i.e.*, a hut of the kind we saw at Mangupa, all scatter to look for medicine in the bush. In the evening of the same day, they give the roots they have collected to an old woman who pounds them in a mortar. The resulting paste is dabbed in spots on the arms of some five or six men by the high priest or doctor. When this is done all sit inactive till midnight, when the *munchira* (doctor) begins to beat his drum. As the deep sound of this instrument thunders out through the dark tropical night, all the people, adults and children, stream out of the huts, and dancing and gun-firing are kept up till the following afternoon, when they distribute presents to each other and to the boys' instructor. Thereupon the *munchira* delivers an address. The six men above referred to are, he says, sacred; if they should take it into their heads to steal, or commit violent assaults, or interfere with their neighbours' wives, no one must do anything to them, their persons are inviolable. The six, for their part, are now informed by him that it is their duty to beat the drum at midnight for the next three months.

When the three months are ended, the village is all stir and bustle. Men go into the bush to collect dead wood, and in the evening carry it in perfect silence to the open space near the *likumbi* hut. The women, meanwhile, have been preparing enormous quantities of beer, which also finds its way to the *likumbi*. In this hut stands a small round covered basket (*chihero*), containing medicines, into which (and on the medicines) every one of the wood-gatherers spits out a little of the specially prepared beer. Beside the *chihero* stands the old woman who pounded the medicines in the mortar, who then puts the basket on her head, seizes in one hand the end of a whole piece of calico, specially bought for the ceremony, and leaves the hut with a slow and solemn step, dragging the cloth behind her. The first of the wood-gatherers quickly takes hold of it, so as not to let it touch the ground; as it unrolls from the bale a second takes it, then a third, and a fourth, till at last it passes along a little above the ground, like a train borne by pages. The *munchira* walks in front next to the woman, and they circumambulate the *likumbi*, after which the *munchira* takes the end of the calico and wraps

it round the *chihero*. This he then holds to his right ear; after a short pause, he places it on his shoulder, again keeping it there for a few moments; then it is lowered to the hip, the knee, and finally to the outside of the ankle. At the close of the ceremony the venerable man takes both cloth and *chihero* as his well-earned fee.

Again it is night—the outline of the great wood-pile is just recognizable in the faint light. About an hour after midnight, a tall, gaunt figure rises from the circle of prostrate figures wrapped in their sleeping-mats. Silently it glides up to the pile, a little flame flashes up, to disappear again; but soon there is a fresh crackling; the flame, in the draught produced by the rhythmic pulsations of a fan, grows and strengthens. Now we recognize the figure—it is that of the *munchira*. In a few minutes the whole large pile is a sheet of flame, its flickering, quivering lights dancing on the shining faces of the men standing round in a circle. The fire having now burnt up brightly, the *munchira* walks quickly round it, and, his face turned to the pile, utters the following words:—"Let the wounds of the boys heal soon and painlessly, and let the chief who is keeping the *likumbi* this year find the boys do him credit in after life." At the same time he ties a white rag to a pole, and fans the fire with powerful strokes. The men remain standing round it, watching it as it dies down, till broad daylight.

Fire, as the central point in a ceremony which cuts so deeply into social life as do the celebrations of puberty among these tribes, is so far as I know quite an isolated phenomenon among the peoples of Africa. Have we here a case of genuine fire-worship, or are the walk round the fire and the address to it only the last unconscious survivals of a cult prevalent in ancient times? I do not know, and, to speak frankly, cannot even say where the answer to this question may be looked for. We must not *a priori* assume it to be impossible that the Makonde should once have been fire-worshippers; we know far too little as yet of their social evolution. The abundant results of my inquiries up to this point are the best proof that unexpected discoveries are yet in store for us.

In the male sex the transition from childhood to the status of fully-qualified maturity is a single, definite process, though

MASKED DANCE AT THE GIRLS' UNYAGO, NIUCHI

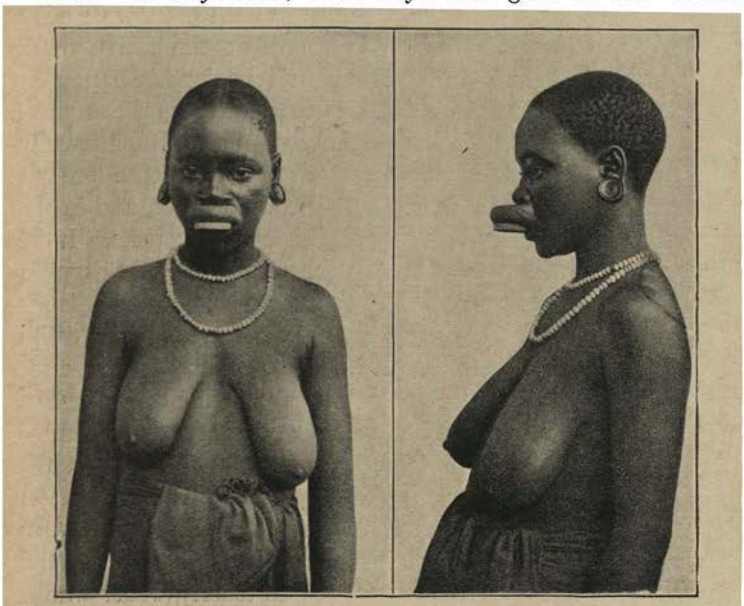
extending over a long period. The memory of rejoicings and sufferings experienced in common is preserved henceforth among the men by means of a free, voluntary association known as the " age-class." All those who have passed through the *unyago* in the same year stand by each other till death severs the connection. This connection, however, must be thought of in terms of African conditions; there is no society or club, or the like, and the sole obligation incurred by the old friends is that every one of them is bound to offer hospitality to any of the others who may come to his village. Secret societies no longer consciously influence the character of the age-classes here in the East, though the reverse is the case in West Africa where the two things go hand in hand, acting and reacting on each other as cause and effect, and both finding their common outward expression in great festivals with masked dances and other mysterious accessories calculated to terrify the women and the uninitiated men. Here on the Makonde plateau, the three phenomena—the age-classes, the festivals and the masked dances—are at the present day not very closely connected together; yet everything leads to the conclusion that the masked dance now in use among the Makonde was originally the outcome of a long-forgotten system of secret societies, similar to the quite analogous institutions of Kamerun, Upper Guinea, and Loango. There is many a knotty problem yet to be solved in this department of African ethnography.

The girls' *unyago* is a graduated series of courses of instruction. I have purposely emphasized the word instruction, as there is nothing here in the nature of a surgical operation, with a single exception in the case of the Makua. In all the tribes each girl is given for the whole period of the *unyago* into the charge of a special teacher, who remains her friend through life. Under the guidance of these older women, the novices in the first place go through a curriculum very much resembling that of the boys. The children are unreservedly enlightened as to all sexual relations, and have to learn everything connected with married life. They are also taught all the rules which govern intercourse between members of the same tribe, and above all of the same family.

There is an opening and a closing ceremony for this first

course of the girls' initiation. I was able personally to observe the revels which take place on such occasions, at all three of the places where I had the opportunity of making the *chiputu* (or *echiputu*) illustrious by my presence. The phenomenal thirst shown is quite explained by the amount of dancing gone through.

After the mysteries, both boys and girls in due course



WOMAN OF THE MAKONDE TRIBE

become marriageable, but I have not succeeded in ascertaining, even approximately, the age at which this is the case. Individuals are always out of measure astonished when asked their age, and their relatives are profoundly indifferent on the subject. In general, marriage takes place very early, as is proved by the very young mothers who may be seen in any large assemblage of people, and who are mostly no further developed than German girls at their confirmation. Matola tells me that the form of marriage known as *masange* was formerly very prevalent, in which young children of from five to seven were united, huts being built for them to live in. This custom is said still to be practised occasionally.[1] The

[1] The Rev. Dr. Hetherwick says that *masange* is "a game played by children in which they build mimic houses and act as grown-up people." [Tr.

same informant states that it is very common for one woman, who has just had a child to say to a neighbour expecting a like event, "I have a son—if you have a daughter, let him marry her"; and this, in due course, is done.

The African native is a peasant, not only in his avocation, but in the way in which he sets about his courting. In no other department is his mental kinship with our own rustics so startlingly shown. To express it briefly: the native youth in love is too shy to venture a bold stroke for his happiness in person; he requires a go-between quite in the style of our own rural candidates for matrimony. This office is usually undertaken by his own father, who, under some pretext or other, calls on the parents of the bride-elect, and in the course of conversation touches on his son's projects. If the other side are willing to entertain the proposition, the negotiations are soon brought to a satisfactory conclusion—that is to say, if the maid, too, is willing. Girls are not in reality so passive in the matter as we are apt to assume, but most certainly expect to have their wishes consulted; and many a carefully-planned match has come to nothing merely because the girl loved another man. In this respect there is not the slightest difference between white and black. Of course, not every native girl is a heroine of constancy and steadfastness; here and there one lets herself be persuaded to accept, instead of the young man she loves in secret, an elderly wooer who is indifferent to her, but in that case she runs the risk of incurring —as happens elsewhere—the ridicule of her companions. The old bridegroom, moreover, may be pretty certain that he will not enjoy a monopoly of his young wife's society.

Marriage is a matter of business, thinks the African, quite consistently with his general character, and the contract is only looked upon as concluded when the two fathers have come to an agreement as to the amount of the present to be paid by the bridegroom. The people here in the south are poor—they have neither large herds of horned cattle, nor abundance of sheep and goats; the whole purchase—were it correct, which it is not, to call the transaction by that name—is effected by handing over a moderate quantity of calico.

Much more interesting from an ethnographic point of view than the Yao wooing just sketched, are the customs of the

Makua and Makonde. In their case, too, negotiations are opened by the fathers; but this is, in reality, only a skirmish of outposts,—the main action is afterwards fought by the mothers, each supported by her eldest brother, or perhaps by all her brothers. The fact that the *matriarchate* is still flourishing here explains the part they take in the matter.

Nils Knudsen, by the way, can tell a pretty story—of which he is himself the hero—illustrating the constancy of native girls. During the years of his lonely life at Luisenfelde, he so completely adapted himself to native ways as to take a wife from among the Wayao. Even now, after the lapse of years, he never grew tired of praising the virtues of this *chipini* wearer;—she was pretty, and domestic, and a first-rate cook—she could make excellent *ugali*, and had all the other good qualities which go to make up a good housewife in the bush. One day he went off to the Rovuma on a hunting expedition; he was only absent a few days, but on his return she had disappeared. On the table lay a knotted piece of bark-string. He counted the knots and found that there were seventy; the meaning of the token, according to the explanation given by the wise men of the tribe being this:—"My kinsfolk have taken me away; they do not like me to live with the white man, and want me to marry a black man who lives far away on the other side of the Rovuma. But even if I should live as many years as there are knots on this string, I will not take him, but remain faithful to you, the white man." This was Knudsen's story, and he added, with emotion not untouched by the pride of a man who feels himself to be greatly sought after, the further statement that the girl was in fact keeping her vow. She was living far away, in the heart of the Portuguese territory, and near the man for whom she was destined, but even the strongest pressure brought to bear by her family could not make her give way. After all, there is such a thing as faithfulness in love.

The native wedding is a very tame affair—one might almost say that there is no such thing. Betrothal and marriage, if we may say so, coincide in point of time. When once the wooer has obtained the approval of the rightful authorities, there is no further hindrance to the union of the couple than the delay necessary for erecting a new hut for them. When

this is done and they have taken up their abode in it, the young husband begins to work for his mother-in-law, in the manner aforesaid, which appears so strange to our European ideas, though we cannot deny that there is room for improvement in our manners in this respect.

Now, however, we have to consider the question of who may marry whom, or, in other words, the table of forbidden degrees. This question has its importance even in Europe—how much more among people so much nearer the primitive conditions of society. If it is for the wise men of an Australian tribe one of the highest problems of social science to determine with absolute correctness which girl among the surrounding families the young man A may marry, and who is eligible for the young man B, so neither are the matrimonially disposed in the Rovuma valley free to indulge their inclination in any direction they may choose.

It is late in the afternoon. In the baraza at Newala fifteen natives of respectable age are squatting, as they have done for some weeks past, on the big mat. From time to time one of these seniors rises, and leaves the building to stretch his cramped legs, but always returns after a short time. The place is hot, a fetid vapour hangs over the assembly, so that the European in khaki, writing so assiduously at his folding table, presses his hands again and again to his aching forehead. The company are obviously tired, but they have to-day been occupied with a very exhausting subject. Hour after hour, I—for I am the man with the headache—have been trying, in the first place, to make clear to Nils Knudsen the principles of human marriage-customs, of the various tribal divisions, of totemism, of father-right and mother-right—in short, a whole series of points in sociology, but with no very satisfactory result, as is clearly shown by every question I put. Now the task before me is to elicit from the fifteen wise elders, with his help and that of the usually acute Sefu, everything they know on these subjects. All my small failures have made me quite savage, besides wearying me to the point of exhaustion ; and it costs me an appreciable effort to fling a question into the midst of the learned assembly.

" Well, old Dambwala, lazy one, you have a son, have you not ? "

"Yes, sir."

"And you, Nantiaka, you have a daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. Now, Dambwala, can your son marry Nantiaka's daughter?"

"No."

"And why not?" I must have been very tired, indeed, for even the surprise audible in this decided negative raised no particular expectations in my mind. I only began to listen more attentively when, among the reasons for the negative then alleged, my ear caught the word *litawa*. "*Nini litawa?* What is a *litawa?*" I ask, now quite fresh and lively. Well, it appears, a *litawa* is a *litawa*. Then comes a long *shauri*, in which the wits of the natives, who, like us have been half asleep, awaken to full activity, and all three languages—Makonde, Yao, and Makua—are heard at once with a clatter of tongues like that conventionally attributed to a woman's tea-party. At last the definition is found. Translated into technical language *litawa* means the matriarchal exogamic kin, includ ng all descended from one common ancestress. A man's inheritance does not descend to his son, but to the son of his sister, and a young Makonde takes his wife, not from his own *litawa*, but in one of the numerous *matawa* outside his own. The Makua have exactly the same arrangement, but the word they use instead of *litawa* is *nihimu*.

The evening of this day—the twenty-first of September—was cheered by the feeling that it had been among the most successful of my whole journey. In order to celebrate it in a worthy fashion, Knudsen and I, instead of the one bottle of beer which we had been in the habit of sharing between us, shared two.

The reader, especially after my declaration in Chapter II, will wonder how we suddenly became possessed of this beverage. It is true that, in the heat of the plains the mere thought of it was intolerable, but, up here, close to the clouds, especially when the east wind blows cold of an evening, a glass of German beer is very welcome. A few weeks ago I had occasion to send a dozen cases of specimens down to Lindi. The twelve carriers left early one morning, and were expected back in a fortnight. On all previous occasions of this sort, their

absence had left me cold; this time, to be honest, we two white men counted the days of that fortnight, and, when, on a Sunday morning, the unmistakable sound of Wanyamwezi porters approaching their journey's end was heard far out in the bush, we hurried to meet the great case containing many long-forgotten comforts—not only the heavy German stout from the Dar es Salam brewery, but above all, the milk we had so greatly missed, and which in our present state of emaciation was an absolute necessity.

On that memorable afternoon, however, the close of which I have thus been anticipating, I had no leisure to think of such material delights as these.

"So your son, friend Dambwala, cannot marry Nantiaka's daughter, because both belong to the same *litawa*—what is the name of your *litawa?*"

"Waniuchi."

"And where do you live?"

"In and around Niuchi."

"And you, Kumidachi," I went on, turning to another old man, in a new embroidered fez, which marked him as a headman, "to what *litawa* do you belong?"

"Nanyanga," was the prompt reply. Instantly the name is written down, and my eye rests questioningly on the next wise man. He, one of the quickest, already knows what is wanted, and does not wait to be asked, but calls out, "Wamhwidia."

But I cannot go on in this way—I must find out, not only the names but their meanings. I have already discovered, in my study of personal names, how fond the natives are of discussing etymologies, and here, too, only a slight hint is needed to get the meaning of the clan-name as well as the name itself. I had translated *Waniuchi* as "the people of Niuchi;" but this interpretation did not satisfy these black philologists,—*niuchi* was "a bee," they said, and the *Waniuchi* were people who sought honey in hollow trees. The Nanyanga were flute-players in time of war, *nanyanga* being the name of the Makonde flute. The Wamhidia, they said, had their name derived from the verb *muhidia*, "to strike down," from their warlike ancestors, who were continually fighting, and had beaten down everything before them.

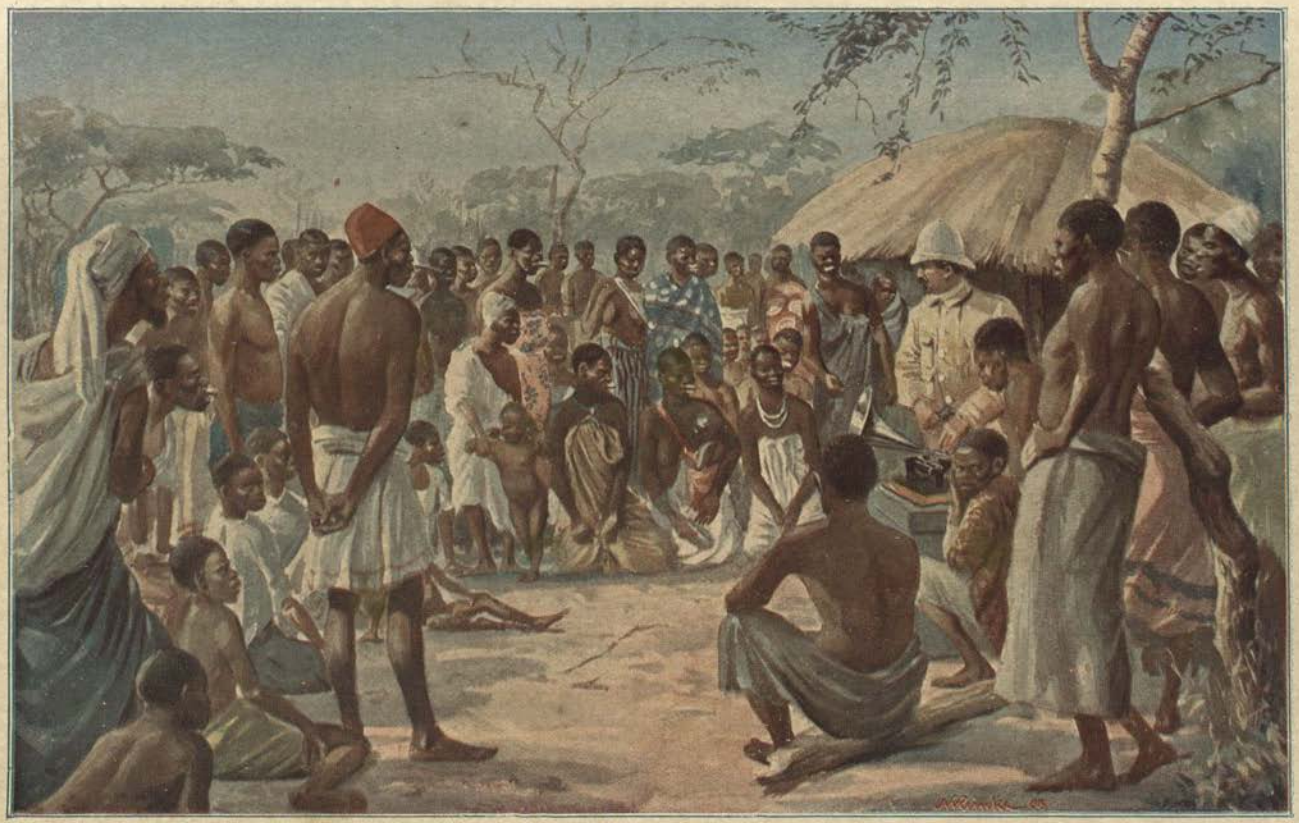
That afternoon, the old men, in spite of their weariness, had to keep on much longer than usual: I had tasted blood and pumped them, till, about sunset, their poor brains, unaccustomed to such continued exertion, could do no more. They, however, received an extra tip, in return for their self-sacrificing help in this difficult subject. Even Moritz, the finance-minister, had to-day quite lost his usual hang-dog expression, and grinned all over his brown face when he came, after we had struck work, to hand my assistants their bright new silver pieces. Since then I have devoted all my efforts to the study of the clan system, and do not know what most excites my astonishment, the social differentiation of the tribes, their subdivision into innumerable *matawa* and *dihimu* (plural of *nihimu*), or the fact that, as I am forced to assume, none of my predecessors in this field of study has had his attention called to this arrangement. However, when I come to think it over, I have no reason to be surprised, for in the first place, I had been travelling about the country for months without suspecting the existence of the clan system, and in the second, it was a mere accident that, in the discussion just described, the answer happened to take just the form it did. Men are to a certain extent at the mercy of the unforeseen—the scientific traveller most of all.

Needless to say, immediately after this momentous discovery, I came back to the problem of the Yaos. After my Makua and Makonde men had for some time been dictating name after name with the most interesting explanations into my note-book, Nils Knudsen suddenly said, "The Yaos have something of that sort, too." Ten minutes later, swift messengers were already on the way to fetch up from the plain any men of that tribe who had the slightest pretensions to intelligence. They all came up—Zuza, and Daudi, and Masanyara and the rest. Even now the examination was no easy task, either for me or for the subjects, but after honestly doing my best, I got enough out of them to be able to say, "Nils Knudsen is right, the Yaos, too, have something of the sort." Not only so, but in their case I ascertained without much difficulty that there is a second division into large groups, quite independent of the system of matriarchal, exogamous clans.

Of the great groups of the Yao tribe, which is now spread

over an extraordinarily large region of East Africa, since it extends from Lake Chilwa in the south almost to the gates of Lindi in the north, the following are known to us,—the Amakale, near the sources of the Rovuma, the Achinamataka or Wamwembe at Mataka's, between the Rovuma and the Lujende; the Amasaninga, originally at the south end of Lake Nyasa; the Achinamakanjira, or Amachinga, on the Upper Lujende; the Mangoche in the neighbourhood of Blantyre. The indication of the residences of these great groups, as here given, has now merely a historic value. Through the gradual migrations already alluded to, the old limits of the groups are now quite effaced, and can no longer be definitely laid down on the map. The clans, too (here called *ngosyo*, plural of *lukosyo*), cannot possibly have any definite position assigned them on the map; and this is also true of the other tribes. Some clans, indeed, may have a recognizable centre of distribution, but in general, the same confusion prevails here as in the case of the larger divisions.

It was not merely curiosity which made me so persistent in inquiring into the meaning of clan names, but the desire to ascertain whether they convey any indications of totemism. It may not be superfluous to say that the word totem comes from North America, and was originally applied to the drawings of animals appended by the Iroquois chiefs to their treaties with the white man by way of signature, the animal represented being that from which the clan of the signatory traced its descent. Totemism was first studied among these North American Indians, but was afterwards discovered to exist in Australia, apparently, also, in Melanesia, and in a very marked form among the older populations of India, as well as in various other parts of the world. In most cases, the clans trace their descent from some animal, which is reckoned sacred and invulnerable and must not be hunted or eaten. In some isolated instances it is even considered the height of good fortune for a man to be eaten by his totem animal. Small and harmless creatures, as well as plants, are also chosen as totems—otherwise it would scarcely be possible to find enough; as, for example, in Southern India, where the totems are innumerable. I cannot here give the whole long series of clan names collected by me for all three tribes, but



PHONOGRAPHIC RENDERING OF A NATIVE SONG

must refer the reader for this part of my results to the official publication. But it was interesting to find that though totemism no longer consciously exists among the natives, many a small trait witnesses to its former prevalence. To point out these traits in detail will be the task of later inquirers, I will here give only a few specimens of the clan names.

Matola and his cousin, our common friend, Daudi, belong to the *lukosyo* of the Achemtinga, but at the same time to the group of the Amachinga.[1] The prefix *Che*, as already stated, is an honorific title for both men and women :—Chemtinga, according to Daudi, was once a great chief in the region of the upper Lujende. The Masimbo lived in Zuza's district. These take their name from the pitfalls (*lisimbo*, plural *masimbo*) in which their forefathers used to catch game. The Amiraji, who lived near Mwiti, derive their name from the character of the country where they formerly lived, which abounded in bamboo (*mlasi*).[2] Another Yao clan are the Achingala, who take their name from the *ngala*, a kind of mussel, found in the Rovuma and its tributaries, the shells of which are still used as spoons; the reason for the name is said to be that their ancestors chiefly lived on this mollusc.

In the same category as these last we may place the Makua clan of the Wamhole, whose forefathers fed on the wild manioc (*mhole*), a root still eaten in time of famine. The Makonde clan of the Wambunga derive their name from the tradition that their ancestors ate the *nambunga*, or fruit of the bamboo. The Wantanda formerly had the custom of cutting the flesh of the game they killed into long strips (*nantanda*). The Wamunga[3] are rice-planters, the ancestors of the Alamande lived on a small locust of that name, and the Wutende are people famous throughout the country on account of a quality for which we are little disposed to give the natives credit—they are always working (*kutenda*).

Even in the cool climate of Europe it is not altogether easy for the mind to grasp the marriage-laws of these clans. Here in tropical Africa, with its perpetual alternations of heat and

[1] The author seems to be mistaken in the distinction drawn between the *ngosyo* and the "groups." See note at end of chapter. [TR.]

[2] *Miraji*, plural of *mlaji*, a form interchangeable with *mlasi*. [TR.]

[3] Rice in Makua is *mvuka* or *moka*; the word in the text may be a corrupt form intermediate between this and the Yao *mpunga*.

cold, I find it almost impossible to follow the expositions of old Mponda, my principal lecturer on Civil Law. Moreover, it is very much of a shock to our customary ways of thinking, to hear, for example, the following :—After the Makonde boy has been circumcised he does not return to his parents' house, but remains in that of his maternal uncle. There he has nothing further to do but grow up and wait till his girl cousins are grown up likewise. If the uncle has no daughters, the nephew first waits till one is born, and, after this event has taken place, he has again to wait. It must be understood that the young man is not supposed to get his board for nothing all this time ; he is expected to work pretty hard, like Jacob serving seven years for Rachel. When at last the goal is reached and the cousin is marriageable, the suitor, meanwhile arrived at years of discretion, goes away somewhere where he can earn a rupee's worth of calico, hands this to his uncle, and takes home his wife. He is not, however, free to live where he likes, but remains at his uncle's village, and works for him like a bondsman, as before. If, in due course, he has a son, this son, according to Mponda, must again marry a cousin—the daughter of his father's sister. In the old man's own concise words : " If I have a sister and she has a daughter, and I have a son, my son can marry that girl. But if I have a brother and he has a daughter, my son cannot marry his daughter, because she is *numbuwe*—his sister."

We took our leave of the young girl at the moment when, after passing through the months of the *chiputu* with their formalities and festivities, she has taken her place among the initiated. According to some of my informants the child's marriage takes place very soon after this epoch—certainly before the period which we in Europe consider as the beginning of maturity, viz., the first menstruation.

I have no means of checking these statements, so cannot say whether this is so or not ; in any case we are just now more interested in the treatment of girls on the occasion alluded to—the more so that this treatment is analogous to that practised in a whole series of other regions. As on the Lower Guinea coast, (in Loango,[1] on the Gabun, and on the

[1] See, *inter alia*, Mr. R. T. Dennett's *At the Back of the Black Man's Mind*, pp. 38, 68–70. [TR.]

Ogowe) and in various parts of Melanesia, the girl is lodged in a separate hut, where she remains entirely alone; her friends come and dance, uttering the shrill cry of the *ntungululu* outside the hut, but otherwise keep at a distance. Her mother, her instructress during the *unyago*, and the other wise women, however, impart to her the rules of conduct and hygiene :— she must keep at a distance from every one; she must be particular as to cleanliness, must wash herself and bathe, but above all, must have intercourse with no one. This is repeated over and over again, while at the same time eating, singing and dancing go on incessantly.

At the first pregnancy of a young wife, also, various ceremonies take place. At bottom, however, these are only a pleasant setting for a number of rules and prohibitions inculcated on this occasion by the older women. In the fifth month the young woman has her head shaved, and a month later the women make a feast for themselves, and roast some maize for her. Some more maize is then soaked in water and pounded and the resulting paste smeared on her head. Then the husband goes to the bush, accompanied by a near relation of his wife's, the woman wearing nothing but a small waist-cloth. The man cuts down a suitable tree and prepares a piece of bark-cloth in the way already described, while the girl sings in time to the strokes of his mallet "*Nalishanira wozewa neakutende.*" The fabric when finished is ornamented with beads, and the instructress hangs it round her protegée's neck as a charm. This is called *mare ndembo*, and the same name is henceforth applied to the expectant mother. Next morning all the people are again assembled for the dance— the inevitable *ntungululu* inseparable from all joyful feelings or festive occasions, mingling, of course, with the singing and hand-clapping. All, however, do not take part in these rejoicings; the wise women and the instructress stand apart from the crowd, in a group round the young wife. "You must not sit on other people's mats," says one toothless old woman, "it would injure both you and the child—you would be prematurely confined."

"You must not talk to your friends, men or women," says another woman, whose utterance is impeded by an enormous *pelele*, "that, too, would be bad for the child."

"You must not go out much after this," says a third. "If possible let no one see you but your husband, or the baby might resemble someone else. But if you do go out, you must get out of people's way, for even the smell of them might hurt the child."

There is, after all, something in these rules and warnings. We in Europe are quite familiar with the idea that a pregnant woman must not see anything unpleasant or terrifying, and ought not, if she can possibly help it, to let herself be impressed by any other face than that of her husband. The other prescriptions belong to the region of sympathetic magic, or action by analogy—the mere possibility of coming within the atmosphere of people who have recently had sexual intercourse with one another may endanger the coming life.

But this is not all,—the most important points are yet to come.

"You must not eat eggs, or your child will have no hair."

"You must not eat the flesh of monkeys, or the child will have no more sense than a monkey."

"You must not eat what is left over in the cooking-pot from the day before, or the baby will be ill."

"If you go to the garden or the well, and anyone salutes you, you must not thank him or answer him in any way, for then the birth of the child will be long delayed."

The conclusion of the whole lecture which, in contrast to the system pursued in our Universities, is simultaneously delivered by many teachers to one unhappy student, is the very urgent and serious warning to have nothing to do with any other man than her husband, or she will infallibly die. On the other hand, if her husband were to forget himself and go after another woman, she would have a miscarriage, resulting in her death. She must, therefore, be very good to him and cook his porridge as he likes it.

This is the last word. With the peculiar gait of the native woman, which has an inimitable twist in it, not to be described in words, the dispensers of wise counsel hasten, as fast as their dignity will allow, across the open space and join the rest of the throng. "*Lu-lu-lu-lu-lu-lu*,"—the shrill vibrations again agitate the air, the drums, beaten by the men's strong hands, strike up afresh, a mighty cloud of dust rises and veils the

whole scene, everything is in motion and full of genuine African mirth, all unconscious of life's daily miseries. One alone sits by in silence, the young woman herself who, according to the instructions just received, is entirely interdicted from taking any part in the festivity. Her brown eyes—which would deserve to be called beautiful were their effect not marred by the white being interspersed with yellowish-brown specks—are fixed musingly on one point. Is she thinking of the dark hour she will have to encounter in a few months' time? The Scripture, "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children," is true for the black race also. But, personally, I do not think that the young thing is looking so far ahead; it is not in any case natural for youth to do so, and African youth, in particular, sees no occasion to be anxious about the future. The race is truly happy, in the enviable facility with which it lives for to-day, leaving to-morrow's cares entire and untouched for to-morrow.

NOTE.—The system of kinship among the Yaos and neighbouring tribes has not been so entirely overlooked by inquirers as Dr. Weule supposes. The subject has been investigated by Archdeacon Johnson, the late Bishop Maples, and the Rev. H. B. Barnes among others, though, unfortunately, many of their notes are buried in little-known periodicals. Some valuable information is also to be found in Mr. R. Sutherland Rattray's *Some Folk-lore, Songs and Stories in Chinyanja*. We think Dr. Weule is mistaken in distinguishing the "larger groups" of the Yao tribe from the *ngosyo*: they are probably identical with the latter in origin: *e.g.*, the Machinga would be the descendants of a single (female) ancestor, who in the course of generations became numerous and powerful, and perhaps increased their consequence by incorporating weaker clans who placed themselves under their protection and adopted their name. But there is a second system of descent, which may be what Dr. Weule is referring to. This is called by the Anyanja *chilawa*, and descends through the father; marriage within it is prohibited. "A man may not marry any woman who is of his *kamu* (Yao, *lukosyo*) or of his *chilawa*. Thus the daughters of his mother's sisters are excluded because they are of the same *kamu*, and daughters of his father's brothers are excluded because they are of the same *chilawa*; but the daughters of his mother's brothers or of his father's sisters are eligible, because they are neither of the same *kamu* nor of the same *chilawa*" (Rev. H. B. Barnes). This tallies with the information given to Dr. Weule about the Makonde marriage laws (p. 314). Mr. Barnes doubts whether the clan names explained to Dr. Weule are really connected with totems, and thinks the customs they refer to are "perhaps more likely to be traceable to individual peculiarities of some ancestor than to any religious totemistic restriction," and that the *chilawa* names, whose significance appears to be lost, are the real totem names. But the subject is too wide to be discussed in a note. [TR.]

# CHAPTER XV

## LAST DAYS AT NEWALA

NEWALA, October 10, 1906.

"Morgen muss ich fort von hier
Und muss Abschied nehmen . . ."

THE words of the German students' song rise to my lips, now that I am thinking of bringing our stay here to a close—though, as a rule, I am anything but musical, and Knudsen, for his part, can never get beyond the first line of *Gamle Norge*. The mention of music suggests my experiences with the phonograph. When laying in my stock of blank cylinders at Berlin, it was a happy inspiration of mine to take half-a-dozen records as well, in the hope that they might serve to charm the savage breast of the African. I have no sort of responsibility for the choice of these pieces, as I left it entirely to the girl who served me at the shop where I bought them. What determined her selection I cannot tell, but it is a fact that the greater number of the six records, though not all, are immensely popular. An American march—quite rightly—produces no impression whatever, and a selection of songs fails to attract my public: it seems to suggest nothing at all to them. The next item on the programme, the arrangement of which I always leave to Knudsen, so that he may learn to work the instrument,—is "*Die beiden kleinen Finken*" ("The Two Little Finches"). Here and there an eye lights up with intelligence when the twittering of the birds begins, and many sets of white teeth are seen flashing behind the parapet which shuts off our *baraza* from the outer passage. Then comes the well-known xylophone solo, "*Der Specht*" ("The Woodpecker"). As the deep bass voice announcing the title of the piece issues from the funnel, the whole audience leans over the wall in feverish excitement, one might almost say with ears erect. A few of the experienced elders, who have been on the coast and therefore have the right to appear *blasés*, laugh ostentatiously to show that they understand. But this laughter dies away when the pure

tones of my instrument, unmixed with any adventitious sound, begin to reproduce in the most striking way the unmistakable notes of the xylophone. One can see that these people have an ear and enjoy the harmony of sounds perhaps as much as we do. Besides, the sounds are not in this case unfamiliar—for the *mgoromondo*, the straw xylophone already described, has exactly the same timbre. By the time the final tapping duet begins, everything about them is shining—their eyes, their teeth, their whole faces—in fact they shine all over, for they keep crowding together more and more closely, and it is by no means cool. "*Die Schmiede im Walde*" ("The Forge in the Forest") scarcely heightens their pleasure; it is true that the enjoyment is great and general, but the blacksmith is a familiar figure of everyday life, and the rhythm of his hammer as well known to them as it is to us. Now, however, comes our *aria di bravura*. It has been my experience that when a white man, after long residence among savages, declines more or less from the level of civilized society, music is the first thing to stimulate the endeavour towards recovery. Nils Knudsen can listen to the *Fledermaus* seventeen times running without getting enough of it. He winds up the apparatus over and over again and remarks that this is real music—the right sort. The natives, too, are delighted with the merry, audacious tunes, and if the mood of the moment is such that I feel moved to execute a few waltz or polka steps and float, like a fairy weighing some thirteen stone, round the table on which the phonograph is placed, their delight becomes indescribable rapture. This is the right moment for turning the tables and calling on the audience to become performers in their turn. The Newala natives are very reluctant to oblige in this respect; the men can only be induced to come up to the phonograph when under the influence of the ecstasy just alluded to, but the women are off like the wind whenever I want them.

The men, too, here at Newala, would not come near me for a time. I had become so absorbed in the linguistic studies which had been occupying me more and more during the last few weeks, that my growing isolation did not at first strike me. Only when Knudsen and I found that we scarcely ever saw any one besides my three teachers, the *akida* Sefu, the

Yao Akuchigombo (which is, being interpreted, Mr. Toothbrush), and the Makua Namalowe (Mr. Echo), it became clear to me that some circumstance unknown to me must be the cause of this boycotting. Neither Sefu nor the other two could or would explain matters. Mr. Echo had only been resident a short time at Newala, having recently come to be trained as a teacher under his older colleague at the Universities' Mission, so that his ignorance was not surprising; but it annoyed me greatly that the other two would give no answer to all my inquiries beyond "*Si jui*" ("I don't know"). However, I was forced to admit that even these two did not really belong to the place, Sefu being a coast man, and in his capacity of *akida*, probably more feared than loved, while Akuchigombo was educated at Zanzibar, and through his position as teacher of the Mission School, separated by a great gulf from the illiterate mass of the population. This school, with a rusty tube of an artesian well and a small church-bell, hung according to the custom of this country in the first convenient tree, are the only relics of the once flourishing station of New Newala.

Only within the last few days has Knudsen been able to get out of an old friend from the plains the reason why we have been left so severely alone. The explanation, strange as it may seem to a European, is genuinely African: it is nothing more nor less than the suspicion—indeed the certainty—that I am a dangerous sorcerer. Somehow the belief had gained ground that in photographing people I deprived them of whatever clothes they were wearing. "Have you not seen," some individual whose name is as yet unknown to me, is reported as saying to his countrymen, "how the white man gets under his great black cloth? It is then that he bewitches you. You are standing there with all your clothes on, but he goes and stands for hours in his tent overnight, working his charms, and next day, when he gets out his glasses, there you are on them quite naked. And if you are foolish enough to go and stand in front of the other machine, he will take away your voices, too. He is a great wizard, and his medicines are stronger than even our *chisango* (divination oracle). We made war against the Wadachi (the Germans), but what fools we were to do so, for this white man is one of them!"

The comic aspect of the situation struck me far more forcibly

than the annoying one, and we both laughed heartily. I had not before realized that the phonograph had all along seemed to these people more or less uncanny—the apparatus always stood so that they could only see the mouthpiece and the smooth front, the rotating cylinder being invisible to them. They had seen, indeed, that Knudsen or I went through some manipulation of the instrument, but none of them had formed any idea as to the nature of the process. Thus the inexplicable assumed the aspect of the occult, and I was promoted to the rank of a wizard who robbed people of their voices. I must in this connection make honourable mention of the enterprising Zuza. Once, though only after the spell had been broken in another way, he seized a favourable opportunity to walk round the apparatus and see the revolving cylinder. Since that day this intelligent man and the more enlightened of his followers look on the phonograph as a mere machine, as innocent as any other brought by the white man from distant Ulaya.

In regard to my magic for stripping people of their clothes, I took very energetic steps. We used all our persuasions to get a few men and women to pose before the camera, took the photographs, developed them on the spot, printed them and exhibited the finished picture-postcards. "Well, are you naked in this picture, or are you clothed? And are these the very same clothes you are now wearing on your black bodies, or are they not?" Half-timid, half-startled at the novel spectacle, both men and women stared at the wonder of the picture; then they all went off with their portraits and the parting injunction to tell everyone that the white man was no sorcerer and did not rob people of their clothes, but that they were dressed in his pictures exactly as in real life. This proved quite effectual, and to-day the natives gather round us as confidingly as they did at first.

On the whole they might now save themselves the trouble, for I find that I no longer require them. The objects they bring for sale are the same as I already possess by the hundred, and my photographs reveal no further novelties—it is always the same type, the same keloids, the same *pelele*. I therefore find it best to devote the greater part of my time to languages, and the remainder to desultory notes on points which turn up

of themselves during my excursions in the neighbourhood. A few days ago, I came across the strangest thing I have yet met with in this country where strange things are so common. For some weeks past, Namalowe had spoken of a custom of the Makua girls, who, he said, carry a collection of pebbles under their tongues as in a nest. I had laughed at the man—with a significant gesture towards my forehead—every time he said this. The day before yesterday, we five were assembled in the *baraza* as usual, and worrying ourselves over some peculiarly difficult forms in Yao. Namalowe, being a Makua, was not wanted just then, so excused himself and left the *baraza*. We were hardly thinking of him when I heard steps approaching and a slender figure of a girl appeared between the mat screen and the clay parapet, immediately followed by that of the native teacher. The next moment the pretty young creature stood before us, shyly smiling. "*Hapa namangahlu, Bwana*" ("Here are the mouth-stones, sir"), said Namalowe, pointing with a triumphant gesture to the girl's mouth which was adorned with a *pelele* of only moderate dimensions. We all rose to our feet in the greatest excitement. Sefu, Namalowe and Akuchigombo all talked to her at once for some time, and at last reluctantly putting her hand to her mouth she produced an oval pebble, as large as the kernel of a hazel-nut, worn quite smooth, and almost transparent, and held it out to us on her open palm. A second, third and fourth followed, and I stood dumb with surprise, while Namalowe could scarcely contain himself for satisfaction. Is it a hallucination? or has the good schoolmaster been cheating? The girl takes a fifth pebble out of her mouth—then a sixth; at last, after the seventh and eighth, the nest appears to be empty. My three *savants* informed me that these *namangahlu* are quartz pebbles found in the gravel of all the rivers hereabouts, though the finest and clearest are those from the Rovuma, so that it is a point of honour for the young men to bring them from thence as presents to their *innamoratas*. Pearl necklaces and settings *à jour* are as yet beyond the aspirations of fashion on the Makonde plateau, and pockets are also an unknown refinement of luxury, so that the mouth is the only place for storing these jewels. This at least is how I explain the unique method of carrying about the stones. According to my

informants, the meaning of the custom is equivalent to a troth-plight, and therefore the pebbles are the African for an engagement ring, except that, in contrast to the latter, they are seen by no one but the lover. My first instinctive suspicion of a hoax was, I may safely assume, unfounded. I have since studied the matter on my own account, and found several young Makua women carrying the stones in the manner described, so that I have independent evidence for the custom.[1] It really seems as if there were no degree of lunacy of which human beings are incapable!

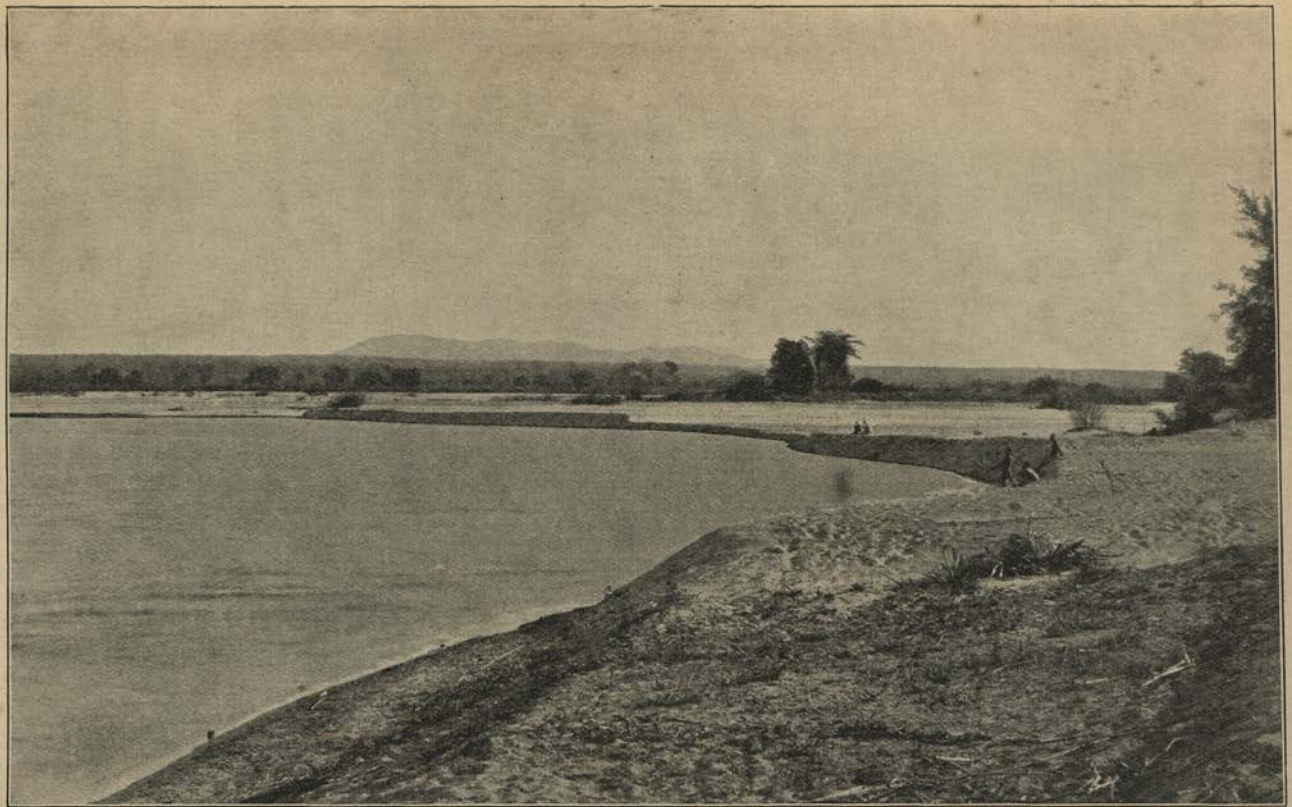
The climate of Newala has been growing worse and worse. We enjoyed a short interval of lovely weather resembling that of a fine autumn in Central Germany; but now the mist shrouds the *boma* every morning up to about half-past eight, and in the evening the east wind blows more icily than ever. We two Europeans are afflicted with chronic colds, and our men are in a sorry plight. They have not much in the way of clothes, the carriers being without even a change of calico; and the commissariat of the poor wretches is not all that could be desired. When we consider in addition that the water is far from pure, I am not surprised that the sick-list grows from week to week. On every side I hear indications of severe bronchial catarrh, and almost fancy myself back again with Ewerbeck's company of coughers. Cases of dysentery, too, are not rare, neither are those of sexual disease. Most of the patients have sufficient confidence in their *mzungu* to come voluntarily and take in the most heroic manner any kind of *dawa* that is put into their mouths. I have to treat my soldiers in military fashion by having them up for medical inspection from time to time. At the same time, as one might expect from the native character, they will very often carry on a concurrent treatment with *mshenzi* medicines. Whenever Knudsen and I take a stroll along any of the roads leading out of Newala, we are pretty sure to come upon curious objects at places where two paths meet or cross. The ground has been carefully cleared of leaves, branches, etc., and in the

[1] The same thing is done by Mang'anja girls on the Shire, in order to make them articulate clearly. The pebbles used for the purpose are taken from the stomachs of crocodiles, which sometimes contain enough to fill a bucket. (MS. note made at Blantyre, August 30th, 1894.)—[TR.]

middle of the level space thus made, an unknown hand has traced with snow-white meal, a magic circle about a foot in diameter and never quite regular. Within the circle little heaps of flour are arranged according to some recognised system, with more or less regularity, in rows of three or four.

AN OFFERING TO THE SPIRITS

It was some time before I could get any explanation of the object and meaning of these figures, which I had also seen before coming to Newala. This kind of therapeutics can only be understood if the native's views as to a life after death and the action of supernatural powers are considered as a whole. In his belief human life by no means ceases with death. It is true that the body is buried and decomposes, but the soul lives on, and that in the same locality where it was active during life. Its favourite abode is a conspicuous tree. The religion of these southern tribes is thus distinctly tree-worship, in so far as the natives sacrifice and pray to their deceased ancestors by laying food and drink at



LANDSCAPE ON THE ROVUMA. VIEW FROM MY CAMP UP THE RIVER, IN LONG. 39° 6′ E.

the foot of such a tree and addressing their petitions to its crown.

The *msolo* tree (in Makonde *mholo*) is the one here distinguished as the abode of the gods. To this tree the native goes when there is sickness in his family, or when he is about to undertake a long journey, or go on the war-path. He does not come empty-handed, but decorates the trunk with coloured stuff, so that, with all the gaudy rags previously fastened there by other distressed petitioners, the spectacle presented is more curious than beautiful. He sweeps the ground about the tree with a bunch of leaves, sprinkles flour on it, and pours strengthening *pombe* into the jar placed there for the purpose. These are the voluntary offerings of the living. But the giver being only human, and not only human, but African, expects a *quid pro quo* on the part of the dead. "I have given you cloth and brought you meal and beer; you, my ancestor, know that we are going to war against our enemies the Mavia. We are to march to-morrow; let no bullet strike me, no arrow, and no spear." The tree rustles in the evening breeze, and the believer departs reassured.

But the souls do not always live in the *msolo* tree. As a rule, they are restlessly wandering about the country, and naturally prefer the main roads, as they did while in the flesh. There, and above all in places where several roads meet, they are most commonly to be found, and their protection is most likely to be successfully invoked. This at least is the best explanation that occurs to me of the flour offering being made by preference at the cross-roads. The sick see the possibility of cure only, or at least principally, in the help of the ancestral spirits who are presumably endowed with greater powers than they enjoyed in this life. What, therefore, is more natural than to sacrifice to these spirits at the spots which they may be supposed to pass most frequently, at the cross-roads and at the junction of two paths? This is the view taken by my informants, in which I am quite disposed to concur; it seems extremely probable, while at the same time I admit that there may conceivably be another idea underlying the flour circles.

The planting of special trees at the graves seems to be closely connected with tree-worship. In the plains—and

among the Yaos in particular—I noticed no such trees, but here on the plateau they are very common. On recent graves I find young, slender saplings; in other spots, where only the old men remember that anyone is buried, there are enormous trees with mighty trunks sixty feet high and more. More than one place near the *boma* of Newala is rendered solemnly impressive by a number of such old sepulchral trees. The tree is the one called *kamuna*, and is always planted at the head of the grave. Whether the natives believe that the spirit has its abode

TREES IN THE BURYING-GROUND AT NEWALA

for a time in these trees, I have hitherto been unable to make out. In fact, it is exceedingly difficult to get any definite statements at all as to the abiding-place of the soul. The Yaos gave no information whatever on this point. The Makua said: "The shadow of the man goes to God, and God lives up there." But what the shadow does "up there," and how it fares in that mysterious abode, they, too, do not know. The ghost stories current among the natives of these parts are horrible and awe-inspiring enough, to judge by the specimens I have heard. I will give one of them. Both Wayao and Wamakua have a ghost called *itondosha* (or in Yao, *ndondosha*). If a magician has killed a child—like all peoples in the primitive stage, the African does not look on death as a natural occurrence, but

always attributes it to magical practices—he takes it out of the grave, brings it to life again, and cuts off both legs at the knee-joint. The sorcerer throws away the severed limbs, and sets the mutilated body of the child secretly in a certain place. Then people come from every direction and bring the *itondosha* porridge, beer, fruits and cloth. If this is done regularly and in sufficient quantities, nothing more is heard of the ghost, but if the people, as time goes on, forget it, it suddenly raises piercing and uncanny shrieks, which frighten the people and cause them to renew their offerings to the *itondosha*.[1]

With the usual good fortune which has attended my inquiries, I obtained possession, quite accidentally, of a song referring to this *itondosha*. This was given me by Anastasio, or as he called himself, Anestehiu,[2] a pupil of the Universities' Mission, who distinguished himself among the inhabitants of Newala by his willingness to face my phonograph. His zeal, indeed, was more conspicuous than his musical ability, but his services to the cause of science deserve recognition all the same.

The words of his song run as follows :—

" I went to Masasi ; I went again to Masasi. In the evening I heard screams ; I turned round and saw the *itondosha*. ' My cousin Cheluka ! ' (I cried), ' Give me a gun and caps and a bullet.' ' Load it yourself,' (said my cousin). ' Come and let us pursue the *itondosha ;* it went through a hole in the side wall of the house.' My brother (cousin) turned round and said : ' It has its legs stretched out straight before it, like a beard on the chin.' It was seated, and we tried to tame the *itondosha*, the girl of Ilulu. *Elo* (Yes), that is so."

A less uncanny subject was broached by an old Makonde by means of a little gift which he brought me. We had been talking about the method of reckoning time among these tribes, and had arrived at the fact that they were as backward, and at the same time as practical, in this respect as in their way of marking the hours of the day.

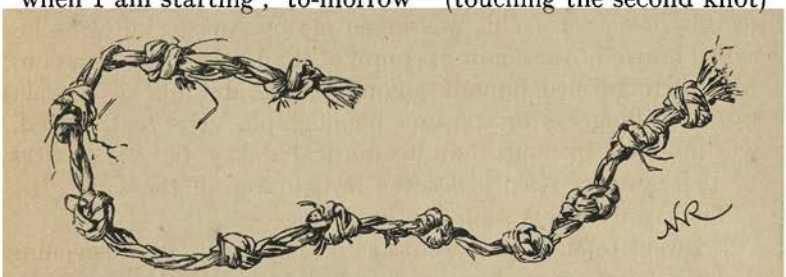
The recording of events by means of knots on a string is a contrivance adopted by mankind at different times and in different places. The famous *quipu* of the Peruvians is one

[1] See note at end of chapter.—[TR.]

[2] The latter spelling is intended to represent the Makua version of the English pronunciation of Anastasius.—[TR.]

example. Others have been discovered in the Pacific, and also in West Africa. Here on the Makonde Plateau it is still in daily use, for the number of children learning to read and write in the German Government Schools at Lindi and Mikindani is as yet but small.

With a courteous gesture the Makonde handed me a piece of bark string about a foot long, with eleven knots at regular intervals, proceeding to explain, with Sefu's help, that the string was intended to serve as a kind of calendar. Supposing he were going on an eleven days' journey, he would say to his wife, " This knot " (touching the first) " is to-day, when I am starting ; to-morrow " (touching the second knot)



KNOTTED STRING SERVING AS CALENDAR

" I shall be on the road, and I shall be walking the whole of the second and third day, but here " (seizing the fifth knot) " I shall reach the end of the journey. I shall stay there the sixth day, and start for home on the seventh. Do not forget, wife, to undo a knot every day, and on the tenth you will have to cook food for me ; for, see, this is the eleventh day when I shall come back."

Here, again, then, we have a survival, something which reminds us of a stage of culture passed through long ago by our ancestors. After all, have we left it so very far behind ? Do we not, to this day, make a knot in our handkerchief, when we have something we want to remember ? Mankind is poor in ideas, not only in the sense that inventions in all parts of the world can be reduced to the same simple fundamental principle, but with all our technical and intellectual progress the most advanced members of the race are in some points extremely conservative. So much the knot in the handkerchief is sufficient to prove.

The Makonde system of knot-records does not seem to be always quite so simple as we might think from the above example. Another Makonde has just brought me a whole bundle of knotted strings, saying that they belong to such and such a headman, who cannot remember which of his villagers have paid their hut-tax and which have not, but can manage in this way to keep count of them quite successfully.

In the light of my experiences in this country I am more and more confirmed in the conviction, formed on the ground of previous study at home, that our conventional estimate of the difference between "savage" and "civilized" mankind is to a great extent misleading. It is true that Amerinds and Eskimo, Hyperboreans and negroes, Oceanians and Australians alike, along with many peoples of southern and south-eastern Asia, live in more intimate connection with surrounding nature than we, who think that our environment is entirely artificial. But has not in reality each one of these despised groups of mankind a culture of its own? Is not—to take those who most nearly concern us just now—the material and mental life of these Rovuma Valley natives made up of a thousand details, not less differentiated from each other than the activities of our own lives? It is true that the native cannot attain by means of his hoe-culture and his simple arts and crafts to that standard of comfort and well-being demanded by every white man who is even moderately well off. But surely in many parts of Germany our rural population are no better, perhaps even worse off, than these barbarians who lie under the terrible reproach of being unable to write their names. I am, indeed, very far from seeing these so-called primitive peoples through rose-coloured spectacles; but when I consider that, in despite of the high opinion we entertain of ourselves, the enormous advance consequent upon the invention of printing, the discovery of the New World and the Reformation has after all affected in the fullest sense only a very small fraction of the white race—we might say, only a thin upper stratum, and that not continuous,—I cannot but come back again and again to my conviction that culture is not a thing of which we have the monopoly.

The time, however, has now come to say farewell to Newala,

with its roaring evening gale, its cool mornings, its jiggers, and its interesting congeries of tribes.

The weeks of my stay here have been a time of hard work—averaging, one day with another, about sixteen hours daily,—and this very circumstance has produced a sort of attachment to the place, making one loth to part from it. We leave at daybreak to-morrow.

NOTE.—The *itondosha* suggests in some points a comparison with the Zulu *umkovu*, or "familiar" of wizards, who "are said to dig up a corpse and give it certain medicines which restore it to life, when they run a hot needle up the forehead towards the back part of the head, then slit the tongue, and it becomes an *umkovu*, speaking with an inarticulate confused sound, and is employed by them for wicked purposes" (Colenso's *Zulu Dictionary*). The *umkovu*, like certain animals (the baboon, the wild cat), is, however, sent out on errands of mischief, instead of being set up in the mode indicated by Dr. Weule's informant. See also Mr. Dudley Kidd's *Essential Kafir*, p. 147, and *Among the Zulus and Amatonga*, by the late David Leslie, who calls them *Esemkofu* (*isikovu ?*) and says that the witches who bring them to life clip off the top of the tongue so that the creature can only wail out "*Maieh, maieh,*" "which is a sound like the soughing of the wind." —[TR.]

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE ROVUMA ONCE MORE

ON THE ROVUMA, about 39° 40′ E., October 23, 1906.

FROM a height of 2,300 feet above sea-level at Newala we have descended to something under 200 feet, and instead of the usual noonday temperature of 76° or 77°, we are sweltering in the jungle at 97° or thereabouts, though in the immediate neighbourhood of our old friend the Rovuma. But I must proceed in chronological order, if my narrative is to be intelligible.

The early morning of October 11th was as misty, raw and cold as all its predecessors, yet to our perceptions it did not resemble them in the least. The spectacle of uproarious high spirits, which my men presented when we left Chingulungulu was here repeated if possible in an intensified form. Newala proved, in fact, anything but a Capua for these poor fellows. Even Pesa mbili II, formerly a fellow of generous proportions, has become quite slender. When I asked him yesterday, "*Tumbo lako wapi?*" ("Where is your stomach?") he replied with a mournful glance at the place it had once occupied, "*Tumbo limekwenda, Bwana*" ("It has gone away, sir"). Knudsen and I, by the way, can say much the same, for our khaki suits hang quite loosely round our wasted limbs.

Mahuta is the only place at which I could think of pursuing my Makonde studies. It is not only the political centre of the hill country, and the residence of the highest Government official, the Wali, but is from a geographical point of view very favourably situated for my purposes, as roads lead from it in all directions, by which I can easily reach the various native tribes, or by which, this being in every way more convenient, the natives can come to me. But, in the meantime, another goal was beckoning—the Wangoni enclave on the southern edge of the plateau.

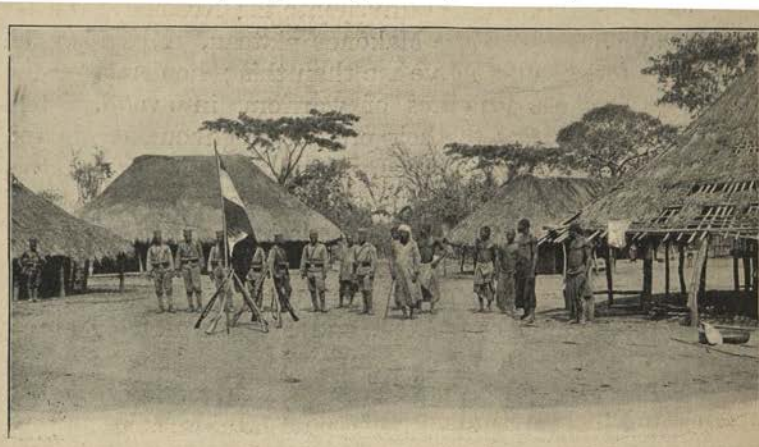
From the day of my leaving Lindi I have heard all sorts of statements as to these Wangoni, who of course are supposed to be akin to the Kafir tribes of that name on the eastern

shore of Lake Nyasa. On one of the many raids in which these tribes, whether called Mazitu, Mafiti, Magwangwara, Wamachonde, or Wangoni, have more or less laid waste, the whole southern part of German East Africa, this division was separated from the main body by a gallant counter-attack of the Yaos under Matola I, and driven into the Nchichira district, on the southern edge of the Makonde plateau. Nils Knudsen had more information to give me than this; he described the Wangoni as splendid figures of warriors, in every respect immeasurably superior to their present neighbours, and even to his beloved Wayao. And if I wanted to see regular villages —rows of houses with fine streets between them,—he said, I must go to Nchichira. "So I will, but of course you must come, too," was my answer. Honest Nils did not wait for a second invitation: the Rovuma and elephant-hunting are in his mind inseparably connected, and I think he would walk straight to the Congo without stopping, if anyone told him that a decent-sized tusker had been seen there. He is a good shot, too, in spite of the unwieldy old-fashioned guns—in a very shaky condition, moreover—which form his armoury.

I therefore determined on an excursion to Nchichira, to see something of the Wangoni, before going on to Mahuta, where I mean to spend some weeks in order to finish my inquiries. I feel already as if I had collected nearly all the information I am capable of assimilating at present, and that there is some danger of my receptive faculties failing me one of these days, amid the abundance of new impressions.

We passed Mahuta on our march from Newala to Nchichira —the easiest march yet experienced. Had I not bestridden my well-tried old mule, I could have wished for a bicycle; even a motor could have been driven quite comfortably along this road. No steep hills and no deeply eroded gorges, but a plain with a gentle and almost imperceptible eastward slope, covered throughout with dense bush, in which the industrious Makonde have here and there cleared their little patches for cultivation, and through which run broad, well-kept roads, sometimes perfectly straight for a kilometer at a time. The Makonde have certainly not made these roads out of any personal interest in improving their means of communication. In fact, considerable pressure from Lindi was needed before they could be

got to accomplish the task; but, once finished, the roads—everywhere wide enough for a column, and sometimes for a section, to march abreast—are equal to every strategic requirement. The only thing calculated to diminish the pleasures of travel is the loose, deep sand, which, however, one is thankful



MY ESCORT HALTED AT HENDERERA'S VILLAGE IN THE MAKONDE HIGHLANDS

to find does not occur everywhere, but only in the depressions, where it has been washed down from the higher parts of the road. In these spots it seems all but bottomless.

But the men's delight in change and movement would conquer greater difficulties than this trifle. The bush is green, the sun has just dispelled the mists, and now shines down victoriously on black and white alike with such cheerfulness that the carriers cannot help singing. So they strike up their fine old Nyamwezi songs which have so often helped us over the small unpleasantnesses of the march, and also some newly-composed ones, which, heard to-day for the first time, are still more pleasing than the old répertoire.

There is only one settlement of any size on the road between Newala and Mahuta. This is the village presided over by Henderera, an old club-footed Makonde headman. His ugliness seems to have impressed even my carriers; at least one of them, a few days later, brought me a sketch-book, in which the old man was most faithfully portrayed. Henderera's village is laid out on a surprisingly large scale; the open space

round which the huts are grouped is large enough for a company of German soldiers to exercise in, and my scant dozen warriors make a very poor show in it.

The *boma* of Mahuta is conspicuous at a great distance by its palisade and an unusually large drill-ground. In fact, all trees and bushes have been cleared away to a distance of at least a couple of hundred yards all round the fort. In front of the main entrance—a small gateway scarcely wide enough for one man to pass—I see the Wali's whole force drawn up; five *baharia*, black fellows in khaki sailor-suits, who are making convulsive efforts to get into tolerable alignment. The Wali is not visible; he is at the coast, I am told. The commanding officer is just bellowing "Present arms!" when I am unkind enough to leave the road to the *boma* and turn to the right. A few hundred yards on one side of the *boma*, and behind it, I see the house which was long ago named in my honour and in which it is surely my bounden duty to take up my quarters. This is a building which Mr. Ewerbeck, in anticipation of our working together at Mahuta, caused to be erected for our common use some months ago. The architect was punctually at hand on the day fixed for the house-warming, but his guest had been grappled with hooks of steel by the ethnological interests of Chingulungulu. Half in sadness, half in vexation, Ewerbeck moved in by himself, bestowed on the house the sign of "The Professor who Never Came," and, finally, took his own departure. Scarcely had the five sailors become aware of my intention before they were off like lightning. I rode after them at a round trot, but nevertheless the "Ready! Present arms! Eyes left!" came quite in time. I must say they are smart at their drill, these black lads!

The house at the sign of "The Professor who Never Came" has a magnificent situation. From its verandah, or from the steps leading to it, we look into a deep ravine yawning immediately at our feet. On both sides is a splendid forest of large timber trees—the Makonde avoid steep slopes in their destructive system of farming—and, in the far distance behind the spot where the ravine (which must be some twelve miles long) is closed in by two projecting spurs of the plateau, we see a pale grey strip with a silver streak in it. That is the Rovuma. Behind it again is a shining mirror—the Lidede

Lake,[1] and behind that, in dark, dull-green contours, the level of the Mavia plateau. After the monotony of the Makonde Highlands, the scenery of Mahuta is indeed refreshing.

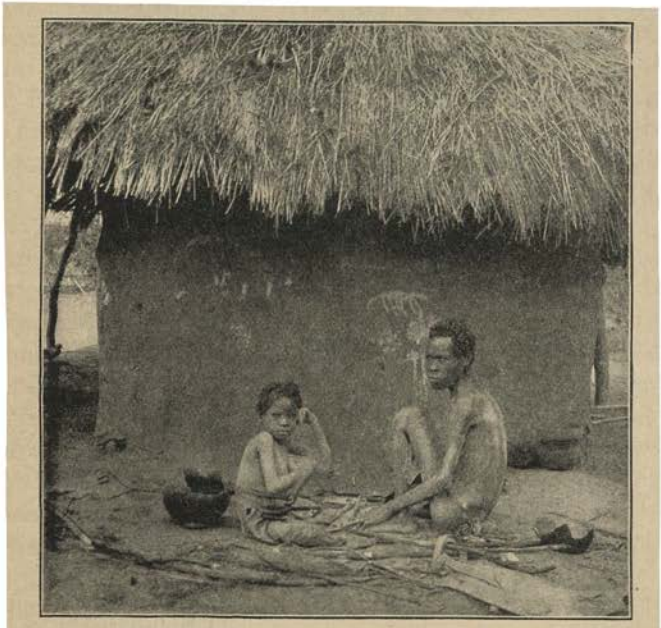
We continued our march on the following day. Hour after hour, the long-drawn-out line of the caravan wound its way between the green walls of the bush. The aspect of the latter had now undergone a change. It was not so high, and the place of the terrible thorns was taken by a perfect exuberance of plant-forms reminding me of our box-thorn (*Lycium barbarum*). As the sun rose higher, the heat in the narrow pass now forming the road became more stifling, and the sand of the soil finer and deeper. At last we reached Nchichira, which, like Masasi, Newala and Mahuta, possesses a *boma*—a square enclosure of about 100 yards to a side, surrounded by a palisade of stout logs. This contains the dwellings of the Akida and the other officials of a subordinate German administrative centre. In the months which have passed since we left Lindi, my men have become thoroughly proficient in pitching and breaking camp. One, two, three, and my tent is in place—and in an equally short time we have installed ourselves under the low *baraza*. It is no more comfortable than our previous abodes, but I prefer a strong thatched roof to the necessity of living in the hot tent, or to a freshly-built *banda* with its abundance of all sorts of vermin. In such structures insects incessantly rain down from the newly-cut grass on one's head and body, and into all the plates and dishes.

The twelve days at Nchichira passed like a dream. Not that I really did any dreaming: the excessive amount of work awaiting me there prevented that. Just because I have not yet attained a clear consciousness of the impressions received—have, so to speak, not digested the abundant repast set before me—the whole time of my stay seems, on looking back, like a confused reverie. I shall not attempt to describe its details here, but only to note the most striking points.

I can find no trace of the heroic qualities alleged to be possessed by the Wangoni. These fellows do not seem to differ much, physically or mentally, from the other tribes in this region; in fact, to confess the honest truth, their physique is somewhat inferior. Moreover, many of them are diseased.

[1] Discovered by Consul O'Neill in 1882.—[TR.]

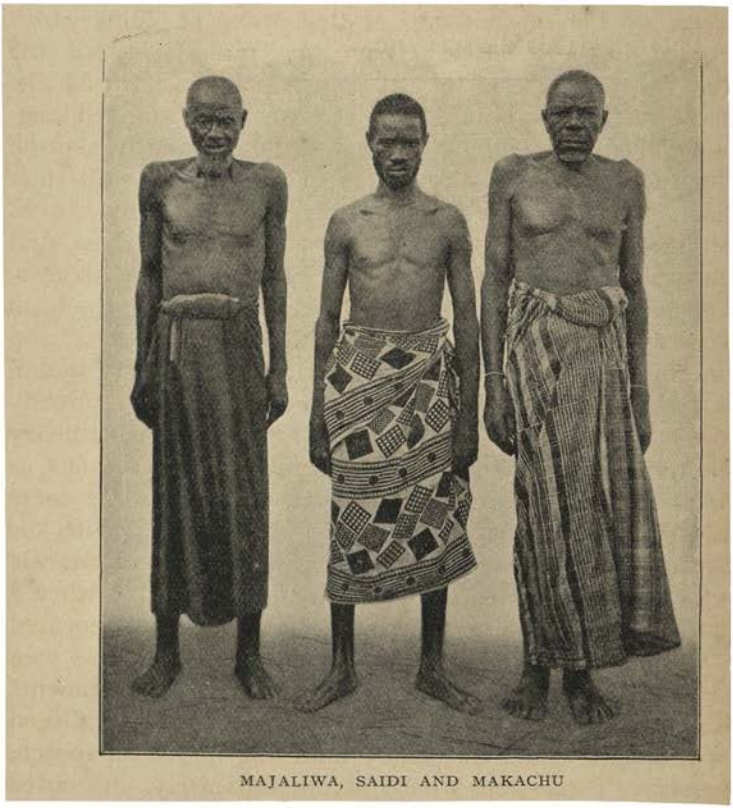
I was confronted with a ghastly sight one day, when following a strange track in the sand which I took to be that of a python, I went round to the back of a hut and found seated there a living skeleton—a man without a vestige of flesh or muscle on his whole body. He had been dragged along in a sitting posture by a compassionate small boy, thus producing the track I had noticed. This disease is called *ububa*.



NATIVE SUFFERING FROM THE *UBUBA* DISEASE

The only really tall man is old Makachu, the headman of the neighbouring village, and at the same time the chief of one of the two clans into which the Wangoni living here are divided. I measured Makachu and found his height to be a fraction under six feet. If this stature makes him look like Saul among his people, it is obvious how very poorly developed the rest of them must be. Indeed the old men of the tribe, as they drag themselves up to the *baraza* to talk to me, seem quite emaciated with chronic under-feeding ; and the rising generation does not promise much better. "No—these are no Zulus," I said to myself on first seeing them ; and I have since found this conclusion confirmed by all sorts of proofs.

In the first place, there is not a single South African touch in the arrangement and construction of their huts. The widely-scattered villages, through which we have marched for the last few hours of the road from Mahuta, are exactly like the villages in the plains west of the plateau. The only difference is that



MAJALIWA, SAIDI AND MAKACHU

the fields here appear to be better kept, and to have been better cleared and broken up, to begin with. But then it is one thing to clear ground in a large timber forest, and another to burn off the sort of bush that grows up in these parts. The details of hut-construction, too, are exactly the same, and the interiors just as wildly untidy, and furnished with the same sort of grain-stores, pots and bark boxes, the same bedsteads and the same smouldering log on the hearth as at Mchauru or Akundonde's; while the outer walls are daubed over with

the same sort of childish paintings found elsewhere in the country.

But let us consider the language and history of this group of people. Among my carriers we have in the person of Mambo sasa a genuine Zulu, a Mngoni from Runsewe. These Wangoni are the descendants of that wave of Zulus which penetrated furthest north. While the main body of the warriors who, three quarters of a century ago, crossed the Zambezi,[1] settled on both shores of Nyasa, and founded kingdoms there, amid sanguinary struggles, these Wangoni kept on northward along the eastern shore of Tanganyika, till their advance, too, was checked in north-western Unyamwezi. Under the name of Watuta, the descendants of these first conquerors continued their predatory career for some decades, till Captain Langheld, in the nineties, settled them in the bush at Runsewe where they now live. "Now, Mambo sasa, you can go ahead and interpret!" I remarked to my merry friend, when the Wangoni made their appearance. I have already more than once mentioned Mambo; he is jester-in-ordinary to the whole company; his voice, though not melodious, is powerful and untiring, and his improvised ditties never cease during the day, whether on the march or in camp. With the Wangoni of Nchichira confronting the Mngoni from Runsewe, I prepared to take notes in my usual way. Mambo, when I had made sure that he understood my first question, repeated it in his mother-tongue—but there was no answer; the men simply stared at him in bewilderment. Repeated experiments led to the same result; it was abundantly clear that the alleged fellow-tribesmen could not understand one another's speech. Subsequently I questioned both parties separately, and noted down as much of their respective languages as the incredible and equal stupidity of the good Mambo sasa and the Nchichira elders would allow. So far as I have been able to get a connected view of the result, my supposition is confirmed; the Wangoni of this district have nothing beyond the name in common with those in the hill country near Songea. They

[1] The late Dr. Elmslie computed that this crossing must have taken place in 1825, as Ngoni tradition states that an eclipse (during which the chief Mombera, who died in 1892, was prematurely born) occurred at the time.—[TR.]

are just such a congeries of broken tribes as we find elsewhere in the south of our colony.

A clear proof that I am right in the above opinion was afforded me when talking over the history of the tribe. After the giant Makachu, my principal informant is old Majaliwa, within the area of whose village the *boma* is built, and whose guests, in a manner of speaking, we therefore are. He is also the chief of the second clan previously mentioned. The younger and more "educated" element is represented by Saidi, the teacher at Nkundi, who arrived to act as interpreter in response to my urgent appeal for his help. The people here are, after all, too primitive for anything. Half-a-dozen other men, mostly elderly, who seem more concerned with expectorating all over my *baraza* than with adding to my knowledge of their tribal history, serve to fill up the background behind the above three worthies.

In the first place Majaliwa and Makachu enlighten me as to their respective families. The former belongs to the *lukohu* (= *lukosyo*) of the Makale, the latter to that of the Wakwama. Makachu, the effect of whose fine stature is somewhat spoilt by very high shoulders, between which his head appears quite sunk, then, uninvited, begins to relate how he was born near the Lukimwa River, but his people were driven thence to the Mluhezi when he was a boy. Quite mechanically, at the word boy, the old man, as he sits on the ground, raises his arm to a horizontal position, and as mechanically his hand rises so as to make a right angle with his arm. It was the Wangoni, he goes on, who drove them away.

"The Wangoni?" I ask in astonishment, "but you are a Mngoni yourself!"

"Yes, but it was the Wangoni, all the same."

I thought it best for the moment not to confuse the old man, so made no further remark, and he went on: "When my beard was just beginning to grow"—Makachu's short beard is now quite white—"the Wangoni came again, but that time they were as many as the locusts, and we were driven away as far as Namagone's."

I always, of course, have my only and highly-prized map handy, and a glance at it shows me that such a chief as Namagone really exists, and that his village is on the right bank of

VIEW FROM NCHICHIRA OVER THE ROVUMA, LAKE NANGADI, AND THE MAVIA PLATEAU

the Rovuma, in 38° 26′ E. longitude, so that one troop of these Wangoni must at some time or other during their retreat have got as far east as this. This was confirmed by several other men sitting by. Kambale says that he, too, was at Namagone's when a boy, and Liambaku, a younger brother of Majaliwa's, states that he was born at the Lukimwa.

Makachu is just about to continue his narrative when Majaliwa, the senior of those present, opens his withered mouth, with its worn-down stumps of teeth, to say: "From the Lukimwa we went to Kandulu's, the Yao chief; the Wangoni drove us away from there; first we went to Namagone's, and then to Makachu's, where we remained a year. But the Wangoni came again and drove us out once more, and we came to Nchichira. But even here they have attacked us once, and that was at the time when you Wadachi (Germans) built your *boma* at Lindi."

No one else offers to speak, so that I can put in a word in my turn.

"You have so much to say of the evil the Wangoni have done you, but are they not your brothers?"

Lively gesticulation all round the circle. "No," is the unanimous answer, "they are our worst enemies."

"But surely you can understand and speak their language?" Again a most decided negative. Further cross-questioning elicited the following explanation:—

"We people of Nchichira call ourselves Wangoni, but we call the people from Songea Mafiti. They came from a far country long ago, but we do not know what country they came from. Our fathers always lived on the Lukimwa, and if it were not that the evil Mafiti had raided us so often, we should be living there still. We are no kin to the Wamatambwe, but we are good friends with the Wayao; our fathers always took refuge with them in time of war."

A detailed study of the Wangoni at Nchichira thus shows that, as already stated, they are a conglomerate of all possible elements, who during the long Mafiti troubles fled to this remote corner and became amalgamated into a sort of tribal unit of their own. How much they resemble—or try to resemble—the Yaos, nothing shows more clearly than the fact that almost all the women wear the *kipini* or nose-stud; the

*pelele* is quite a rarity among them. Though disappointed of the new and strange traits I had hoped to meet with, had the Wangoni proved to be true Zulus, I cannot help feeling a certain pride in correcting the old mistaken view of these people which is even now current on the coast: yet I cannot deny that the discovery made me less unwilling to leave Nchichira than I should otherwise have been.

Knudsen has been spending the whole time which I have devoted to my inquiries among the Wangoni elders, hunting in the alluvial valley of the Rovuma, with its rich variety of high, dense forest, tangled scrub, and open, meadow-like glades. I often thought I could hear his gun, so close under the *boma* of Nchichira do these hunting-grounds lie, and, more than once, standing on the plateau, I have fancied my eye could follow his stooping figure as he advanced quickly and yet cautiously along the bottom of the valley.

The one evening walk possible at Nchichira is very short, but reveals almost an excess of beauty. The sun has just set behind the distant Nyasa, and, quite exhausted, I lay aside pencil and note-book, light a fresh cigar (we have had in a supply by this time, not derived from the Indian's store at Lindi, but genuine Leipzig ones), beckon my camera-bearers to follow, and leave the *boma* at a good round pace. We walk along the palisade till it comes to an end, and then we have reached the goal; the Rovuma Valley in all its glory is lying immediately at my feet. It is no easy task to depict a sunset in words, and here, where to the peculiar character of the country, with its remarkable contrasts between the highest degree of erosion and the greatest amount of alluvial accumulation is added an indescribable richness of colour in the evening sky, the pen fails—if only because in the presence of such beauty it is impossible for a person of any feeling to put his impressions on paper. If I could photograph in colours what a picture I should have! But as I am confined to the use of common, or at most orthocromatic plates, I shall have to do the best I can with my note-book, after reaching home, to give some idea of the glory I have been witnessing.

The plateau, here, at the centre of its southern edge, is much lower than at Newala; it may be estimated at from 1,300 to 1,500 feet. And yet the valley of the Rovuma, with a breadth

of from six to nine miles and a height above sea-level, at its lowest point, of barely 200 feet, makes the impression of a vast eroded ravine. Its two edges are absolutely similar, and it must be clear to any child that the Mavia plateau on the other

FOREST RUINED BY NATIVES NEAR NCHICHIRA, ROVUMA VALLEY

side and the Makonde highlands on this are of the same age and have the same origin. The Rovuma, working downward like a saw, has gradually excavated this cañon across the old tableland. Now at the end of the dry season, the river looks more poverty-stricken than ever—a scanty thread of water trickling along a bed over half-a-mile wide, filled with enormous banks of gravel and sand. The river in flood must be a grand sight, but to-day the prevailing note of the scenery is gentle and cheerful. A whole series of terraces marking different flood-levels are visible to the naked eye below us, while similar ones can be made out with a field-glass on the Portuguese side of the river. The grey strip with the shining silver thread in it looks near enough to be touched by the hand, yet Knudsen says it is a good two hours' walk to the river-bank

—so deceptive is the wonderfully clear air. It is true that here, too, there are clouds of smoke rising to the sky—they are at times particularly dense and frequent on the other side of the valley, between the river and the Nangadi Lake. I am almost tempted to think that the Mavia want to smoke out the unlucky Portuguese who is probably meditating in his *boma*—easily distinguishable with the glass—on the reason why he has been condemned to pass his life here: so numerous are the concentric zones of fire which seem to surround his lonely abode. To our right the grey bed of the river with its green margins stretches away westward till it is lost in the distance. The Lidede Lake is by no means near, yet it, too, by an effect of perspective, seems to lie at our feet, so far can I look beyond it into the interior of the continent. And over all this the western and southern horizon glows in a thousand brilliant tints. It almost seems as if the sun, for love of so much beauty, were departing less quickly than he usually does between the tropics; the sunset hues pale and fade away only very gradually. It was with difficulty that I could tear myself away from this picture in order to take one or two photographs of it with my smallest stop, while my dark friends stood behind me in silence, evidently as much impressed as their master. At first the darkness came on by slow degrees, but after a while the shadows, growing deeper and deeper, descended more quickly over Lidede and Nangadi; then the first sombre tones touched the meadows and the green forest, and only the light grey of the river bed showed up for a while amid the gathering darkness. I am a very prosaic person, on the whole; but I am quite willing to admit that a single sunset like this would have amply repaid me for the march to Nchichira, even had I found no Wangoni living there.

In this valley, then, Nils Knudsen has been pursuing the pleasures of the chase. At any time, the first chance native who comes to him with the remark, "Master, there are elephants down there," is enough to send him off in ten minutes at the best pace of which his rolling seaman's gait will permit. He is sensible enough, however, to trust no longer to his ancient blunderbusses, but has asked me for the loan of one of my rifles.

One afternoon, I am sitting as usual with my native tutors.

Our Kingoni studies are not progressing very satisfactorily. If I direct the intelligent Saidi to translate, "Your father is dead," I infallibly get a sentence which, when afterwards checked, turns out to mean, "My father is dead." If I want him to tell me the Kingoni for "My father is dead," he translates (quite correctly from his point of view), "Your father," etc., etc. I am now so far used to these little jokes that they no longer excite me, but a worse difficulty lies in ascertaining the forms of the personal pronouns: "I, thou," etc. They caused me no end of trouble even at Newala, where my teachers were by no means stupid. Here, whatever I do, I cannot succeed in getting the third person singular and plural. I have arrived at the first and second, of course, by the rule of contraries; for, if I say "I," involuntarily pointing to myself, I am sure to get the word for "you," and *vice versa*. Resigning myself to disappointment, I am just about to light a cigar to soothe my nerves, when I become aware of a perceptible excitement all round me. At a rate compared with which Pheidippides must have come from Marathon at a snail's pace, one of Knudsen's boys arrives, spluttering out something which I cannot understand. My men are all assembled in no time, and from them and the inhabitants of the *boma* I hear the news of Knudsen's success in bringing down a large elephant. Its tusks are "so big"—the fellows stretch out their long, gibbon-like arms to show their girth—and as for meat . . . ! I could see how their mouths were watering at the thought.

That day and the next were entirely dominated by the slain elephant. The men kept bringing in veritable mountains of meat, and the whole country-side smelt anything but agreeably of African cooking. Then arrived the four feet, then the tusks, and last of all the successful hunter himself. His triumph, however, was somewhat damped by the fact that the tusks were small in proportion to the size of the animal, weighing, by our reckoning, certainly not over forty pounds. To make up for this, he brought me another piece of news, to my mind much more welcome; the people in the valley had houses of a style totally different from anything to be seen up here—in fact, constructions of several stories. Nils was obliged to asseverate this in the most solemn way before

I would believe him; but once convinced of his *bona fides*, I could not stay another day on the plateau. Early the very next morning, we were clambering like monkeys down its bordering cliffs into the river-valley.

For the last few days we have been encamped here close to the left bank of the main river, in the scanty shade of stunted trees, surrounded by a tangle of reeds and tall grass, in which our people with some trouble cleared a place for the tents. At this spot there is an extensive view both up and down stream, and, for a wonder, this reach is free from the islands which elsewhere obstruct the channel, so that the eye can range unhindered across a sea of sandbanks to the further shore. The steep, eroded banks whose acquaintance we made on the central course of the river are here, too, the rule. Sitting at the top of one of these steep slopes, it requires some skill to hit the hippos which from time to time unexpectedly rise in the river; even Nils, usually a dead shot, misses time after time, to his great disgust. These slopes are the only picturesque point in the vast desolation of the river-bed where nothing is to be seen except sand and gravel, gravel and sand. Between these great masses of drift, the Rovuma is still more broken up into small streams than is the case higher up at the mouth of the Bangala, and the wandering Wamatambwe, here more numerous than on the upper river, have no need to exercise their famous powers of swimming and diving, but can wade at their ease across the shallow channels.

This is rather unfortunate for Knudsen, as it deprives him of an opportunity to prove the truth of a story he is never tired of telling me about the Wamatambwe. Not content with saying that they are excellent swimmers, and not afraid of crocodiles, partly because of their faith in the charms with which they are always provided and partly because they are much more agile in the water than the reptiles—he insists that they cross the river at its highest level, when the current is too strong to launch their canoes, by simply walking through, though the water is far above their heads. Though unable, in face of his superior knowledge, to disprove this assertion, I find it somewhat difficult to believe.

The state of the river, as I have already remarked, will not allow them to show off their diving at present, and as regards

MATAMBWE FISHERMAN CATCHING A TURTLE, WHICH A WATER-SNAKE IS TRYING TO SEIZE. FROM A DRAWING BY THE ASKARI STAMBURI

their trust in the *dawa* for protection against crocodiles, my own observation does not bear out what he tells me. At least, I see that the Wamatambwe whom he sends across the channel at our feet, in order to pick up the numerous ducks shot by him, always look about them uneasily when they chance upon a deeper spot and make the best of their way to shore.

But this is not the purpose for which I came down to the Rovuma, and I may give myself credit for devoting to the river only the afternoons of my scanty leisure. Every forenoon is occupied with the discovery as to which Knudsen was so enthusiastic. This time, for once, he was right; but, as the simplest photograph tells more than the fullest description, I refer the reader to the accompanying illustrations and only give such additional comments as are absolutely necessary to make them comprehensible.

Our departure from Nchichira was slightly delayed by a warm shower, falling in straight, vertical lines on the dry sand. Both nature and man drew a long breath at this first symptom of the approaching rains. But the pitiless sun reasserted his rights only too quickly, and the procession started on its way, soon vanishing down the precipitous slope. After descending a few yards, the steep path ceased to be slippery; hot, dry stones crunched under our feet—the atmosphere, too, into which every step plunged us another fraction of a yard deeper, was likewise hot and dry; it became evident that the rain must here have evaporated before it reached the ground. At last we arrived at the bottom and entered a dense forest of huge trees. But even here we did not find the pleasant coolness of our German forests; the air we encountered was hot, moist and mouldy-smelling, and the foot had to feel its way uncertainly over the quaking soil.

"If the Department of Woods and Forests only knew—there is plenty of timber to be had here!" I was just saying to myself, when we suddenly came to the end of it. It looked as though a hurricane had passed, or an avalanche ploughed its way down the neighbouring precipice. The mighty boles lay like broken matches, across one another in all directions; a lamentable sight indeed to an economical European eye. With great difficulty we scrambled on; the ground became drier; here and there we stepped into heaps of ashes, and then a glance round revealed the true state of the case. Even here, it is man who will not leave nature in peace. The Makonde plateau, with its area of 6,000 square miles, might surely be expected to afford subsistence for a mere trifle of 80,000 or 90,000 natives with their simple wants. As a matter of fact, however, we see that it is not sufficient for them. In this case the underwood had been cut down and burnt over a considerable distance, and the large trees had been attacked, as usual, with axe and fire. Everywhere fallen logs still smouldered, and the vanished shapes of splendid trees were traced on the ground in outlines of white ashes. While I was still gazing in horror at the work of destruction, my men brought forward one of the criminals—no other than old Majaliwa himself. He had his axe still in his hand, and was grinning all over with pride at his achievements.

German East Africa has no superfluity of real, commercially valuable timber; the famous Shume forest in Usambara and a few others (remarkable on account of their rarity) are but the exceptions proving the rule. The necessity, therefore, of protecting the hitherto untouched forest areas on the Rovuma from the wasteful farming of the natives is all the more urgent. We have a well-founded right to prohibit the tribes living in the neighbourhood of this valley from cutting down a single tree in it, since it is solely in consequence of the security afforded by the German administration that they are able to cultivate any new ground at all outside their hereditary seats on the plateau. If the *boma* of Nchichira had not been planted on the top of the escarpment, bidding defiance to the Mavia across the valley, no Mngoni or Makonde would dream of sowing a single grain of maize beyond the edge of the tableland. So to-day, knowing that, under our protection, they are quite safe from Mavia raids, even in the valley, they go down and destroy our finest forests.

A little farther on, having reached the top of an undulation in the soil, we at last came to the wonder we were in search of—two specimens at once. With astonishment I found myself before a regular tower, and saw my men staring uncomprehendingly at a style of architecture quite new to them. Majaliwa's new palace—it was here then, that the old man retired every day after our *shauri* was over—is not, indeed, as Nils Knudsen had asserted, a three-storied house, but, with a little goodwill we can easily make out two stories and an attic. The ground-floor is a square apartment with grass walls, filled with pots, calabashes, ladles and the rest of a native woman's household requisites, and having the usual fire smouldering between the three lumps of earth in the centre. The first floor is much more elegantly appointed, only the access to it is less convenient than might be wished. My early training in gymnastics enables me to negotiate without difficulty the primitive ladder, consisting of cross-pieces lashed to the supporting piles at intervals of about a yard; but they give Knudsen a good deal of trouble, and how old Majaliwa and his wife get up it every night, like chickens going to roost, is beyond my comprehension. Their sleeping apartment is quite comfortable—a thick layer of straw covers the logs of

PILE-DWELLING ON THE ROVUMA, NEAR NCHICHIRA

the floor, and the mats which make up the bedding are of a quality by no means to be despised. As the *matriarchate* is not in force among the Wangoni, no rule of propriety is violated by the fact that Abdallah, the heir to the house, lives in the attic. This, too, is, for a native dwelling, very neatly arranged, with its soft bed, mats and baskets of provisions.

Such was my first sight of the pile-dwellings of this region. It was followed by more extensive studies, but the main features of these constructions are everywhere the same. My first notion as to the reason for this mode of building was that it had been adopted to escape the mosquitoes in the neighbourhood of the river, and also for safety in time of flood. Some of these huts, in fact, are within reach of the inundations during the wet season; but the majority are placed on the top of ridges well beyond high-water mark. If we ask the natives why they build their huts in this particular way, the answer is always the same—"*Pembe*" ("Elephants"). I was at first unwilling to believe this, the elephant being an extremely shy animal, who, under all circumstances, avoids the vicinity

of man ; but I was informed that the local representatives of the species are of a somewhat different disposition from their congeners elsewhere. Only a few days before, one of these monsters had, quite unprovoked, seized a Mngoni going peaceably about his business, and tossed him into the air. In the light of these facts, the strong palisade surrounding many of these high structures cannot be considered an unnecessary precaution. In any case the discovery of this pile-dwelling district within easy reach of the coast was almost as pleasant a surprise as my success in establishing the tribal divisions at Newala.

The heat here certainly makes us wish ourselves back in the comparatively low temperature of that place. It is impossible to remain even a minute in the tent during the daytime, the thermometer there standing at over 104°, while even under our *banda* (a hastily erected grass shelter), we are sitting perspiring at 98° and 99°. The evening gale which was the terror of our lives at Newala is here entirely absent, but, on the other hand, we are tormented by a legion of mosquitoes, from which we can only escape by retiring under our nettings soon after sunset.

" Have you anything more on your mind ? " I have just asked the indefatigable Knudsen, who seems quite worn out. " I mean," I add, seeing that he does not at once understand, " have you any more ethnographical curiosities in reserve ? "

" Not that I know of," is his answer.

" Well, then, let us march again to-day, as far as the *boma* of Nchichira, and to-morrow morning at 4.45 we will leave for Mahuta."

" Let us do so at once, by all means ! " replies Knudsen, and goes into his tent to change his soaking khaki suit.

# CHAPTER XVII

## ACHIEVEMENT

MAHUTA, November 8, 1906.

Now for the dessert to my feast of research. If all its components have not been equally appetising, yet several of the courses have been good—some of them, indeed, very good—and there have been many dainty tit-bits; while the dessert is quite in character with the whole:—no further tax on the digestive powers, but a pleasant, gradual transition to the after-dinner cigar, the coffee and bitters. Thus has Mahuta, so far, appeared to me.

How ceremonious, to begin with, was our reception! It is true that all Africans have the finest manners, whether they have already assumed the white *kanzu* of the Coast men, or walk about in the scanty loincloth of primitive man. It has always been a matter of course, at every place I have visited in this country, for the elders of the village to come out to meet me and pay their respects. But Abdallah bin Malim, Wali of Mahuta, surpasses them all in the accurate formality with which he greeted me. It is not for nothing that he holds the highest position in this district; and we were disposed to feel ashamed of our stained and shabby khaki suits, and our generally dusty and dilapidated condition, when the Wali, dressed in the long, black, embroidered coat of the Coast Arab, and carrying a silver-mounted sword in his hand, met us long before we reached Mahuta.

Our quarters, too, looked very promising. Having squeezed ourselves into the *boma* through an incredibly narrow gap in the palisade, we were struck with admiration. The enclosure is nearly twice the size of all others we have seen; and a wide avenue of rubber trees and Mauritius aloes runs across it from one gate to the other. The dwellings are placed in orderly arrangement on either side of this avenue. The sight of the solidly-built rest-house made it easy for me to dispense with

the Professor's house out by the ravine. Before long our tents had been pitched in the open space, while the carriers and soldiers distributed themselves, according to custom, among the various huts and rooms of the people inhabiting the *boma*. We were scarcely settled when Abdallah thought fit to call on us. Being still in his festive garments, he seemed to feel justified in claiming Knudsen's long chair for himself. I was busy bathing my left foot, which I sprained on board the *Prinzregent*, and which has given me an immense amount of pain and discomfort throughout the last few months. Abdallah's voice was loud and not melodious; he talked unceasingly, and expectorated all over the place with a freedom and marksmanship which might have been envied by the proverbial Yankee. Notwithstanding my ingrained respect for government officials, regardless of colour, I was compelled at last, in the interests of self-preservation, to get Knudsen to call the Wali's attention to the unseemliness of his behaviour;—why, not even the *washenzi*—the pagans of the bush—would do thus in the presence of the *Bwana Mkubwa*. The hint took immediate effect.

THE WALI OF MAHUTA

It is now eight a.m., the sun is already tolerably high—at this season it is quite vertical over Mahuta at noon—and the two Europeans are enjoying the delicious morning air. The air of Mahuta would make it an admirable health-resort, no troublesome heat or uncomfortable cold, no mist and no gale, but excellent drinking-water hard by at the edge of the plateau, a clean *baraza* and plenty of fowls—what can heart desire more? We are just enjoying our morning cigars, when we hear a strange noise. Is it distant thunder? or are the

Makonde making war on us ? Nearer and nearer it comes, and as the rolling, rhythmic sound grows louder, we begin to perceive that it is approaching from several different directions at once, from the east, the west, and seemingly from the north as well. We soon recognise it as the sound of drums mingled with singing. Coming out from under the roof and between the tents, we see the people already pouring in through the narrow gates in an apparently endless procession.

Already the black masses have met in the midst of the spacious *boma*, but fresh throngs are streaming in from both sides ; the avenue is full,—the black, surging sea spreads out beyond it into the lateral enclosures, the drums thunder, the voices screech, *luluta*, and sing,—coloured flags, looking more like flowered handkerchiefs than anything else, float from long poles above the heads of the crowd, and the whole is over-arched by the sky with its radiant sunshine and innumerable flocks of fleecy cloudlets. The picture is certainly unique of its kind, and well-fitted in its wild beauty to tempt the brush of a Breughel.

I cannot paint, but what is the good of having some thirty dark slides, well provided with plates ? But, then, which way is one to turn in this superabundance of subjects ? Here is an enormous circle of men, women, and children ; six mighty drums are thundering away at a frantic pace, and in perfect time, as if moved by some invisible force ; the whole vast assembly move arms and legs, mouths and hands as one person. Outside this huge ring is another circle of slender young girls just budding into womanhood. Their *ntungululu* vibrates through the air in shrillest treble, while their palms, raised high in the air, clap in time with the evolutions of the other performers. "Oh ! I see,—the *likwata* "—the stock of human ideas is very limited, after all. Turning away in disappointment, we see in the background, occupying half of one side of the *boma*, two lines of sharpshooters, exercising under fire, in a truly African way. The native scorns to take cover, he is a fatalist—if he is hit, well—*Inshallah !* This is brought out very strikingly in the *majimaji* dance, the mimic representation of the late insurrection. The black attacking line charges at a run, regardless of even the uncanny "rack-rack" of the "*Boom-boom* "—those infernal machines out of which the Wadachi—

the accursed Germans—can fire a thousand bullets a minute. In vain—not even the strong *dawa* of Hongo, the great war-doctor, can protect them from destruction. The enemy is already surging up—how can the *majimaji* stand against him? Instinctively the whole line falls back before the sharp bayonets of the *askari*, as far as the dimensions of the "battle-field" will permit, and then, howling their war-song, they charge again. This goes on for hours.

I have done what I can with camera and cinematograph, and now my stock of plates is exhausted, and so am I. Meanwhile the sun has climbed to the zenith;—five hundred natives are standing and lounging about, tired, hungry and thirsty, under the shadeless rubber-trees, while we, for our part, are called by the cooks to soup, chicken and omelette with bananas.

MOTHER AND CHILD

Abdallah meant well in summoning this enormous host of natives, but from the first I saw that it was useless to have so many at once.. After a time the *wali*, too, understood this, and sent once more for the village headmen from far and near, addressing them somewhat as follows: — "To-morrow morning you, Nyamba"—or as the case might be—"are to come at eight and bring the people of your village, and they are to bring *midimu* and *mitete* (dancing-masks and snuff-boxes) as many as they have, and all the other things that you use in the house and in the *shamba* and in the bush,—for the white man likes these things and will pay you for them in pice and

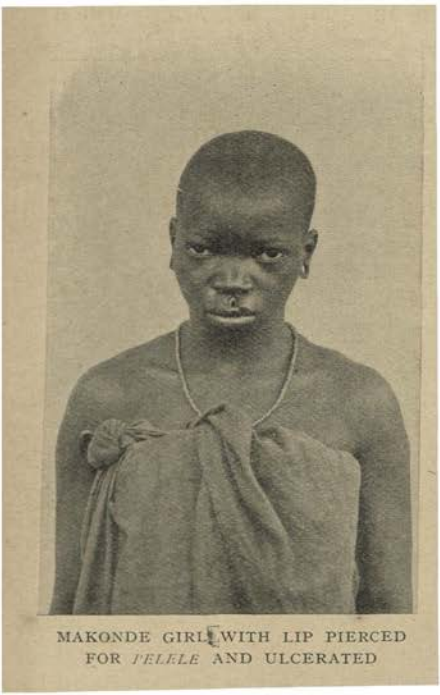
rupees. And the day after to-morrow,"—he turns to the next man, "you must come with your people and bring all the things I have just told you." The headman, to show that he has understood, salutes with his hand to his cap, the next one follows, and so on in order.

The new plan is a complete success. In the morning I have time to photograph the people individually, to take cinematograph films of dances and games, make photographic records, and so on. The middle of the day is spent in studying the endless variety of keloid patterns in vogue among the population here, and the afternoon devoted to bargaining with the men for their household and other implements, ornaments, weapons, etc.

And the women! Closely huddled together, their heads all, as if in obedience to one impulse, inclined forward and downward, a band of thirty or forty Makonde women stand in a corner of the *boma* at Mahuta. Up to a moment ago they were chattering for all they were worth—then the strange white man in the yellow coat came up, and all were immediately quiet as mice, only the twenty or thirty babies on their backs continuing to snore or yell, according to circumstances, as before. I have long since found the right way to deal with women—at the first small joke the shyness takes its departure, heads are raised and the right frame of mind is easily produced. It is, indeed, highly necessary to produce this result by some means; there is so much to examine in these heads and bodies. Only the laughter going on all round them induces each to let the white man look at her closely, perhaps even touch her. Soon, however, the rumour spreads, that the stranger is a man of wealth—of inexhaustible riches—he has whole sacks and cases full of pice, and his servant has orders to pay over bright coin to every native woman who does what he asks her. Friends and acquaintances from other villages have said so, and surely it must be true. My experience up to this point had shown me so much in the way of queer manifestations of human vanity, that I thought there could be no more surprises in store for me. But I was mistaken—fresh wonders awaited me in the depths of the Makonde bush. In truth, it seems to me a miracle that these tender lips can sustain such huge masses of heavy wood, a hand-breadth in diameter

TWO-STORIED HOUSES AT NCHICHIRA ON THE ROVUMA

and three fingers thick. The wood is daily whitened with carefully-washed *kaolin*. The process by which the hole in the lip is gradually brought to this enormous size has already been described. The initial operation is performed by the girl's maternal uncle. Her mother sees that the hole is kept open and enlarged, and the day when the first solid plug is inserted is kept as a family festival. The husband cuts a new *pelele* for his wife when required, each a size larger than the last, and every time he has occasion to go to the bush he brings some of the fine white clay she uses for bleaching the wood. The young woman before me has a good husband, as her name Ngukimachi implies, signifying that she has no need to deceive him as other wives do theirs. But he knows, too, how well she looks in her *pelele*—it stands straight out, a pleasure to see, and when she laughs, her teeth flash out magnificently behind it. How ugly compared with her are those old women yonder! They have lost their teeth, and when with one trembling hand they carry the lump of porridge, taken from the heap before them, to their mouths, it is dreadful to see the food vanish into a dark cavern, when the other hand has carefully lifted up the *pelele*.



MAKONDE GIRL WITH LIP PIERCED FOR *PELELE* AND ULCERATED

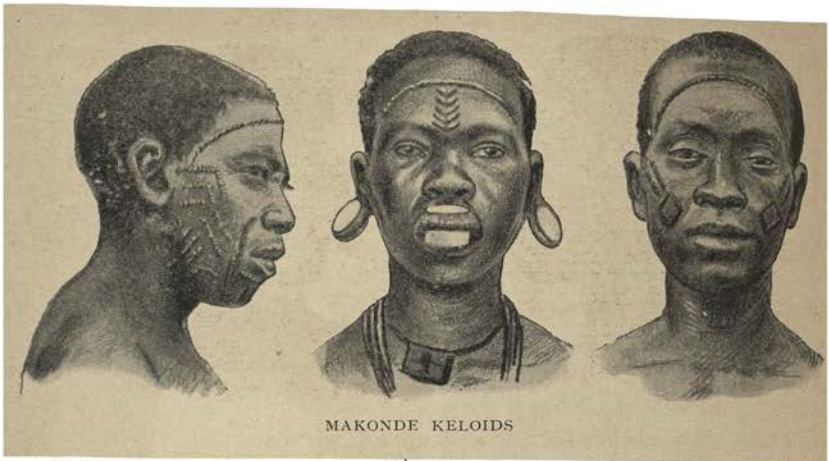
The next two women are greatly to be pitied. Both are young, one a girl, the other a young wife, but they are always sad, and well they may be, for the adornment of the *pelele* is denied them. No matter how much *dawa* their mothers and uncles have put on their lips, the wound has only become worse. In the elder, the front of the lip is quite eaten away by the ulceration, so that, with her large white teeth showing through in the middle, her mouth is like that of Sungura, the

hare. Their looks are not improved, and even the white man, with his big box of medicines, can do nothing to cure them. No wonder they are sad.

Alitengiri, too, yonder, looks serious. Death has been a frequent visitor to her house of late; indeed, she has lost so many of her relations that her *shamba* cannot be cultivated. She used to be very lively, and chattered away so quickly that the eye could scarcely follow the motion of her *pelele*, which was a very fine one, so large that her lip could scarcely support it. Now she looks greatly changed—is she ill? or has the *pelele* shrunk? But that is impossible. Let us ask what is the matter. She does not answer—not a word can be got out of her. But I soon observe what is wrong; her lip must have given way and she has mended it,—I had already noticed the strip of blue stuff pasted over it—and now she dare not speak or laugh, for fear of opening the wound afresh.

PSEUDO-SURGERY. MAKONDE WOMAN WITH TORN LIP ARTIFICIALLY JOINED

There is no doubt that the largest *peleles* to be found in the whole southern territory are those worn by the women of Mahuta and its neighbourhood. Blocks of seven and seven and a half centimetres in diameter and three to five centimetres in thickness are not uncommon. With the black or white discs, the size of half-a-crown, worn in the lobes of the ears which are stretched in a similar manner to the lip, this gleaming white ornament makes up a triad of decorations which as a whole is surely unique. They are not enough, however, for the Makonde woman,—her face and the greater part of her body are covered with *keloids*, which, at first sight, seem to present an astonishing variety of patterns. On examination, however, their component elements prove to be surprisingly few. The present-day native gives to these elements such names as

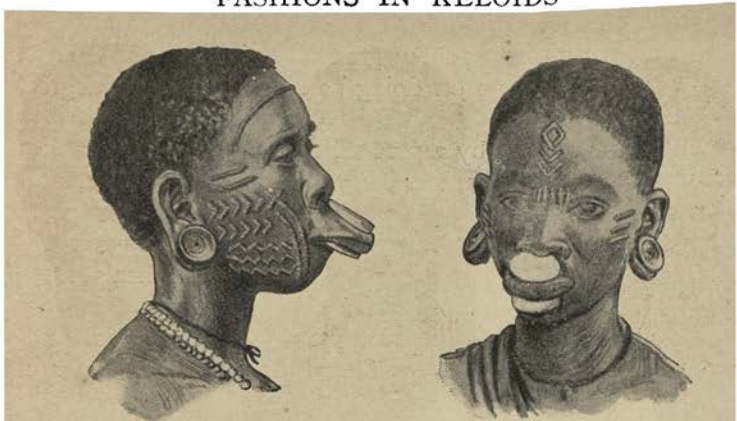


MAKONDE KELOIDS

*thitopole* ("a pigeon-trap"), *chikorombwe* ("a fish-spear"),[1] *ceka*, etc. The first of these patterns is a curve, which might stand for the bent twig of a pigeon-trap; the *chikorombwe* is more like a fir-tree; the *teka* is a *chitopole* with a central axis. Whether these patterns have any real relation to the bird-trap or the fish-spear, I cannot say, for the natives do not know; but one thing is certain, none of them can nowadays be considered as a genuine tribal mark. The novice is inclined to look on them as such, till taught better, as I was in a most compendious way by old Makachu. This venerable man is covered all over with the same sort of pattern as those displayed by the women, though some of his are much the worse for wear. I asked him why he was thus decorated, expecting to receive a long dissertation on tribal marks and similar institutions, and was somewhat taken aback when he merely said "*Ninapenda*"—("Because I like it so").

This, in fact, seems to be the sole reason for the *keloid* decoration being applied at all, as well as for the choice of pattern in each individual case. At Newala, at Nchichira,

[1] This may be a mistake for *chikolongwe*, which is the correct form of the word in Yao—or it may be a Makonde word. *Chitopole*, in Yao (see Dr. Hetherwick's *Handbook*) means "the crescent-shaped tribal mark of the Walomwe" (a division of the Makua). This is quite sufficiently like the curved spring of the trap in the illustration on p. 98, if the latter were turned round with the opening downwards. Probably the Yaos only know the word as applied to the keloid pattern, having learned it from the Makua, in whose language no doubt it originally had the sense attributed to it by Dr. Weule.—[TR.]



MATAMBWE AND MAKUA WOMAN, WITH KELOIDS

and now, at Mahuta, I have photographed, or at least inspected several hundred persons with the result, so far as I can come to any conclusion at present, that it is impossible to discover from any of the patterns the nationality of the wearer. Each of these figures has been chosen on the same principle of "*ninapenda*."

It is not to be denied that there are fashions even in this form of ornament. A new pattern is introduced from somewhere,—it finds acceptance, first with one mother, then with another, and so quickly spreads through a whole generation, who, of course, have to wear it through life, so that, in fact, it might be considered a sort of badge. Perhaps in former times the tribes in this part of the country placed a higher value on the art; but it is no longer possible to prove that this was so, and, in fact, the custom seems to be passing away under modern influences. It is a great amusement, not only to myself, but to the other parties concerned, when I suddenly ask a man or youth to take off his shirt and show me his *torso*. Elderly men have a perfect menagerie of antelopes, snakes, frogs, tortoises and other creatures, together with *chikorombwe*, *chitopole* and *teka* adorning their broad chests, while the rising generation can show little or nothing. The latter no longer think the fashion "good form"; they have their eye on the coast and its civilization, and if they scarify themselves at all, are content with the two vertical cuts on the temples in vogue among the Swahili. The Yaos and the Wangoni of

Nchichira have already pretty generally adopted these cuts, and other tribes will go on doing so in an increasing degree, year by year.

The patterns are cut by a professional—a *fundi*, who makes numerous small incisions, rubs in some sort of powder, and cuts the same place again and again till the skin heals in a raised scar.

MAKUA WOMAN WITH KELOIDS ON BACK

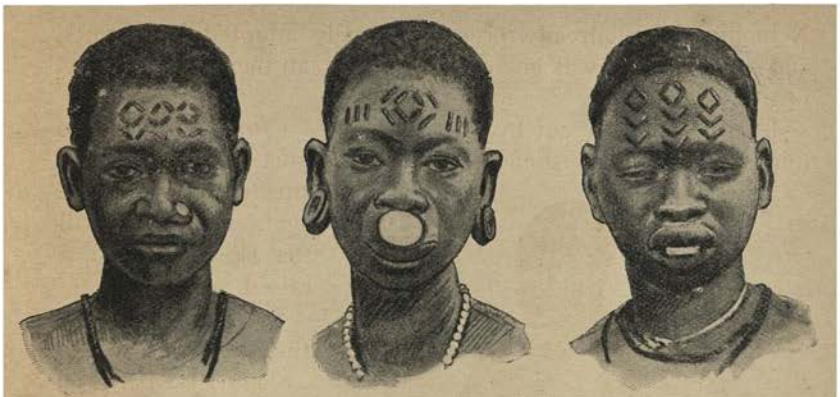
It is essential that the director of an ethnographical museum should be a good man of business, even in Europe; but the same man, if he would collect successfully in Africa, must be more acute, patient, and unscrupulous in bargaining than any Armenian. I have already had occasion to mention the unexpected difficulties met with in this direction, and need not, therefore, express my feelings now, but the Makonde are certainly not disposed to make my task an easy one. The black crowd is moving up in close order.

"Well, what have you got?" asks the collector affably enough. By way of answer a worn-out wooden spoon is put into his hand, probably fished out of the rubbish-heap, as being quite good enough for the *mzungu*.

"*Mshenzi!*—you heathen! You may just take your treasure back again. Let me see what else you have. Where is your mask?"

"I have none, sir?"

"Oh! indeed—then I will give you time to look for it.



MAKUA WOMEN WITH KELOIDS

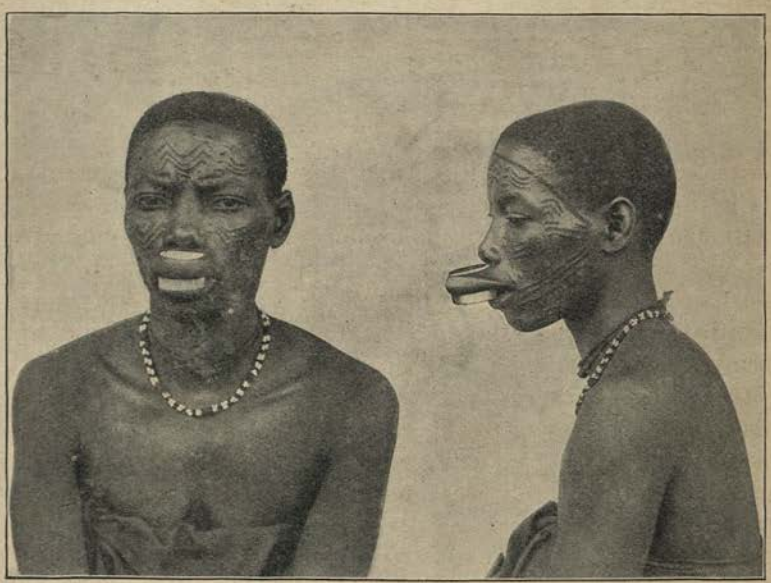
Come back to-morrow, and mind you bring your *mdimu*, and don't forget your snuff-boxes."

This scene would be repeated a dozen times or more in the course of an afternoon ; in some cases the penitential pilgrimage was efficacious, in others the men never turned up again. Since noticing this we have adopted a different procedure, and now simply render the village headman responsible for the production of the articles. This makes matters quite easy, and every evening, Knudsen, the boys, and the more intelligent of the carriers have their hands full making the inventory and packing the day's purchases.

This country well repays the collector, though East Africa is considered a rather dull ethnographical area compared with the Congo basin, North Kamerun, and some other parts of West Africa. It is true that one must not be very exacting as to the artistic quality of weapons and implements produced by these tribes. I was all the more surprised to find among the specimens of wood-carving, collected in my district, some veritable little gems. The dancing-masks are for the most part mere conventional representations of human faces (those of women being distinguished by the *pelele* and ear-ornaments), or of animal heads. A few specimens in my collection are supposed to be portraits of celebrities—some heroes of the late insurrection, a young girl famous for her beauty, and sundry others, but on the whole, it cannot be denied that they are very roughly executed. Of a somewhat higher type are

the statues of the Ancestress alluded to in a previous chapter. They leave, it is true, a great deal to be desired on the score of anatomical knowledge and harmony of proportions, but, on the other hand, some of these figures are, so far as I know, the only ones from Africa in which the feet have been worked out in detail.

But it is above all the *mitete*, the little wooden boxes in which



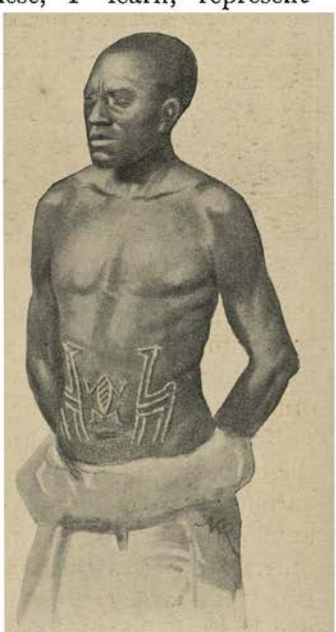
MAKONDE WOMEN WITH ELABORATE KELOIDS

the people keep their snuff, their medicines, and sometimes their gunpowder—which show real taste and a style and execution which can pass muster even from our point of view. The ornamentation which the elder generation of men carry about on their skins in the form of *keloids* is applied to the lids of these boxes. Some of them take the shape of heads of animals: various kinds of monkeys, the gnu, the bush-buck, and other antelopes, but oftenest the *litotwe*. This is a creature of all others likely to catch the artist's eye and tempt him to reproduce it. It is a large rat, about the size of a rabbit, and with a head which, by its shape, suggests that of the elephant, or at least the ant-eater, the snout terminating in a long delicate proboscis. At Chingulungulu Salim Matola caught one of these creatures

AFRICAN ART. CARVED POWDER, SNUFF AND CHARM-BOXES FROM THE MAKONDE HIGHLANDS

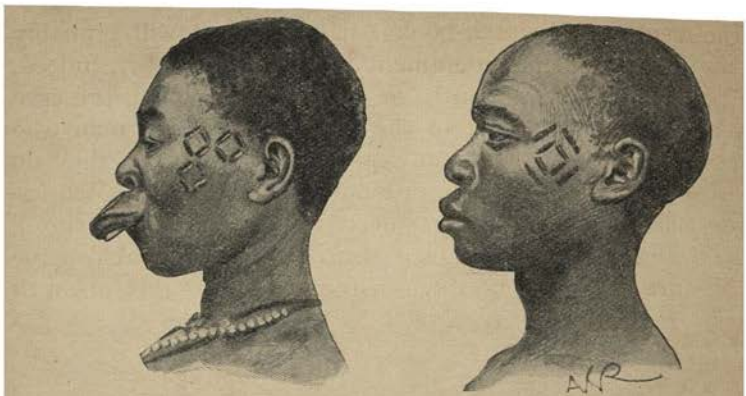
for me, but it escaped before I had time to sketch more than its head.

Human heads, too, are found among these carvings, and are executed with the same skill in technique. Most of them have the hair dressed in a long pig-tail, and the face still more cicatrized than the Makonde; these, I learn, represent members of the Mavia tribe. I cannot discover whether they are the work of local artists, or of the Mavia themselves. The vendors either give no answer at all when asked or say, as all natives do when ignorant of the origin of an article, "*mshenzi*," that is to say, "some unknown person away at the back of the bush." However, this does not affect our critical judgment.



MAKONDE MAN WITH KELOID PATTERNS

In the practice of one kind of art the Makonde seem to be deficient. As has been my custom elsewhere, I occupy all my spare time in long walks, in order to observe the natives in their own homes. This, however, is not so easy as it was in other places. I think it would be possible to walk over the whole Makonde plateau without finding a single settlement, so closely are the little



YAO WOMEN WITH KELOIDS

hamlets hidden away in the bush. But we have here an ideal guide, Ningachi, the teacher, whose name means, "What do you think?" Ningachi is a very decent, honest man, but thinking, in spite of his name, does not appear to be his strong point. Indeed, he has but little time for thought, being my courier and interpreter, and in that capacity kept busy from morning to night. He has even made himself useful by walking enormous distances to fetch plump young fowls for our table.

Under Ningachi's guidance we inspected more than one Makonde village. They are picturesque—not even envy can gainsay that; but not one of the wretched, airy, round huts, in which the generations of these people dream away their dim lives is comfortable even according to the modest standard of the native. They are not even plastered with clay, in the usual fashion, and this of itself makes fresco decoration impossible. In one sense this fact is a relief to me, when I think of the miles I have tramped at other times, on hearing of beautifully painted houses in such or such a village. Painted they were, but the beauty was a matter of taste. We do not admire the scrawls of our children, and just such—clumsy, rudimentary, utterly devoid of perspective—are these beginnings of native art. In fact, wherever artistically untrained man gives way to the universal instinct of scribbling over all accessible surfaces, whether blank walls or smooth rocks, the result is very much the same, whether produced by the European tramp or street-boy, or by my Wangoni and Makua.

The mention of sketch-books suggests what will probably be my most enduring monument in this country—if, indeed, the people here in the south, or even my own men, preserve any recollection whatever of the *Bwana picha* (the man who takes photographs), once the expedition is over. If they do so, I feel it will not be my unpronounceable name (my Wanyamwezi once, and only once, succeeded in saying "Weure," and on that occasion laughed so consumedly, that I gave up all further attempts to accustom them to this uncouth

THE LITOTWE

word), nor my title (*Bwana Pufesa* = Herr Professor) nor the magical character of my machines, which will keep my memory green, but the many books of thick white paper in which they were allowed to scribble to their heart's content.

It was at Lindi that this artistic activity on the part of my native friends first manifested itself in all its intensity. Barnabas especially was indefatigable; every day, proud and yet anxious as to my judgment, he brought me fresh masterpieces, only one of which is reproduced in these pages, the herd of elephants on p. 190, but this alone is quite sufficient to characterize the artist. Can we deny him a certain power of perception? and is not the technique quite up-to-date? It is true that the animals, taken separately, have with their short legs a somewhat unfortunate likeness to the domestic pig, while their heads suggest the chameleon; the upper line of the trunk is seen in three of them behind the left tusk; and the *mtoto*, the baby elephant on the right of the picture, has no body, leaving off just behind its ears. But, nevertheless, the man not only knows something about perspective, but knows how to apply it, and that by no means badly.

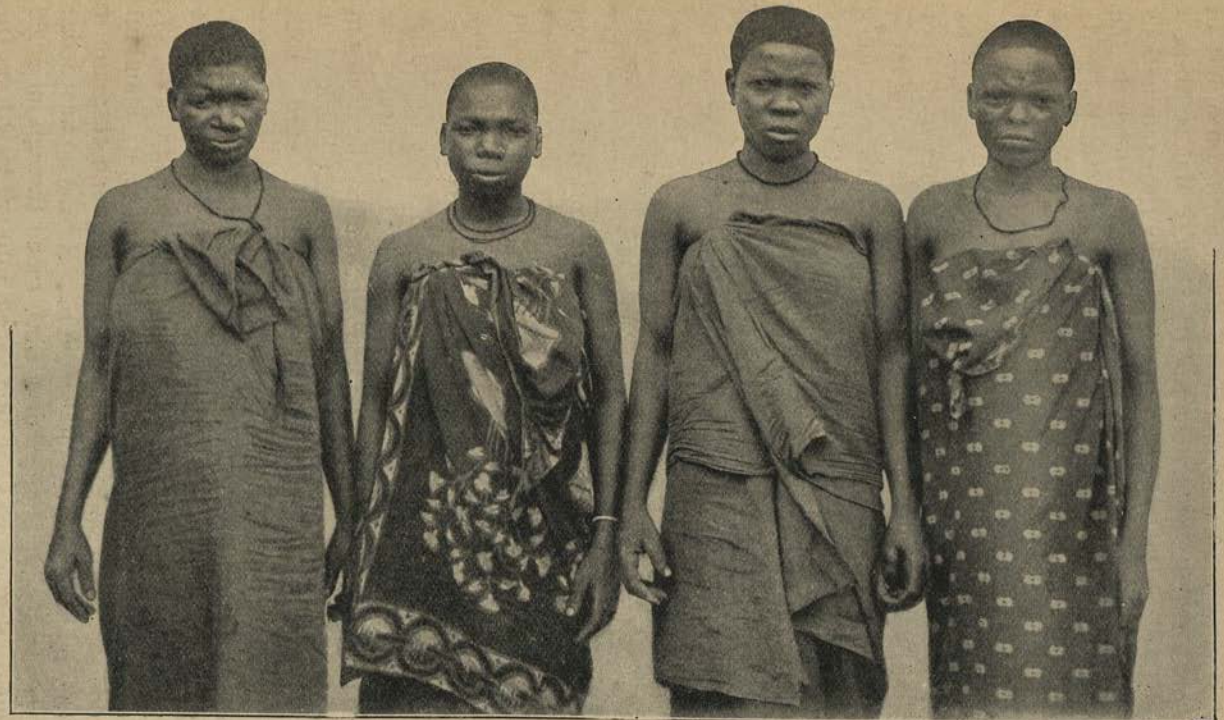
With all his artistic virtues, Barnabas has one failing.

He is no *mshenzi*, no raw unlettered savage of the bush, but an educated, even a learned man. By birth a Makua, from a distant part of the interior, he has passed all the examinations in the Government school at Lindi, and now attends to the stamping of letters and the weighing of parcels in the little post-office of that town. In his spare time he writes for the Swahili paper *Kiongozi*, published at Tanga.

"BWANA PUFESA" (THE PROFESSOR). FROM A DRAWING BY ONE OF MY ESCORT

Barnabas, therefore, cannot be considered as a representative of primitive art. But not one of those who have produced my other specimens, whether carriers, soldiers or savages from the interior, has ever had pencil and paper in hand before.

Marine subjects appear to be in high favour. My *askari* Stamburi (Stambuli, *i.e.*, Constantinople) is a smart soldier while on duty, off duty a Don Juan; and now he shows himself possessed of an unsuspected gift for marine and animal painting. He is a landsman, born far inland on the Upper Rovuma and has therefore succeeded better in depicting the adventure of the Matambwe fisherman (p. 347) than he has with the Arab *dau* p. 25). The latter is, indeed, drawn accurately enough; it has just anchored; the sail is bent to the yard; both flag and rudder are shown. We have in addition three paddles, floating above in the clouds. These are intended, so the draughtsman tells me, for use if a calm comes on. But what is that amidships? Has the vessel sprung a leak, or, indeed, two? No—they are the two hatchways. Stamburi knows that such openings exist on the ship and therefore it is his duty as an artist to put them in. Having no knowledge of perspective, he simply turns them round through an angle of ninety degrees, so as to bring them into full view from the side. Genius recognizes no limitations.



WANGONI WOMEN AT NCHICHIRA

The Matambwe fisherman in the other picture has just anchored his boat at the bend of the river, and then cast his line with the uncouth iron hook. A few minutes after, he feels a jerk,—then, a mighty pull—a broad, round object swings through the air and lies on the grass. The fisherman is just letting the line run deliberately through his hand to draw the booty up to him, when some monster, probably of unearthly origin, dashes at his fine, large turtle. It is only a common snake, after all, though an unusually large one, and the old man is not going to give up his spoil so tamely, but is holding on to the line for all he is worth.

TWO NATIVES. DRAWN BY PESA MBILI

Most of these drawings represent incidents actually witnessed by the artist, and the figures, whether of men or animals, are intended for portraits of real individuals. Some, however, are purely *genre* pictures, such as the woman pounding at the mortar under the eaves of her hut (p. 165), and the mother with the baby on her hip (p. 345), which are typical figures from everyday life, with no attempt at portraiture. So, too, the two natives drawn by Pesa mbili are not intended for anyone in particular. The fact is that, on the day when this was executed, at Mahuta (October 21st), I had been chiefly occupied with the study of keloids, and a number of men had been induced to remove their garments and submit to my inspection. This stimulated the headman, who was more intelligent than most of his companions, to attempt the reproduction of two such figures.

The majority of the other drawings, not only represent actual incidents, but are derived from the artist's personal experience. The drawing of the s.s. *Rufiji* (p. 18), done from memory, far inland, by the Swahili Bakari, has a huge shark in

the foreground, because it is a reminiscence of a voyage in that vessel, when he saw that particular shark at a certain place which, no doubt, he could point out with unerring accuracy. When the carrier, Juma, brought me his "Monkeys breaking into a plantation" (p. 168), he accompanied it with this explanation—"But, *Bwana Mkubwa*, that is my *shamba*, and I threw stones at the monkeys, and drove them away; there were seven of them—great big ones."

Of portraits in the strict sense, "*Bana Pufesa*" (the Professor), by one of the soldiers (see p. 368) and the stilt-dancer on p. 237 by my cook, Omari, both belong to the early days of the expedition, when I had not yet lost the charm of novelty, and the Bondei man had only seen one masquerader on stilts. Poor as Omari's work is in other respects, he on this occasion showed considerable courage in attempting to represent his subject in full face, which a beginner very seldom ventures to do. That my right eye should be seen wandering through space like a star, is not surprising; that eye exists, and therefore it must appear in the drawing.

A number of these drawings depict whole scenes from native life in the district I have traversed. Here we have the chain-gang (p. 26), to the number of seven men, marching slowly through the streets of Lindi, five of the convicts with large tins on their heads, the last two without loads. They are going to fill the bath in some European's house, an unpleasant task, because of the high ladder which has to be climbed, in doing which the heavy chain drags uncomfortably at the back of the man's neck, but the soldier on guard behind is very strict, and there is no shirking.

It is true that the large whip is not really part of his insignia, being due merely to a stretch of the artist's imagination, but he always carries a loaded rifle, I am told, since a recent mutiny, in which the guard was murdered. A *likwata* dance (p. 45) appeals to us as a much more cheerful subject, especially when the *Bwana picha* is engaged in conjuring the scene on to one of those remarkable glass plates which are contained in his three-legged box, and on which all the black women are white and their white *peleles* jet black. The white man's caravan, too, is a tempting subject. How proudly the two boys, Moritz and Kibwana, are carrying their master's

THE BUSH COUNTRY AND ITS FAUNA. DRAWN BY SALIM MATOLA

guns, while he, seated on his *nyumbu*, the old mule, is just turning round to survey the procession behind him. The Imperial flag flutters merrily in the morning breeze at the head of the long line of carriers laden with the cases and boxes on which they are beating time to the march with the sticks in their hands, all of them in the highest spirits, true to the character of Pesa mbili's friends from distant Unyamwezi. (See p. 104.) Another pleasant subject is the hunt commemorated by Salim Matola (p. 77). In the sportsman armed with a bow the artist has depicted himself striding along after his dog, in hot pursuit of a buffalo. Kwakaneyao, the brown dog, is a keen hunter by nature—his name means that he will drive away every other dog who may attempt to dispute the quarry with him. In spite of this, however, Salim Matola, by way of taking an extra precaution, before starting, rubbed his companion's teeth with certain roots, and gave him a piece of the last-killed bush-buck to eat. Thereupon Kwakaneyao rushed off into the *pori* like an arrow, so that his master could scarcely keep up with him.

The same Salim Matola shows us this *pori* with its characteristic animals in another drawing which, sketchy as it is, reproduces the character of the country with the utmost accuracy :—the scattered, straggling trees, and the harsh, tall African grass between them,—the dark green tree-snake in the tamarisk on the left, a hornbill on the right, and in the background a small antelope. In short, this is in its way a little masterpiece.

The Makua Isaki illustrates the superstitions of his tribe in the little picture reproduced on p. 212. The comical little

bird there depicted is the ill-omened owl (*likwikwi*), which, crying night after night, brought death to Marquardt's little daughter. No native likes to see or hear it.

The little sketch on p. 305 is a scene from Makonde life. *Mtudikaye*, "the hospitable," and her daughter Nantupuli, who has not yet found a husband, though not for want of seeking, are taking their turn to fetch water, as all the men are busy breaking up ground in the bush, and, burdened with the carrying-poles and the great gourds, have just accomplished the long, rough walk to the stream at the foot of the plateau. The two banana-trees with their heavy bunches of fruit, mark the place for drawing water: from the stepping stones in their shadow one can get it much clearer than by standing on the trampled, muddy bank.

Now we come to science. My men must have a marked topographical instinct—otherwise it is difficult to explain the large number of maps with which they have overwhelmed me. I have reproduced only one of these (p. 9) the first, which quite took me by surprise. The author is Sabatele, an unsophisticated child of nature from the far south-west of our colony—the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. He produced it at Lindi, quite in the early days of our expedition. It gave rise to a great discussion, carried on with the aid of Pesa mbili, the headman and other representatives of intelligence. In a quarter of an hour we succeeded in identifying all the mysterious signs, and I discovered to my astonishment that the orientation of this first cartographic attempt was quite correct, and the topography only wrong as regards some of the distances. Pointing to the curious object marked in my reproduction, I received the unhesitating answer "*Mawopanda*"—Kinyamwezi for Dar es Salam. No. 2 is "*Lufu*"—the Ruvu of our maps, the large river always crossed by Wanyamwezi carriers on the main caravan-road. No. 3 is explained as "*Mulokolo*"—that is to say, Morogoro, the present terminus of the great central railway, which will put an end once for all to the old caravan traffic of the Wanyamwezi and Wasukuma. The Wanyamwezi have a difficulty in pronouncing "*r*" and usually substitute "*l*" for it. The contrast between these sturdy fellows and the softness of their speech is a curious one.

No. 4 is "Mgata," the Makata plain between the Uluguru and the Rubeho mountains, the whole of which is a swamp in the rainy season. "*Kirosa*" is the sound which greets me when I point with my pencil to No. 5. "Of course, where there is no '*r*' they pronounce it," I grumble to myself, delighted all the time with the splendid trill produced; "therefore we must set it down as *Kilosa*." No. 6 is the "Balabala"—the caravan-road itself. No. 7 is "Mpapwa," the old caravan centre, once the last halt on the inland march before the dreaded Marenga Mkali, the great alkali desert, and hostile Ugogo. Conversely, on the march down to the coast, it meant deliverance from thirst and ill-treatment. Hesitatingly I place my pencil on No. 8, which according to the drawing, must mean a stream of some sort, though I know of none in that neighbourhood. In fact, the name Mutiwe, which Sabatele now mentions, is quite unknown to me; it is only on consulting the special map that I discover it, flowing past Kilimatinde—N.B., when it contains water, which, needless to remark, is not always the case. It must have impressed itself on Sabatele's memory as a water-course—otherwise, why should so matter-of-fact a fellow have remembered the spot?

Now, however, we have reached the heart of German East Africa and find ourselves in regions well known to my followers. No. 9 is the lofty altitude of Kilimatinde, and No. 10 is called by Sabatele Kasanga. I take the name for that of Katanga, the copper district far to the south in the Congo basin, and shake my head incredulously,—it is impossible that the young man can have travelled so far. On cross-examination it comes out that he is from the Mambwe country at the south end of Tanganyika, and his Kasanga is identical with our station of Bismarckburg. No. 11 is my original goal Kondoa-Irangi, and No. 12 is the post of Kalama, in Iramba. At *Tobola*, as my map-maker calls Tabora, he even enters into detail. No. 13*a* is the present Tabora with the new *boma*,—No. 13*b* is "*Tobola ya zamani*," Old Tabora, with the former *boma*. Nos. 14 and 15 are respectively Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika and Mwanza, on Lake Victoria; these two trading centres are Sabatele's "farthest west" and "farthest north," as he explains to me with proud satisfaction.

Even without counting his comrades' performances in the

same kind, Sabatele's route-map is not an isolated phenomenon; on the contrary, whole volumes have already been written on the subject of cartography among the primitive races. Yet this unpretending little sketch is by no means without psychological interest. We are accustomed to look at every map from the south, considering the top of it as the north. All my native maps are oriented in the opposite direction—they look at the region represented as if from the north and place the south at the top of the map.

MAKONDE WOMAN IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE

This is likewise the case in the original of the one here reproduced, which I have turned round through 180 degrees, merely in order to bring it into agreement with our maps. The distances between the various places are wrong, as already remarked, but otherwise it is wonderfully correct, considered as the work of an entirely untrained man.

The last of the native drawings reproduced is a combination of landscape-painting and topographical diagram—in it Salim Matola has represented the mountains of his home at Masasi (p. 65). None of my attempts to photograph this range were successful. When, in my excursions, I reached a spot far enough off to see it as a whole, it was even betting that the air would be too hazy; and when near enough to see any of the hills well, I was too near to get a good view of all.

Salim has therefore supplied this want, and by no means

unskilfully. It is true that the native hunter on the top of Chironji, and his gun, are both out of all proportion to the height of the mountain itself, and the vegetation also errs in relative size (though not in character), but everything else is right:—the series of gigantic peaks—Mkwera, Masasi, Mtandi, Chironji, is given in the proper order, and, on the left, the smaller outlying knobs of Mkomahindo, Kitututu and Nambele. The steepness of the individual mountains is well rendered, as also the rounded dome-shape of their tops;—perhaps it would not be too much to say that Salim has tried, by parallel and concentric strokes, to indicate the structure of the gneiss.

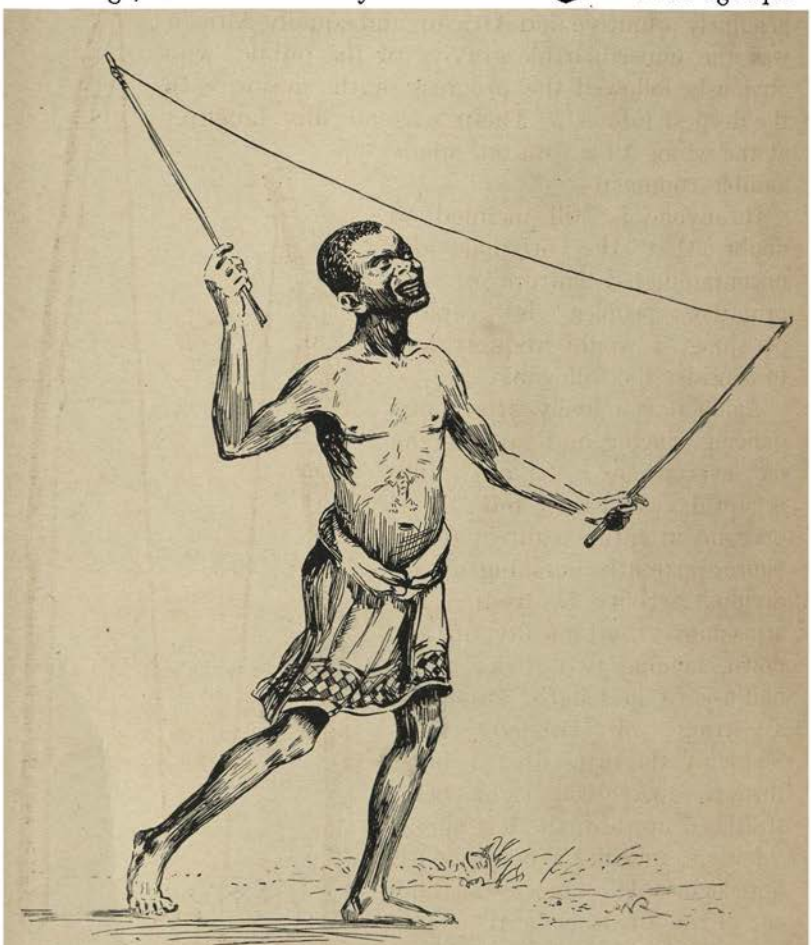
The early rains appear to follow me wherever I go. At Newala they began at the end of September; at Nchichira, a few weeks later, and here at Mahuta they set in with considerable violence at the end of October. Fortunately I was able, before they began, to enjoy the natives even to excess. The Makonde have for the last few weeks, been celebrating a veritable series of popular festivals on a small scale, on the fine large arena within the *boma* enclosure. As these festivities were quite spontaneous, I was able to feel assured of their genuinely native character. More than once I saw the stilt-dancers, with their gigantic strides, rigid, masked faces and waving draperies, stalking through the crowd. One afternoon, a dancer, cleverly disguised as a monkey, earned universal applause by his excellent imitation of the animal's movements and gestures. The African is fond of laughing—perhaps because he knows that this reflex movement displays his magnificent teeth very becomingly, but on this occasion the gambols and somersaults of the mimic furnished a sufficient excuse for the echoing volleys of mirth.

Another man, a muscular fellow of middle height, seemed to be a popular all-round comedian. He first showed himself a skilled contortionist—in fact, he might have appeared without hesitation in any European circus. He next gave an equally masterly performance on the swinging trapeze, four strong men holding up a long pole which served as the axis of his evolutions. Finally, he distinguished himself as a clown. In accordance with the mental constitution of the race, however, the comic effect was produced, not so much by facial

MAKONDE HAMLET NEAR MAHUTA

expression as by his attitudes and the movements of his legs, as will be seen by the cine-

matograph



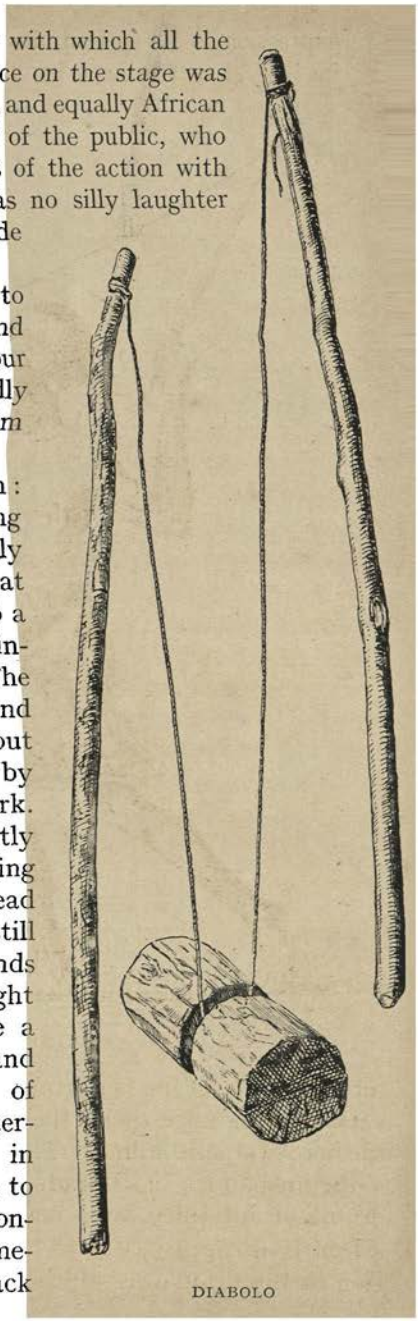
A DIABOLO PLAYER ON THE MAKONDE PLATEAU

records I took of his performance. To complete the proof of his versatility, he appeared in the second part of the programme as the hero of a pantomime. This was a " problem play " of sorts, —the husband a blockhead, the wife (played as in the classic drama of antiquity, by a man) an artful coquette,—the lover, a Don Juan, approved in all the arts of seduction. The foundation of the drama, as will be seen, is so far cosmopolitan, but

the naturalness and simplicity with which all the incidents of actual life took place on the stage was genuinely primitive and African, and equally African was the imperturbable gravity of the public, who obviously followed the progress of the action with the deepest interest. There was no silly laughter at the wrong time; no one made audible comments.

If anyone is still inclined to doubt that the original and uncontaminated culture of our *primitive peoples is rapidly perishing, I would request him* to consider the following.

Again it is a lively afternoon: dancing, singing, and games going on everywhere. I am fully occupied, as usual, but all at once, my attention is directed to a figure apparently pursuing an individual activity by itself. The arms move rhythmically up and down, holding two sticks about half-a-yard in length, united by a string of twisted bark. Suddenly the arms are abruptly thrown apart, the right being stretched upward, the left spread sideways, and like a bomb a still unrecognisable object descends out of the air, is cleverly caught on the string, and runs like a frightened weasel backwards and forwards between the ends of the sticks. Immediately afterwards it has again vanished in the air, but returns repentant to its owner, and the process continues. I feel that I have somewhere seen this before, and rack



DIABOLO

my brain for some time—at last I have it. This is no other than the game of diabolo, which as we read in the German papers, is pursued with such enthusiasm in England and other countries where games are the rage. When I left home, it was still unknown to my compatriots, who, in this as in other matters, limp slowly but steadily after the rest of the world; but I venture to prognosticate that it will begin to flourish among us when other nations have dropped it as an obsolete fashion. Now, too, I can recall a picture of the game seen in a shop-window at Leipzig, and if I compare my recollection of this with the action of the man before me, I must confess that this solution of the technical problem could not be bettered. The narrow wedge-shaped notch cut all round the convex surface of the wooden cylinder gives free play to the string without appreciably diminishing the weight of the whole.[1]

Had I not been aware that the rain is the only cause for the daily falling off in the number of my visitors, I should here, too, have reason to consider myself a mighty magician; but, as it is, the people tell me frankly enough that it is now time to attend to their fields. To be candid, the leisure thus obtained is not at all unwelcome. I am, indeed, satisfied, more than satisfied, and have several times caught myself passing over with indifference the most interesting phenomena in the life of the people. There are limits to the receptive power of the

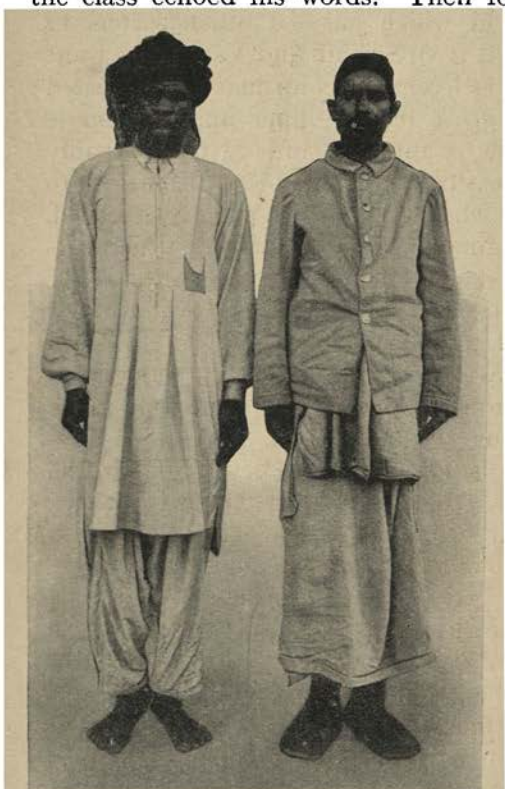
[1] We cannot help thinking that Dr. Weule must be mistaken in supposing this game to be borrowed from a European source. The late Commander Cameron, at Kasongo in 1874, saw a slave of the Arab, Juma Merikani, "exhibiting tricks . . . with a piece of heavy, hard wood shaped like an hour-glass, and two sticks each a foot in length. Taking a stick in each hand, he could make the wood rotate rapidly and run backwards and forwards . . . between the sticks, on a piece of string attached to their ends; then, by a peculiar jerk, he would send the wood flying up into the air, higher than a cricket-ball could be thrown, and catching it on the string, would again set it rolling" (*Across Africa*, II, 91). At this time, diabolo, of course, was quite unknown in Europe, though it had been a fashionable game in the early part of last century. A writer in the *Bulletin de la Société Belge des Etudes Coloniales* (December, 1908), in a notice of Dr. Weule's book, after quoting the above passage from Cameron, refers to a description of the game (under the name of *Le Diable*), from a work entitled *Les Amusements de la Campagne* (Paris, 1826). It was believed to have originated in China.—[TR.]

human mind, and when overtaxed, as mine has recently been, it altogether refuses to take in further impressions.

Only Ningachi and his school never fail to excite my interest. Our *baraza* is the second house on the south side of the *boma*, beginning from the east. The first is the alleged abode of some *Baharia ;* but in reality it seems to be a large harem, for women's voices keep up an incessant giggling and chattering there. In the third house lives His Excellency the Secretary of State to the Viceroy, in other words the officially appointed clerk to the Wali. He is a Swahili from Dar es Salam, and an intimate friend of Moritz's, but his relations with the pillar of my migratory household have not prevented my giving the rascal a good dressing down. For some time after my arrival, I was unable to get a proper night's rest, on account of the perpetual crying of a baby, evidently in pain, which was audible from somewhere close at hand. Before long, I had traced it to its source and cited father, mother and son to appear in my consulting-room. Both parents, on examination, proved to be thoroughly healthy and as fat as butter; the child, about a year old, was likewise round as a ball, but covered from head to foot with sores in consequence of the most disgraceful neglect. And this man can read and write, and is, therefore, in the eyes of statisticians a fully accredited representative of civilization, and looks down with abysmal contempt on those who do not, like himself, lounge about in white shirt and embroidered cap.

But now as to the fourth house. On the first morning, I saw, without understanding the meaning of the sight, some six or eight half-grown boys assembled in front of it about half-past six. My first thought was that they were going to play, and, as I watched them, they arranged themselves in Indian file in the order of their height. They were then joined by a man in a white shirt, and, at a sign from him, vanished, one after another, in the same order, under the overhanging eaves. A sound reached my ear soon after, which, it is true, was in itself nothing extraordinary; a deep voice reciting words immediately taken up by a chorus of high trebles,—but something in the quality of the utterance induced me to approach within earshot without knowing what attracted me. Standing at a distance of a few feet from the house,

I became aware that I was actually listening to German words. An elementary lesson in arithmetic was taking place. "*Und das ist eins*—and that is one," began Ningachi, and the class echoed his words. Then followed, in like manner, "and that is two," "and that is three," and so on, up to thirty-one, which appeared to be the limit of the teacher's arithmetical knowledge, as far as numeration is concerned, for he then proceeded to exercises in addition and subtraction. Having listened to these lessons on many successive mornings, I have reluctantly been forced to the conclusion that they are a mere mechanical drill. The pupils are at once embarrassed if asked to point out at random any figure in the series so neatly written out on the blackboard by their teacher, and in the sums they appear to be hopelessly at sea. "Two minus eight is six," is a comparatively venial error. Ningachi himself does not feel very happy when going through this routine, but says that he was taught so in the Government School at Mikindani, and is bound to teach in the same way himself. It was no great consolation to the honest fellow to hear that there are cramming establishments elsewhere.



ASKARI IN FATIGUE DRESS

I finished my notes on the Makonde language in an astonishingly short space of time. Like a god from the machine, my pearl of assistants, Sefu, suddenly appeared

from Newala, and in conjunction with him and Ningachi I have been able to convince myself, in the course of seven very strenuous days, that Makonde is most closely connected with the neighbouring idioms, and that it is probably only the absence of the "s" sound which has led other writers to describe it as very divergent from Swahili and Yao. The want of this sound, however, I feel certain, is intimately connected with the wearing of the *pelele* in the upper lip. I suppose all of us have, at one time or another, suffered from a badly swelled upper lip. Is it possible, under such circumstances, to articulate any sibilant whatever? This theory, indeed, supposes that the men originally wore the same lip-ornaments as the women. But why should this not have been the case? The Mavia men wear them even now, and the Mavia are said to be very closely related to the Makonde.

Only with the Wamwera I have had no luck. I have never lost sight of my intention to return and spend some time in the country of that tribe; but the Wali, Sefu, and other well-informed men tell me it is impossible. They say that the Wamwera, having been in rebellion against the Government, were unable to plant their fields last season, as they were in hiding in the bush.

"The Wamwera," they say, "have been at war with the Germans, and so they were living in the bush, for the whole of the planting season, and could not sow their crops. They have long ago eaten up the little store they had hidden, and now they have nothing more; they are all suffering from hunger, and many of them have died." My next suggestion was that we should provision ourselves here and make for the Rondo plateau, but my advisers were very much against this plan. They said the people in their despair would fall upon us and fight with us for our supplies of corn. Well, I thought, if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain, and a few days later, there appeared, summoned by special messengers, the two Wamwera alleged to be the most learned men in the tribe. They were two elderly men, emaciated to skeletons, without a trace of calves, or any other muscular development, while their sunken cheeks and hollow eyes bore eloquent testimony to the terrible sufferings they had undergone. We waited patiently while they

were getting fed—they devoured such quantities of porridge that their stomachs protruded like large skittle-balls from their bodies. At last they were in a fit condition to be questioned.

In spite of their reputation for wisdom, there was not much to be got out of Machigo and Machunya; a few dozen clan names, a longer list of simple words—that was all. Every attempt to ascertain by their help the forms of verbs or any of the mysteries of syntax was an utter failure. Probably it was not intelligence so much as intellectual training that was wanting; anyone who should attempt to ascertain the structure of the German language with the assistance of a bullock-driver, would doubtless fare no better than I did.

I dismissed the old men after a short time without resentment—in fact, I loaded them with presents, and, cheered by the consciousness of their unexpected gains, they stepped out manfully on their road northward.

With the departure of the two gaunt professors of Kimwera, I have really got rid of my last scientific care, and that is just as well, for, as I have already remarked, my appetite is more than satiated. I have accomplished a respectable amount of work in the past few months. I have taken more than 1,200 photographs; but the non-photographer, who imagines the art to be a mere amusement, will scarcely place this to my credit; and only the expert can appreciate the amount of exertion and excitement represented by the above number of negatives in a country like this. I have already alluded to some difficulties; these have only increased with time, for the sun is every day higher in the heavens, and the intensity of the light between eight a.m. and five p.m. is quite incredible. I have always kept an exact record, in my register of negatives, of all details of weather and light, but nevertheless I have not escaped failure—so difficult is it to judge the intensity of light in the tropics. One night, one may have the satisfaction of finding, when developing the day's work, that by good luck all the exposures have been right. Next day the weather is precisely the same—you take the same stop, and expose for the same length of time—and yet, when evening comes, you find that every plate is over or under exposed. This is not exhilarating. Then there is the perpetual worry about

the background. Unfortunately, I have brought no isochromatic plates ; but the want of them is partly supplied by a huge tarpaulin which I originally took with me to cover my baggage at night, but which never served this purpose. Even before leaving Masasi, we fastened it between two bamboo poles, and covered one side of it with one or two lengths of *sanda*. Since then I have always used it in photographing when the sun is high, to screen off a too-strongly illuminated background. And if nothing else will serve, the strongest of my men hold the screen over the object, when I find myself obliged to take an important photograph with the sun directly overhead.

Next come the phonograph cylinders. The extremely high temperature of the lowlands has deprived me of the opportunity of making some valuable records—a loss which must be borne with what philosophy I can summon to my aid. It is the easier to do so, that, in spite of the drawbacks referred to, I have only five left out of my five-dozen cylinders, and for these, too, I can find an excellent use ; to-morrow they shall be covered with the finest Nyamwezi melodies. As to the cinematograph, I must remember that I am a pioneer, and as such must not only incur all the inconvenience involved in the imperfections of an industry as yet in its infancy, but take the risk of all the dangers which threaten gelatine films in the tropics. It certainly does not dispose one to cheerfulness, when Ernemann writes from Dresden that my last consignment of films has again proved a failure ; but I have given over worrying over things of this sort, ever since my vexation at the fall of my $9 \times 12$ cm. camera let me in for the severe fever I went through at Chingulungulu. Besides, I know, by those I have developed myself, that about two-thirds of my thirty-eight cinematograph records must be fairly good, or at least good enough to use, and that is a pretty fair proportion for a beginner. Over twenty such imperishable documents of rapidly disappearing tribal life and customs—I am quite disposed to congratulate myself !

But my chief ground for pride is the quantity, and even more the quality of my ethnological and sociological notes, which surely will not be an entirely valueless contribution to our knowledge of the East African native. As a stranger

in the country, I could not, of course, in the short time at my disposal, survey all the departments of native life, but I have made detailed studies of a great many. I must not forget my exceptional good fortune with regard to the *unyago*; the elucidation of these mysteries would alone have amply repaid the journey.

To conclude with my ethnographic collection. In the Congo basin, and in West Africa I should probably, in the same space of time, have been able, without any difficulty, to get together a small ship-load of objects, while here in the East a collection of under two thousand numbers represents the material culture of tribes covering a whole province. The number of individual specimens might, indeed, have been increased, but not that of categories, so thoroughly have I searched the native villages and rummaged their huts one by one. After all, the East African native is a poor man.

But what is the use of speculating as to what is attainable or unattainable? The sun is shining brightly, the woods are fresh and green after the shower, and some of the *askari* are lounging against the palisade in a picturesque if untidy group. The metamorphosis undergone by our native warrior in the course of the day is certainly surprising. Smart and active on the drill-ground—they look on their drill as a kind of game, and call it playing at soldiers—he is just the reverse, from our German point of view, in the afternoon and evening.

It must be acknowledged that he knows how to make himself comfortable when off duty. He has his boy to wait on him, even to take his gun from his hand the moment the word has been given to "dismiss"; and the respect commanded, in Africa as elsewhere, by anything in the shape of a uniform secures him the best of everything wherever he goes. He lounges through the hot hours on his host's most commodious bedstead, and, when evening comes on, sallies forth in fatigue-dress to captivate the girls of the place. They are less charming, it is true, than those of Lindi, but a man has to take what he can get. The slovenly figures in the photograph are those of Lumbwula and the Nubian Achmed Mohammed, taking their ease in this fashion.

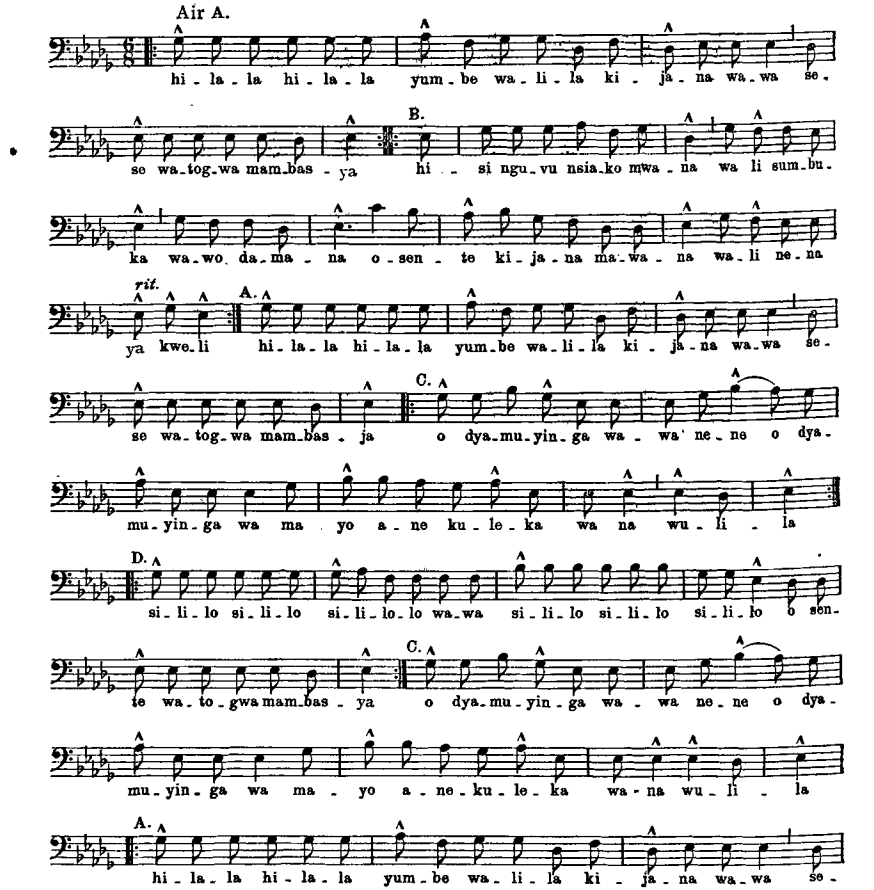
My release from work and worry has worked miracles,

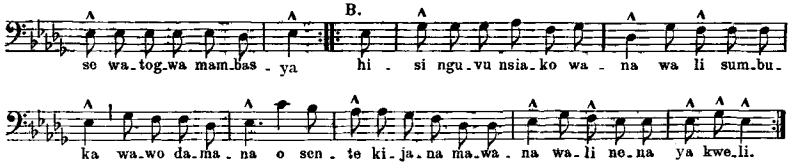
physiologically speaking ;—I sleep in my bed like a hibernating bear, wield a mighty knife and fork at table and increase in circumference almost perceptibly from day to day. Moreover, we have been living fairly well for the last few weeks. The first case of porter was followed by a second, and various other delights came up at the same time from Lindi—genuine unadulterated milk from the blessed land of Mecklenburg, fresh *pumpernickel*, new potatoes from British East Africa, tinned meats and fruits in abundance, and so forth. The lean weeks of Newala are forgotten, and our not much more luxurious sojourn at Chingulungulu recedes into the misty past. The evenings, too, are pleasant and leisurely. As decreed by a kindly destiny, I find that I have still some plates left, but no chemicals for developing and fixing, so that I can photograph as much as I like, while compelled to dispense with the trying work of developing the plates in the close tent. Omari has provided a spatchcocked fowl for our evening meal, which smells inviting and tastes delicious. He has here revived for our benefit the primitive process of roasting already known to prehistoric man, which consists of simply holding the meat over the fire till done. Only one innovation has been introduced : after splitting up the carcase of the fowl, Omari has rubbed salt and pepper into it. This, though historically incorrect, improves the flavour so much that it is quite a pardonable piece of vandalism.

Here come my carriers, issuing with clean clothes and radiant faces from their temporary lodgings in one of the thatched huts of the *boma*. They know that in the next few days we are going on *safari* again, the goal in view being this time the eagerly anticipated paradise of the coast. And they will be receiving uncounted sums of money at Lindi. Many a time have they grumbled at the *Bwana Mkubwa*, because he refused them an advance, when they wanted so very much to make a present to some pretty girl in a neighbouring village. They had even been directly asked for such presents, but the *Bwana Pufesa* made a point of saying to any man who wanted a trifle of a loan, "*Nenda zako*"—("Be off with you"). He was very hard, was the *Bwana Pufesa*, but it was best so, after all ; for now we shall get all the money paid down at once—it must be over forty rupees. What times we

shall have at Lindi—not to mention Dar es Salam! And we will go to the Indian's store and buy ourselves *visibau* finer even than the ones sported by those apes of Waswahili.

The crimson glow of the sunset is still lingering on the western horizon, while the full moon is rising in the east, behind the great spreading tree, under which my camera has been planted day after day for the last few weeks; and I am watching the spectacle, stretched comfortably in my long chair, and at the same time listening to the chant of the Wanyamwezi.


Air A.
hi - la - la hi - la - la yum - be wa - li - la ki - ja - na wa - wa se -
B.
se wa - tog - wa mam - bas - ya hi - si ngu - vu nsia - ko mwa - na wa li sum - bu -
ka wa - wo da - ma - na o - sen - te ki - ja - na ma - wa - na wa - li ne - na
rit.
A.
ya kwe - li hi - la - la hi - la - la yum - be wa - li - la ki - ja - na wa - wa se -
C.
se wa - tog - wa mam - bas - ja o dya - mu - yin - ga wa - wa ne - ne o dya -
mu - yin - ga wa ma - yo a - ne ku - le - ka wa na wu - li - la
D.
si - li - lo si - li - lo si - li - lo - lo wa - wa si - li - lo si - li - lo si - li - lo o sen -
C.
te wa - to - gwa mam - bas - ya o dya - mu - yin - ga wa - wa ne - ne o dya -
mu - yin - ga wa ma - yo a - ne - ku - le - ka wa - na wu - li - la
A.
hi - la - la hi - la - la yum - be wa - li - la ki - ja - na wa - wa se -

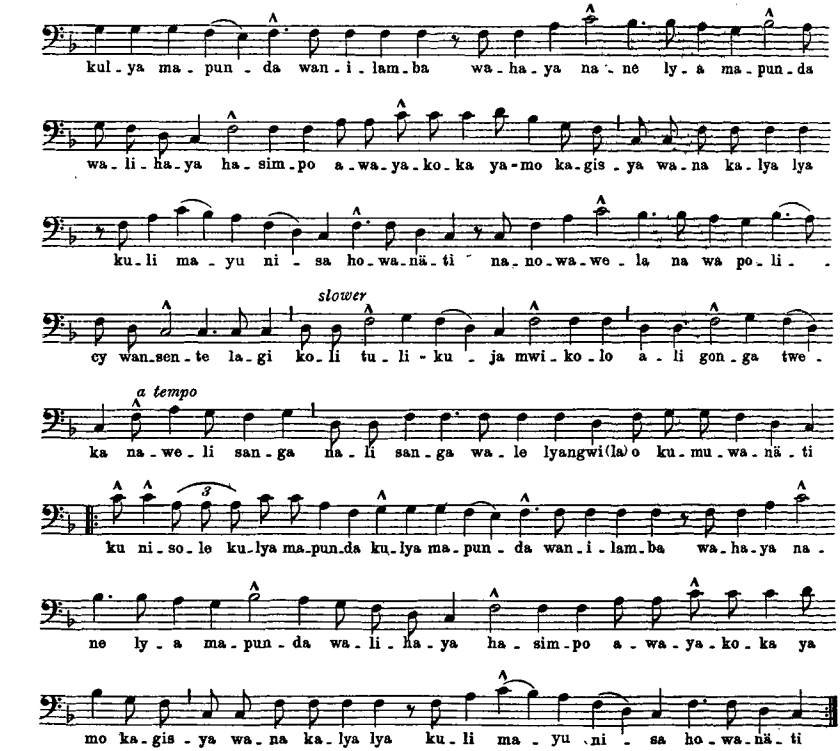


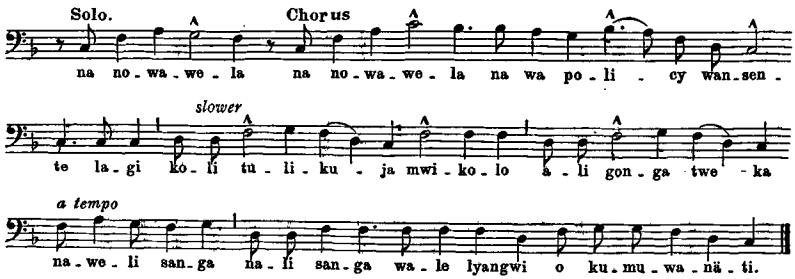

With the deep notes characteristic of the Wanyamwezi, the chant penetrates the ear of the European listener. My men have often sung it at Newala, at Majaliwa's, and here at Mahuta, always accompanying the rhythm of the song with equally rhythmical movements. It is a hoeing-song. The Mnyamwezi going out into the fields with his hoe is provided with a whole repertoire of such songs; the body bends and rises in regular time as the broad blade crunches its way through the soil, and the chant of labour sounds softly and harmoniously over the wide plain. At this moment, when the men are squatting round me in picturesque groups, they snap their fingers in time with great spirit and energy, instead of going through the motions of hoeing.

The air is pleasing enough and insensibly steals into the consciousness of the listening European, carrying him away from the harsh, raw nature of Africa to the ancient civilisation of his native land, which the busy days now left behind have left him little leisure to recall. As Pesa mbili's clear baritone alternates with the deep-toned chorus I recall the blacksmith at the forge, seeking the rhythm in his strokes which keeps his arm from tiring so soon in wielding the heavy hammer. It takes me back, too, to my boyhood, when few if any small farmers owned a threshing machine, and I used to hear from our neighbour's barn the triple and quadruple time of the flails. The same sort of rhythm, too, is heard in our streets, above the bustle and noise of traffic, when the paviours are ramming down the stones,—*ping, ping, ping, ping, ping, ping,* —each note louder or softer according to the degree of force employed, but all in the strictest time. This rhythm is the outcome of a need inherent in human nature: it precedes, indeed it is indispensable to, any sustained bodily exertion. This is felt even by civilized people, as we see when the striking-up of the band puts new life and vigour into the tired legs of

a marching regiment, or when a number of men are engaged in moving a heavy load; and it is true in a much greater degree of the African. I am convinced that he cannot accomplish the easiest task unless he accompanies it with a rapidly improvised chant; even the heavily-ironed convicts in the chain-gangs, push or pull their barrows to a continuous antiphonal chant. Thus, too, when a number of people are hoeing a field together, the work becomes a game in which the body spontaneously falls into the rhythmic motions of the dance; but no dance is without its song.

The song comes to an end with a long-drawn *kweli* ("it is true"). The Wanyamwezi are famed for their endurance, both in marching and singing, and the above performance has lasted for a considerable time. But after a short pause the indefatigable Pesa mbili begins again,—this time with my favourite melody, *Kulya mapunda.*


kul-ya ma-pun-da wan-i-lam-ba wa-ha-ya na-ne ly-a ma-pun-da
wa-li-ha-ya ha-sim-po a-wa-ya-ko-ka ya-mo ka-gis-ya wa-na ka-lya lya
ku-li ma-yu ni-sa ho-wa-nä-ti na-no-wa-we-la na wa po-li-
slower
cy wan-sen-te la-gi ko-li tu-li-ku-ja mwi-ko-lo a-li gon-ga twe-
a tempo
ka na-we-li san-ga na-li san-ga wa-le lyangwi(la)o ku-mu-wa-nä-ti
ku ni-so-le ku-lya ma-pun-da ku-lya ma-pun-da wan-i-lam-ba wa-ha-ya na-
ne ly-a ma-pun-da wa-li-ha-ya ha-sim-po a-wa-ya-ko-ka ya
mo ka-gis-ya wa-na ka-lya lya ku-li ma-yu ni-sa ho-wa-nä-ti


Solo.
Chorus
na no - wa - we - la na no - wa - we - la na wa po - li - cy wan - sen -
slower
te la - gi ko - li tu - li - ku - ja mwi - ko - lo a - li gon - ga twe - ka
a tempo
na - we - li san - ga na - li san - ga wa - le lyangwi o ku - mu - wa - nä - ti.

The singing has exercised its usual fascination on the European auditor, he is sitting upright and vigorously joining in, to the delight of the performers. This *hasimpo*, as it is usually called for brevity's sake, is sung to accompany a dance. In the hoeing-song the tune and the words, so far as I have been able to translate the latter, show some degree of congruity with each other, but I cannot as yet make head or tail of what Pesa mbili has to-day dictated to me as the gist of this *hasimpo* song. For the sake of completeness I will first give my attempt at the translation of the *hilala*.

"Work, work. The headman will weep for his son. They love the white *ombasha*, he is strong. Thanks, the son has prophesied. Oh! blockhead that I am! my mother is going away, the children are crying. Do not cry, do not cry, do not cry."

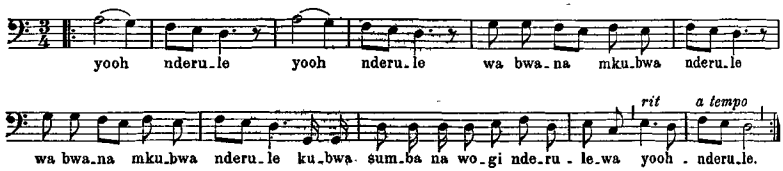
As will be seen, it is confused enough, but at least some parts appear to have a connected sense, and the *sililo* "do not weep," thrice repeated, sounds rather touching. It is less easy to fit the *ombasha*—the corporal—into the framework of the song; but who shall fathom the profundities of the African mind? especially when it is the mind of a poet.

The dancing song is as follows:—

"The Wairamba are eating vegetables—they are eating vegetables, I say, at the well. When you get home, salute my mother, and tell her I am coming. So I said and the police seized the devil. We set down our loads of cloth and beads and yet again beads. The sun is going down, the time for dancing is at an end."

Here again the reference to the mother is a pathetic touch, but the police and the nature of their association with the Prince of Darkness must remain a mystery.

Now comes the song of the Standard :—


yooh nderu-le yooh nderu-le wa bwa-na mku-bwa nderu-le
rit a tempo
wa bwa-na mku-bwa nderu-le ku-bwa sum-ba na wo-gi nde-ru - le-wa yooh - nderu-le.

It is the chant of the Long Trail—the glorification of travel for its own sake,—the element as necessary to the Mnyamwezi as his *ugali* :—"O journey! O journey with the great master, O (delightful) journey! He will give cloth to the young men—O journey, O beautiful journey!"

The deep bass notes have died away slowly, almost mournfully, and the men are visibly growing sleepy; in fact, it is nearly ten, by which hour they are usually rolled up in their mats and dreaming of home. A questioning glance from Pesa mbili induces me to give the signal; the whole band vanishes almost without a sound, and I am left alone. Really alone, for Knudsen has been away for some days, hunting in the valley. The people there sent him word that numbers of elephants had been seen, and after that there was no keeping him back. He hurried off at such a pace that his cook, Latu, and his boy, Wanduwandu, a splendid big Yao, could scarcely follow him. He was to have returned at noon to-day. I wonder what has detained him.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### MY RETURN TO THE COAST

LINDI, towards the end of November, 1906.

WITH all respect to my camp-bed, I find that I can sleep much more comfortably on the couch provided here by the Imperial District Commissioner, with its three-foot-six mattress and spacious mosquito-net: luxuries which I have been enjoying for the last week, having marched into Lindi with flying colours on November 17th, after a toilsome and difficult journey.

The outward aspect of the little town is much the same as when I left it in July, but the European population has changed to a surprising degree. Hardly any of the old residents are left, but the number of new arrivals from Germany is so great that there is some difficulty in getting lodgings. If we were in an English colony, I should say that there is just now a boom at Lindi; as it is, we may say that capital has discovered the southern districts and is setting about their economic exploitation. It is said that all the good land in the neighbourhood of Lindi is already taken up, and later comers will perforce have to put up with more distant estates. While personally delighted to hear that the southern province, which has become very dear to me in the course of my stay, is thus prospering, I am too much occupied with my own affairs to have any further concern in these transactions.

First came the paying-off of the numerous extra carriers whom I had been obliged to hire for the transport of the collections made at Mahuta. The amount paid out was not great, as the recipients had not been called upon to perform an excessive amount of work. All over the Makonde plateau I found that the carriers who arrived in time for the start on any given day, marched with the caravan as far as that night's halting-place, but as regularly disappeared before the next morning, in spite of the sentries posted all round our camp. This unreliability caused me much vexation and loss of temper, besides the waste of time in engaging fresh men; but, on the other hand, I saved, in every such case, the day's wages, which

these deserters never gave me the chance of paying them. After passing the Kiheru valley and getting into the Yao country we had no more trouble, the men there being quite willing to go as far as the coast.

My Wanyamwezi carriers have already left for the north. On the 23rd I saw them on board the steamer, a much larger and finer boat than the *Rufiji* in which they suffered such misery on the down trip. Probably they are indulging in happy dreams of a speedy return to their far inland homes, and of the way in which they mean to lay out the capital knotted into their waistcloths; but in reality they will probably, on the day after landing, find themselves starting on a fresh expedition with the "chop-boxes" of some other white man on their heads. At this time, just before the rains, carriers are very scarce, and they are sure to be seized on at once. I am thus dependent for packing my collections—the cases previously sent down to the coast having been stored in the cellars of the Government offices, where they have remained undisturbed except by the innumerable rats—on myself and my remaining men. Among these, for the time being, I can still reckon Knudsen, who lends a hand right willingly, in spite of his melancholy looks. He does not like the coast; he says the damp climate is too soft for him, and he cannot get on with the white men. He is better accustomed to the *washenzi* in the bush, who neither worry him nor look down on him. He is only waiting till I have left for the north, before going west once more after antelope and elephant.

"Why, I thought you had had enough of that sort of thing," was my well-meant remark, as I glanced at his right arm, of which, he says, he has not yet recovered the full use. It is a terrible story.

I was sitting at dinner one afternoon, trying to eat some mysterious compound out of a Portuguese tin, which proved on examination to be bacon and beans (probably a part of the stores originally laid in for Vasco da Gama's expedition), when I heard Moritz's nasal voice announcing, "*Bwana mdogo anakuja*" ("Mr. Knudsen is coming"). I turned round and saw him dragging himself along with uncertain steps; he was covered with dust, his clothes were torn, and his right arm in a sling.

"Well, old Nimrod, has the elephant tusked you ?" I called out to him, not taking matters very seriously.

"Not that. I only fell and broke my arm—but my poor Wanduwandu is dead. He died just now ;—here they come with him."

In fact at this moment I saw a group of men busy over something at the narrow door of the *boma ;* but the crowd was too great to see what it was. My first care was to attend to Knudsen's arm, which was badly swollen, though I could discover no indication of a fracture. The only thing to be done, therefore, was to apply cold water bandages and support the arm in as easy a position as possible. Knudsen dropped into his chair like a log and sank into gloomy thought, while I went to look at the corpse. It was laid out on a *kitanda* or native bedstead, under a shady tree at the other end of the *boma*, and scantily covered with a cloth ; the mouth was open, the glassy eyes staring vacantly. Hemedi Maranga came up and closed them, while I examined the injuries. I could find no serious wound ; the tips of the fingers were crushed and bleeding, and the skin slightly grazed on the left temple, which also showed a moderate-sized swelling, but that was all. Notwithstanding this, the Wali and I agreed that the swelling must indicate the cause of death, and on feeling the head, we found that the skull was broken. The man must have received a terrible blow, but a blow with some soft object, otherwise the outside of the head would have been shattered.

The afternoon brought plenty of work. The dead man was sewn up in a piece of the *sanda* I had, in accordance with custom, brought with me, never dreaming that I should have to apply it to its traditional use. The grave was dug outside the *boma* just beyond the crest of the hill. I had fixed the time of the funeral at sunset ; but about three I found that Wanduwandu's friends and relations, thinking this too long to wait, had carried off the corpse in order to proceed with the obsequies on their own account ; so that I had to send off my fleetest runner with orders to have it brought back again. At six my whole troop was drawn up on funeral parade. Here, too, I noticed the instinctive tact of the native ; every man was in full-dress uniform, though I had given no orders to that effect, and Hemedi Maranga was wearing his

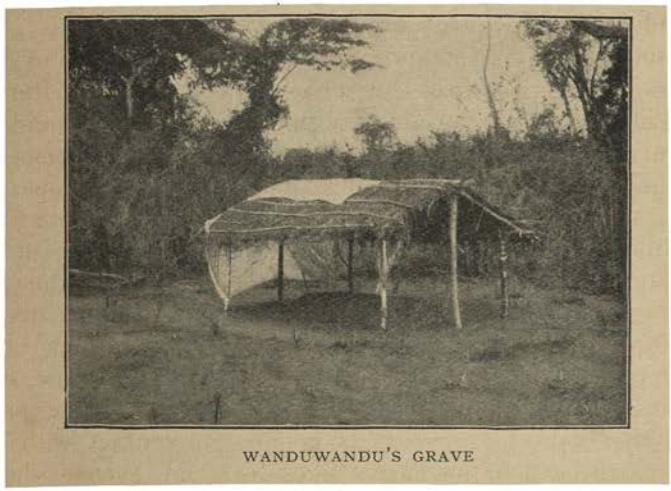
medal. Of all the natives with whom I have come in contact, Wanduwandu attracted me most; he was a splendid figure of a man, the only one I ever saw who exemplified the "Herculean build" one so often hears of. At the same time he was quiet, dignified, and yet fully conscious of his strength. He had accompanied the expedition for some months, liked by all and hated by none. I felt it quite a matter of course that I should put on a clean white suit to convoy him on his last journey, though he was "only" a native.

I had already seen and photographed a number of Yao graves, but, apart from human sympathy, I was naturally interested in witnessing a native funeral, and therefore did not attempt to interfere in the least with the people's arrangements. The grave had been dug of the same shape as in Europe, but much shallower, being not much over a yard in depth; and the men had also made it much too short. Two of the bystanders at once came forward to lengthen it, while the corpse was waiting to be lowered; but not altogether successfully, for if in future times any excavations are undertaken on that spot a skeleton will be found lying on its side, with the knees drawn up in a squatting position.[1] Mats were spread over the body to prevent its coming in contact with the bare earth, which the native likes to avoid, even in death. Now, however, comes an exotic touch. Daudi, the native pastor from Chingulungulu, had been with us for some days, having been sent for by me, that I might talk over some points in my notes with him. Wanduwandu had remained a heathen; in fact, when Knudsen and I, as we often did, asked him, teasingly, whether he would not rather become a Muslim, or even a Christian, he always shook his head with a calm air of superiority, and said that what was good enough for his fathers was good enough for him. Nevertheless, Daudi was in attendance at the grave, and now spoke a few words in Swahili, in which I clearly distinguished, "*Udongo kwa udongo, majivu kwa majivu*" ("Earth to earth, ashes to ashes"). A few boys—I had not previously known that there were any Christians at Mahuta—then sang a short hymn in hushed, grave voices, as the sun sank glowing in the west; Daudi softly uttered a

[1] This was probably not accidental, as the Wayao always bury their dead with the knees drawn up. See Macdonald, *Africana*, i, 103.—[Tr.]

prayer, and the first shovelfuls of yellow sand fell with a dull sound on the wrappings of the corpse. My soldiers marched away in precise order, the rest of the crowd followed, laughing and joking. Death ? What more is there to say about it ? It may happen any day ; that cannot be helped. Kismet !

To-day, the visitor to Mahuta will find on the spot referred to, a plain, low, but well-built structure—a thatched roof supported



WANDUWANDU'S GRAVE

on posts, and looking accurately east and west, with pieces of coloured calico fluttering in the breeze from its ridge-pole. This marks Wanduwandu's grave.

But it was only after the funeral was over that Nils Knudsen's mourning really began. In his speculative way, he has been brooding over the cause of death. It was directly caused—there can be no doubt about that—by the elephant, a huge, solitary brute—a "rogue," in fact. Knudsen first fired a couple of shots at him, and then his followers, people from the Nkundi plain, poured a whole volley from their muzzle-loaders on the unlucky beast. The elephant sank on his knees, but pulled himself up again with his trunk, and charged the hunters. All at once made for the *rendezvous* agreed on, but Knudsen fell while running, spraining his arm and losing his gun, which was flung into the bushes by the shock of his fall. When, after some time, they missed Wanduwandu, Knudsen returned to the scene of the encounter and heard a low groaning. He

thought at first that it proceeded from the wounded elephant, but soon found his faithful follower lying senseless under a heap of branches. Knudsen did not notice whether the elephant's tracks passed close to this spot or not, and indeed even now he does not clearly recollect the details of the tragedy. It may be assumed with tolerable certainty that Wanduwandu, who had the reputation of a brave, even a rash hunter, crossed the track of the infuriated animal and was struck down. The blood spoor of the elephant was lost in the bush.

This, then, is the direct cause of death, and for matter-of-fact Europeans it would be quite enough, but in this country it is otherwise. "It is that confounded fat woman's fault; she deceived him once before, and I expect she has been at the same games again." Such is the conclusion arrived at by Nils, who has quite fallen into native ways of thinking. My researches at Chingulungulu had revealed to me the universality of the belief that if a man's wife is unfaithful to him while he is hunting elephants in the bush, he will be sure to meet with a fatal accident. I was told of a number of cases which had actually happened, and even the names of the people concerned. Wanduwandu's wife is a buxom woman who, according to native ideas, is strikingly handsome—rotundity and beauty being equivalent terms in this country—and wears a nose-pin of unusual size and beautifully inlaid. It is therefore quite natural that she should be much admired, and, taking this circumstance in connection with her husband's violent death, for these African intellects, and for Nils Knudsen as well, the logical inference is that, because the man has been killed his wife must have betrayed him.

It will be understood that I was at first very sceptical as to this interpretation; but I must now confess that there is really something in it, only that the links in the chain of cause and effect follow each other in a somewhat different order of time. The woman is, as a matter of fact, indirectly responsible for her husband's death. Knudsen now remembers that Wanduwandu was strangely excited and reckless throughout the expedition, and I have heard from other quarters that the plump wife has always been a great coquette, and that there was a violent scene between the couple immediately before his

departure. Here we have the key to the whole enigma; the elephant did not kill the hunter who in his confusion blundered into his way, because the man's wife was at that moment flirting with another, but because the wife's behaviour had already driven the man almost to desperation. In any case it is instructive to see how occurrences of this sort, several times repeated, come to be accepted as laws of nature.

Wanduwandu's death did not change the date of our departure, which was already fixed; but it was noticeable that even our men were more eager to get away than before.

After the tragedy Knudsen found himself engaged in an obstinate contest with the widow, who, taking advantage of the situation, tried to bind him by contract—on the ground that he after all was the only one to blame for her husband's death—to supply her with six new dresses a year. On the other side he was attacked by the relatives of the deceased, who suddenly appeared in swarms, like vultures, and demanded the arrears of pay due to him. But it was a case of Greek meeting Greek, and Nils finally decided to pay over the money to the widow. I thought that, in that case, she would be murdered before she reached Mchauru, and suggested that he should send a messenger to deposit the money with Matola, as the headman of Wanduwandu's native district. It was explained to the woman that she could claim her property—it amounted to the enormous sum of four rupees and three quarters—whenever she might so desire; but probably she failed to understand this. At any rate, on her departure, which took place on the day after Knudsen's final refusal to contract for an annual supply of clothing, the cook, Latu, missed a quantity of ground-nuts and some other eatables from his master's stores. "Let her just come again, that's all!" said Nils, outwardly indignant, but in reality visibly relieved. There is no ground for uneasiness; such a beauty is not likely to remain long unwooed in a country like this, and in all probability she is married again by this time. Notwithstanding this, Nils still urges our departure.

Another circumstance has been making my stay at Mahuta less and less agreeable. Even at Nchichira the daily devotions of the headman and other Muhammadans had been a trial, beginning before daybreak and repeated at noon and evening.

Here the adherents of the Prophet are more numerous, and their faith more fervid, besides which we are now well into Ramadan. If my men are amusing me with their songs, or themselves with new *ngoma* dances, which they have an astonishing facility in inventing, their noise drowns the muttering and whining of the nineteen or twenty devotees under the Wali's *baraza*. But if the latter can be heard alone, the effect is simply terrible. The Wali leads the exercises; his voice is not in any case melodious, but when uttering itself in Arabic gutturals, it fairly gets on one's nerves, especially when the noise goes on till after ten at night. Unfortunately it is quite impossible to interfere, even if my principles as to religious toleration did not forbid it. However, I made an energetic and successful protest against the Wali's habit of conversing at the top of his voice for a considerable time after dismissing his congregation, and all the time spitting copiously into the middle of the *boma* square. I told him that so long as I was in the place I was the *Bwana mkubwa*, and it was my business to determine what was *desturi* (custom), and what was not; and I expressly desired that he should cease to disturb my night's rest.

Another inducement for a speedy return to the coast was the opportunity of securing a free passage north for my carriers by the *Kaiser Wilhelm II*, which was to leave Lindi for Dar es Salam soon after November 20. If I kept them with me till my own departure on December 2, I should not only have to pay a good deal in extra wages, but also a large sum in steamer-fares for them, as the boat by which I have taken my passage belongs, not to the Government, but to a private company. Finally, I desired to spend a short time on the coast in order to study the records of the criminal courts—the study of criminal psychology being of the highest importance in ethnography.

The noise on the morning of November 12 was greater than ever. My men leapt about the *boma* like sheep in a panic, and could scarcely await the word to start. The Wali could not be denied the privilege of escorting us for a short distance along the road. Not so his son, a lazy, dirty rascal, who has given us every reason to remember him by a performance he went through every evening, when the flag was lowered

for the night, seizing it, if he thought himself unobserved, as it reached the ground, and sneezing into its folds, or otherwise employing it as a handkerchief.

There is not much to record about the march to Luagala. The country is level as a billiard-table, but the vegetation is far finer than on the southern side of the plateau. For two days the road passes through a splendid forest of large trees; human settlements, and the horrible scrubby bush inseparable from them being entirely absent. Shortly before we reach Luagala (which has a *boma* garrisoned by half a company and commanded by a lieutenant in the Imperial Army), the country becomes more hilly, and presents a curious aspect. As far as the eye can see extend groves of mangoes, loaded with fruit; but not a soul is visible, nothing but charred ruins of huts here and there. This is the former domain of Machemba, that remarkable Yao chieftain who, like the famous Mirambo in Unyanyembe, was able, by the prestige of his name to gather bands of daring spirits round him, tyrannize over the whole Makonde plateau, and even offer effective resistance to the German troops. The battlefields where he encountered them are still shown to the traveller. About ten years ago, however, Machemba preferred to leave the German territory, and has since lived on the other side of the Rovuma, almost in sight of Nchichira, terrifying the Portuguese for a change. The old warrior must have been an excellent organizer in more ways than one; a stupid man would never have thought of introducing this cultivation on the sandy soil of this particular part of the plateau. Luagala may be well situated from a strategic point of view, but as regards its water supply, it is worse off than any Makonde hamlet. At present all the drinking water has to be fetched from a place twelve or fifteen miles away.

After the long and elaborate dinner with which Lieutenant Spiegel, in the joy of his heart at receiving a European, welcomed us, it was a pleasure on starting once more, to walk through the cool shade of the forest. The road sloped gently downwards for some time—then the incline became steeper, and at last the caravan had to climb down an almost vertical declivity to the Kiheru—a little stream of crystal clearness. Such water is so rare in East Africa that in my

delight I had already filled my cup and was lifting it to my lips, when Hemedi Maranga stopped me, saying, "*Chungu, Bwana*" ("It is bitter, sir").

Saidi Kapote is already a typical lowland settlement, consisting of scattered, rectangular houses of some size, with saddle-ridged, thatched roofs. It suffers as much from the evening gale as the other villages at the foot of the hills. Hitherto the march down to the coast has resembled an obstacle-race, as, owing to the trouble with the carriers already mentioned, we have every morning been late in starting. Here, too, the Makonde engaged yesterday have vanished without leaving a trace, and though the headman is able to supply some men for the most important loads, we must leave behind those less urgently needed, and trust to his promise to send them on after us.

The last march but one begins. We are steadily advancing eastward, along the parallel ranges which stretch in endless monotony between the Kiheru and the Lukuledi. The caravan is now very numerous, consisting of over a hundred persons, and in the sandy soil, which here makes very heavy walking, the line straggles out to such a length that both ends are never in sight at once. However, we press onward untiringly, hour after hour. At the Lukuledi we take a short rest; then on again. At last, about the middle of the afternoon, after marching more than eight hours, we camp among extensive palm and mango groves, a short hour's walk west of Mrweka. Everyone is quite worn out—too tired to put one foot before the other; but even the stupidest boy in attendance on the soldiers tosses uneasily in his dreams—for we shall be at Lindi to-morrow, and he is looking forward to the splendour and the enjoyments of this metropolis.

Under the star-spangled tropic sky my brave fellows fall in for the last time, and for the last time the noise of the caravan getting under way disturbs the silence of the bush on the other side of the deep ravine in which the Lukuledi flows. In the Indian quarter of Mrweka, sleepy men, women with nose-rings, and gaudily dressed babies start up in affright, when the discordant sounds of the horns blown by my expedition reach their ears. It is quickly growing lighter, when a khaki-clad figure seizes my mule's bridle: it is Herr Linder, the

GREAT NGOMA DANCE IN THE BOMA AT MAHUTA.

excellent agricultural inspector, who was the last European to say good-bye to me at Ruaha, and is now the first to welcome me back. His presence here is a consequence of the boom at Lindi, as he is engaged in surveying some new plantation or other. We are off again at a rapid pace, down a slightly inclined slope to the left; the head of the line stops, those coming up behind him crowd on each other's heels; and, on riding up to see what is the matter, I find that a broad creek bars the way. Being a stranger to the country, I must in this case be guided by my men. These, lifting their clothes as high as their shoulders, have waded slowly into the water. My mule resists a little out of sheer affectation, but soon jogs on bravely after the rest. All reach the other side without mishap, and, after a short pause to get the whole party together again, we start in double-quick time for Ngurumahamba, which is flooded by the springtide, the water having almost penetrated into the houses.

We have done with the wilderness. The road, still unfinished in July, is now in its complete state a masterpiece of engineering: it only wants a few motor cars to be a perfect picture of twentieth-century civilization. The last halt of any length is at the foot of Kitulo, where Knudsen insists on taking a photograph of me with a huge *baobab* as background, on the ground that I ought to be handed down to posterity in the garb of an African explorer. My men in the meantime have been smartening themselves up; and, very picturesquely grouped among the bales and boxes, they are scrubbing away at their teeth, which, as it is, could scarcely be whiter, with a zeal which one would be only too glad to see among some of our own compatriots. The tooth-brush (*mswaki*) used by these natives, is a piece of very fibrous wood, about eight inches long, and as thick as one's thumb, which penetrates into every cranny of the teeth without injuring the enamel, and looks, when in use, like an enormous cigar. It performs its work well and is free from objection on the score of hygiene, especially as, a new one being always easily procurable, it need never remain in use too long.

I have just reached the top of Kitulo, and am looking back for the last time on that part of interior Africa in which I, too, have now by hard work won the right to be called an explorer,

when Omari, the cook, comes panting and puffing up the hill, and roars at me as soon as he comes in sight, "*Ndege amekwenda!*" ("The bird has got away!"). In fact, the cage which for some weeks past had contained a brightly-coloured little bird—a kind of siskin—is now empty; a loose bar shows how he gained his freedom. How pleasantly, all

MY ESCORT CLEANING THEIR TEETH

these weeks, his song has enlivened the hot, dusty rest-houses in which we have been living, and made them a little more home-like; and how grateful he always was for the few heads of millet which sufficed for his keep. Now, he is off, just at the moment when I was wondering what to do with my little friend, knowing that he was not likely to thrive in the cold northern winter, and doubting whether I could safely entrust him to the first European I came across. His escape at this moment has cut the knot.

In close order, the soldiers in section-column, the Imperial Service flag unfurled to the fresh sea-breeze, we march into Lindi. My carriers are strangers to the place, and therefore the cries of the women, which usually greet every caravan making its entry, are few and far between. Smartly my soldiers wheel into the *boma* square, and there, as I am dismounting, stiff with the long ride, I see the first white man approach; he greets me pleasantly and seems honestly pleased

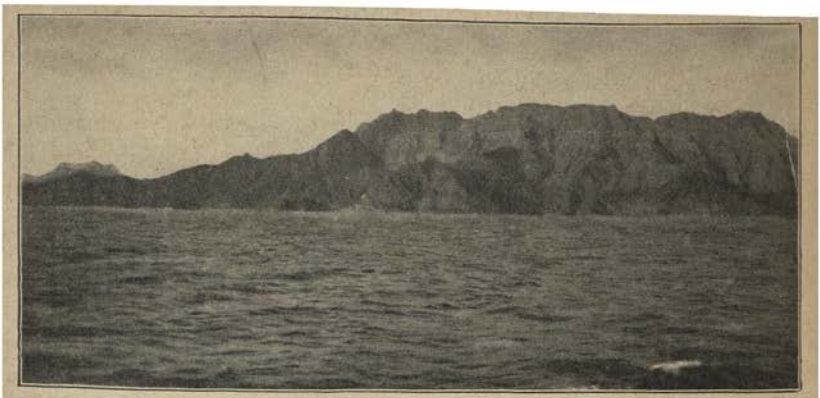
to see me. A second comes up. "Good gracious! how ill you look! And as for that mule of yours, if it doesn't croak before the day is out I'll be shot, but you'll have to pay for it all the same!" My illusions are rudely shattered. I turn away and beckon to the corporal, who has been standing a little apart, in correct military attitude, to come nearer. "You have been good soldiers, and you, Hemedi Maranga, the best of all. I am going to make a big feast for you. But now you can go home to your wives." I shook hands with him, he gave the word of command, and the next moment the twelve had disappeared into the barrack-yard, while I went on to my old quarters. Knudsen is right; after all, it is better among the Washenzi.

I did not see much of my carriers in their few remaining days at Lindi, but I heard the more. Now their hour has come: the *Kaiser Wilhelm* is swinging at anchor out yonder on the river, and will start to-morrow at daybreak. My men are to go on board this evening at sunset. I have ordered them to be in front of the post-office (where I am living in a modest room on the upper floor) at half-past five, thinking it best to see them as far as the harbour myself. The appointed time has come, but not a carrier is to be seen. I wait till a quarter to six, and am becoming somewhat uneasy, when I am aware of the gradual approach of so frightful a din that there cannot be the slightest doubt as to who is causing it. But have the twenty-four been suddenly multiplied by three? A closely-packed crowd roars and surges in the square beneath me; the bass voices of the men, the shrill, vibrating cries of the women make up a pandemonium of sound; but no disorderly actions take place—in fact I had not expected any. The crowd follows me in a confused mass for the few hundred paces down to the harbour, where the ferry-boat is waiting. "*Bwana*, I would rather stay here," says Kazi Ulaya, the handsome, with a tender look at the fair one beside him. "Do what thy heart prompts, my son," I reply mildly. "And this is my boy, sir," says Pesa mbili II, of Manyema, who has by this time recovered his plumpness. But he refrains from introducing to me the *bibi*, who, in some embarrassment, is hiding behind his broad back.

"Now sing those fine songs of yours once more."

The men are standing round me in a serried circle. "*Kuya mapunda*" goes very well; the pleasing melody rises in full volume of sound above the voice of the rushing Lukuledi. In "*Dasige Murumba*," too, the singers acquit themselves fairly well; but when the standard song, "*Yooh nderule*" begins, the circle seems full of gaps, and my eye can distinguish in the twilight various couples scattered here and there among the bushes by the bank. "Ah! farewell scenes," I think to myself, but soon perceive that I am mistaken; no tender sentiments are being discussed, but my matter-of-fact fellows are throwing themselves like wolves on the last repast prepared for them by loving hands before the voyage. I wish them, *sotto voce*, a good appetite, and make a note of the fact that the heart of the native, like that of the European, can be reached through his stomach.

The ferryman shouts impatiently to hurry them up, and I drive the unattached contingent of the singers down into the shallow water. Splashing and laughing they wade towards the boat; the darkness has come on rapidly, and I can only just distinguish the white figures as they clamber on board. "*Yooh nderule, yooh nderule, bwana mkubwa nderule*"—the familiar sounds, long drawn out, ring over the water in Pesa mbili's voice—"*kuba sumba na wogi nderulewa, yooh nderule*"—the chorus dies away. The boat has disappeared in the darkness, and I turn my steps towards the mess-room, and the principal meal of the day, where I am once more claimed by civilization. The Weule Expedition is at an end.



ENTERING THE RED SEA

## CHAPTER XIX

### FROM LINDI TO TANGA

ON BOARD THE SS. *König*, IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, OFF THE MOUTHS OF THE NILE, January 20, 1907.

A FEW hours ago, in losing sight of the palms of Port Said, we left the last of Africa behind us. The flat, sandy shore of the Egyptian Delta has now vanished from our view, and a grey waste of waters lies before the vessel as she fights her way with increasing difficulty against the rising north-west gale. The Mediterranean in winter is not inviting. No trace in reality of the ever-cloudless sky we have been taught to look for; and Captain Scharf, who certainly ought to know, says that he has never experienced any other weather here at this time of year. This season is always cold and stormy, forming no pleasant transition between the delightful temperature of the Red Sea in winter and the sub-Arctic climate of the Atlantic and the North Sea. We shall have to steam along the coast of Crete and to pass close enough to the southern extremity of Greece, to catch sight of the snow-covered peaks of the Spartan mountains; so much does the head-wind retard the course of our broad-bowed, somewhat old-fashioned boat, which, for a first-class steamer, makes wonderfully little way. The traveller has all the more leisure to retire, in the comfortable smoking-saloon, into the solitude of his own

thoughts, and take stock of all that he has seen, heard and learnt in the last nine months.

The evening of the 2nd of December passed very pleasantly on board the *Kanzler* in Lindi roadstead. One could scarcely make out where so many white-clad Europeans came from, all at once. One of the passengers attributed this influx to the iced Pilsener which Ewerbeck and I lavished in unlimited quantities in the high spirits of departure ; but this suggestion is scarcely to be taken seriously. The presence of a German steamer in the harbour is in these latitudes always a festival, celebrated by most people whenever it comes round. And quite rightly so, for nothing is more deadening than the monotony of workaday life in Africa.

The trip which had taken the *Rufiji* three days of hard work was performed by the swift *Kanzler* in one day. Early on the morning of the fourth, Ewerbeck and I landed at Dar es Salam : Ewerbeck, in order to take his final leave of the Protectorate, and I, to give account to the Government of the financial and administrative side of my expedition. For a new-comer like myself a change of place made no difference ; but the Imperial District Commissioner was visibly moved by sad and serious thoughts. He had spent the best part of his life, over fifteen years, in the development of this very part of German East Africa ; and, in such a case, a man does not leave the scene of his labours with a light heart.

Dar es Salam was still more delightful than in June. At this time of year it abounds in mangoes of every size and every variety. The mango-tree was long ago imported from India, and is now found wherever Indians are settled in East Africa, whether in British, German, or Portuguese territory. It is certainly a pleasanter immigrant than the low-caste Indian ; it somewhat resembles our linden tree in its mode of growth, and gives a pleasant look of home to a settlement. The fruit, sometimes as large as a child's head, is served on ice at every meal, and is almost equal in flavour to the pine-apple.

Into this pleasant, easy life the news of the events of December 13th came like a bolt from the blue. An excellent hotel, the " Kaiserhof," had been opened just before my return to Dar es Salam, and I had the great pleasure of being one of its first guests. We were almost suffocated with comfort :

electric light, a broad, shady verandah outside every room, a comfortable bath-room attached to each apartment, and a more than luxurious table were, together, almost too much of a good thing, after our lean months in the bush. Fortunately, however, man becomes accustomed to every thing, even to good living.

THE AUTHOR IN BUSH COSTUME

I have seldom seen so many long faces as in those days, when the news of the sudden dissolution of the Reichstag burst like a bomb in the comfortable, well-to-do official circles of the town. It seemed as though every single European, down to the lowest subordinate, had been personally affected by the event; all the mess-rooms were loud with the dismal prognostications of the croakers as to the black future —or rather the want of any future — before the colony, whose inglorious end seemed placed beyond doubt, as each of us foresaw that the General Election in January would admit at least a hundred Socialists to the Reichstag. "And of course it is all up with the railways," was the stereotyped refrain of all these lamentations, which the mourners duly drowned in a sea of whisky and soda. Personally I am convinced that things will not be as bad as that, but that the next Reichstag will show at least as much feeling for the colonies as its predecessor, or, indeed, it is to be hoped, still more. On January 25th our steamer is to arrive at Genoa; on that date the elections will be over, and on the following day we shall be able to get a general survey of the results, and form some idea as to the fate of our colonies in the immediate future.

I left Dar es Salam on December 20th by the *Admiral*, a splendid boat, almost new, and rolling far less even than the

*Prinzregent*. It was also more comfortable than the latter; it was no wonder, therefore, that all the cabins were full. We had still more English on board than in the spring; many from Cape Town, and still more from Johannesburg. Accordingly, the prevailing style of dress was noticeably luxurious. This time I was able to go ashore at Tanga, and even see something of the Usambara railway. Captain Doherr, with his usual foresight, had (probably remembering the managerial functions which he had been called upon to perform a few months previously, in the service of the eight Deputies) arranged for a special train to be ready for the passengers, or at least for such as wished to avail themselves of it. With this we made the run to Muhesa, where the expedition was brought to a halt by means of enormous dishes of sandwiches and trays of whiskies and sodas. Something is really being done in the north-east of the colony, as one can see even from the train; it is true that not all the land is yet under cultivation, but every bit of it is already in the hands of a permanent owner, even far beyond the rail-head.

There were grand doings at Tanga in the evening. This town enjoys a whole series of advantages. In the first place, it is the nearest to the mother-country of all our East African ports, and thus constitutes the gateway to the colony. In the second place, the harbour is tolerably good; the bay, indeed, is not land-locked to the same extent as that of Dar es Salam, but, like the latter, it has sufficient anchorage within a short distance of the shore. The most important point, however, is its nearness to Usambara, the choicest part of our territory as regards climate and soil. Usambara has but one fault: it is not large enough to accommodate all would-be settlers. It is said that even now the available land has been allotted, and there is no chance for later applicants. Many of these are now staying at Tanga, or on their way south to seek new fields for their energies: in fact, the boom at Lindi was in great part caused by the congestion in the north. The economic centre of gravity, therefore, for our whole colonial activity lies at present in this north-eastern district. This, by the bye, is evident from the whole aspect of European life at Tanga. After passing many months on end in the Usambara mountains, with no opportunities for social

intercourse, the planter suddenly feels the need of society, and in a few hours' time we may behold him seated in the club at Tanga.

Where there are Germans, there is also music. Dar es Salam enjoys the advantage of two bands—that of the sailors from the two cruisers, and that of the *askari*. Both are under official patronage, but I cannot say much for the proficiency of the native performers: in any case, their music was accompanied by a great deal of noise. At Tanga it is not in economic matters only that the residents assert their independence —even the Boys' Band of that town is a purely private enterprise. Tanga is a scholastic centre *par excellence*, hundreds of native children being instructed in the elements of European knowledge and initiated into the mysteries of the German tongue, which, indeed, one finds that all the little black imps can speak after a fashion. The more intelligent, in whom their teachers discover, or think they discover, any musical gift, are admitted to the famous Boys' Band. This is just now in excellent training. When the passengers from the *Admiral* presented themselves in the evening on the square in front of the Club, the band turned out to welcome them, and the playing was really remarkably good.

# CHAPTER XX

## RETROSPECT

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE RED SEA.

CHRISTMAS and New Year's Eve were passed at sea, with the usual festivities; the latter, on which the dancing was kept up with equal enthusiasm and energy by German and English passengers, was also the eve of our arrival at Suez.

About noon on the first day of January, 1907, I set foot on the soil of Egypt, which I have only just left, after a stay of nearly three weeks. I had a great desire to study the relics of ancient Egyptian culture on the spot, and therefore left Cairo and its neighbourhood as speedily as possible for Upper Egypt—Luxor, Karnak and Deir el Bahri. From a climatic point of view, also, Cairo was not well adapted for an intermediate station between the tropics and the winter of Northern Europe. One after another of our passengers remaining behind for a tour in Egypt became indisposed. Some, therefore, took the next boat for Germany, arguing that their colds "would cost less at home," while others made off up the Nile by *train de luxe*, in order to accustom themselves slowly and carefully in the glorious desert air of Assuan to the sub-arctic climate of Ulaya.

The Assuan dam is historically a piece of Vandalism, technically a meritorious piece of engineering, economically a truly great achievement. The narrow-gauge railway winds up the Nile in sharp curves between Luxor and Assuan. Sometimes the Nile flows in immediate proximity to the track—sometimes there is a narrow strip of alluvial level between the sacred stream and the new unholy iron road. All this time one is oppressed by the narrowness of the country; it seems as if the first high wind must blow the sand right across it and bury it altogether. Suddenly the bare hills on the left retreat: a wide plain opens out before us, only bounded in the far distance by the sharp contours of the hills in the Arabian Desert. The plain itself, too, is a desert—but how long will it remain so? Turn to the right and consider the great block of buildings which meets your eye. It is neither Egyptian nor

Arabian, there is none of the dirt of Fellah barbarism about it; on the contrary, it represents the purest Anglo-American factory style. The tall chimney crowning the whole, and emitting a dense cloud of smoke, forms an incongruous contrast with its surroundings—the silver Nile with its border of green fields, running like a ribbon across the boundless sands of the desert to east and west. Look before you at the straight canal crossing the plain and lost to sight in the distance and the ditches and channels by which it distributes the Nile water in all directions, with perfect regularity. The building is a pumping-station, established to restore the desert plain by irrigation to its former fertility. Now it is still perfectly bare: in a few months' time, it will be a sea of waving corn with stalks bearing fruit a hundredfold.

The economic exploitation of the Upper Nile Valley is an example which ought to be followed by our own colonial administration. Without a resolute purpose, without capital, and without accurate knowledge of the country and its resources, even that English or American company could do nothing. We need all three factors, if we want to make any progress, whether in Eastern or in South-Western Africa, in Kamerun or in Togo. There is only one small point of difference—the alluvial soil of the Nile Valley, accumulated through many myriads of years needs nothing but irrigation to once more make it into arable soil of the first quality. The Nile, wisely regulated, is the magic wand which will, almost instantaneously, change the desert into a fruitful field. This transforming agency is absent in the bush and steppes of German East Africa. It is true that that country possesses numerous streams, but at present their volume of water is subject to no regulation, and none of them is navigable on the same imposing scale as the Nile. In the course of years, no doubt, the Pangani will become an artery of traffic, as also the Rufiji, and perhaps our frontier stream, the Rovuma; but it will not be within the lifetime of the present generation.

The soil of German East Africa, too, cannot be compared with that of Egypt; it is no alluvial deposit, rich in humus, but in general a tolerably poor one, produced by the weathering of the outcropping rocks and not to be rendered fertile by moisture alone. Nevertheless, so far as I am able to judge,

the water question remains the cardinal one in our colonial agriculture. At Saadani they have begun at once to do things on the grand scale, breaking up large areas with steam-ploughs, in the hope that wholesale cotton cultivation may put an end to the American monopoly. So far this is very good; the temperature is favourable, and the soil quite suitable for such a crop. One factor only is uncertain: German East Africa, like India, is never able to reckon on a normal amount of atmospheric moisture—and, if the rains fail, what then?

The Dark Continent has often been compared to an inverted plate. The land slopes gently upwards from the sea-shore, the angle of inclination gradually becoming greater, till we have a bordering range of mountains of considerable height. But it is only as seen from the coast that this range can be said to have a mountainous character; once he has crossed it, the traveller finds that, as on the heights of the Harz or the Rhenish slate mountains, he is on a plain almost level with its summit. To carry out the comparison with the plate, we may say that he has now crossed the narrow ledge at the bottom, and is now walking over the horizontal surface within that ledge.

This peculiar conformation has to be taken into account by those engaged in developing our colonies, *i.e.*, in the first place, it is responsible for the fact that the rivers are navigable only to a very slight degree, if at all. In the second place, the greater part of the rainfall is precipitated on the seaward slope of the range, while its other side is almost rainless, which accounts for the arid character of Ugogo and the neighbouring districts. Yet the greater part even of this interior has a soil on which any crops which can be cultivated at all in Equatorial Africa are well able to thrive. The planter there is fortunate in being able to count on the vivifying influence of the tropical sun, which, throughout the year, conjures flourishing fields out of the merest sand. In the south I was able, day after day, to convince myself of the truth of this assertion.

The South has hitherto been the Cinderella of our colonial districts, and I fear it is likely to remain so. The prejudice as to its barrenness has deterred both official and private enterprise. It is true that neither the Mwera Plateau nor the Makonde highlands, nor the wide plains extending behind

these two upland areas, between the Rovuma in the south and the Mbemkuru or the Rufiji in the north, can be called fertile. Sand and loam, loam and sand, in the one case, and quartz detritus in the other, are the dominant note of the whole. Yet we have absolutely no reason to despair of this country, for if the native can make a living out of the soil, without manuring and with none of the appliances of our highly-developed intensive farming—if this same native is in a position to export an appreciable fraction of his produce in the shape of sesamum, ground-nuts, rubber, wax, cereals and pulse—it would surely be strange if the white man could not make much more out of the same ground.

One thing, indeed, must never be forgotten: neither this district nor Africa in general is a *pays de Cocagne* where roast pigeons will fly of their own accord into people's mouths; work, unceasing, strenuous work, is just as much an indispensable condition of progress as in less happy climates. We have had sufficient opportunity to observe and appreciate this persevering industry in the case of the Makonde, the Yaos, and the Makua. And we may be sure of one thing, that the European planter, whether in the north or the south, on the coast or in the interior, will not have a much easier time than these people. That, however, will do him no harm; on the contrary, the harder the struggle for existence, the more vigorous has been the development of a colony throughout the whole course of human history. The United States of to-day are the standing proof of this assertion; the South African colonies, now developing in a most satisfactory manner, speak no less clearly, and other cases in point might easily be adduced.

The waves are running higher, the *König* having more breadth of beam than depth, does not roll, but cannot help shipping more seas than she would like. Ought I, in face of this grand spectacle, to let myself be absorbed in useless forecasts of the future? My friend Hiram Rhodes's taunt about "political childhood" was cruel—yet there was some truth in it, and not as regards the Zanzibar treaty only. We Germans have begun colonizing three hundred years later than other nations, and yet Dick, Tom and Harry are raising an outcry because our colonies, acquired fully twenty years ago, do not yet produce a surplus. The honest fellows think

that "South-West" alone ought to be in a position to relieve them from the necessity of paying any taxes whatever. One could tear one's hair at such folly and such utter lack of the historic sense. Most books are printed in Germany—none are bought, and but few read there. Among these few we can scarcely include any works on colonial history, otherwise it would be impossible that even colonial experts should know so little of those thousand conflicts, difficulties and reverses experienced to their cost by the English in India, in the South Seas, in Africa, and in America, and which over and over again might well have disgusted the Dutch, the Spaniards, and the Portuguese with their extensive colonial possessions. Unconsciously influenced by the wealth of England and the affluence of Holland, both in great part arising from their foreign possessions, we are apt to forget that three centuries are a period fifteen times as long as our own colonial era, and that at least ten generations of English and Dutch have won by hard, unceasing work what we expect to receive without effort on our part. I am firmly convinced that we shall never learn to appreciate our really splendid possessions till a more thorough system of instruction has supplied the want above referred to—doubly inexcusable in a nation whose intellectual pre-eminence is everywhere acknowledged.

Such historic sense is to be gained by putting two kinds of capital into the colonies—the blood shed for their preservation and development, and the hard cash spent on the utilization of their resources.

To illustrate the extent of the British Colonial Empire and its distribution throughout the world, it is often pointed out that the mother country is seldom without a colonial war of some kind. This is true in the present, and it has also been true in the past: England has in fact always had to fight for her dominions beyond sea. Undoubtedly, this three hundred years' struggle for possession, which, under her special circumstances has often been for England a struggle for existence, is the principal ground for the peculiarly close and intimate relation between the mother country and the daughter states. Hardly a family but has dear ones buried in Indian or African soil. This fact at first attaches to the country a painful interest, which very soon gives rise to an interest of

another sort. The truth of this doctrine has been illustrated in the saddest way for us by the sanguinary war in South Western Africa.

The other kind of capital—the monetary—cannot be discussed in the case of our colonies without touching on the railway question. What complaints have been made of the invincible reluctance of German capitalists to engage in colonial undertakings! I am not myself a wealthy man, but, if I had a million to lose, I should nevertheless hesitate before investing it in a country without means of communication, being entirely devoid of natural ones, while artificial ones are as yet only in the elementary stage. At home, every one is now expecting great things from the new driver of our colonial chariot. Herr Dernburg is a trained financier, and he, perhaps, can succeed where others have failed—in the completion of the great railway system projected long ago, and in procuring the no less necessary financial resources.

Lastly, the native is not without an important bearing on the future of our East African colony. As an ethnographer, I am in a better position to form an opinion about him than with respect to other questions, in which the outsider like myself has only common sense to guide him. The black man is pronounced by some, "an untrained child;" by others, "utterly depraved and incurably lazy." There is yet a third party who are inclined to leave him at least one or two small virtues, but these are steadily shouted down. It is true that the native population of the Coast towns have a horror of any serious work, and look down on it as a lowering of themselves; but I think we may be permitted to entertain a better opinion as to the great mass of the people in German East Africa. The most numerous tribe in the whole colony are the Wanyamwezi, who are estimated at about four million souls, and occupy the whole central area east of the Great Rift Valley. No one has yet ventured to doubt their industry or their capacity for progress; they are excellent agriculturists, and at the same time they were, for a whole century, the mainstay of the caravan trade between the coast and the heart of the continent. Before long this traffic must in the nature of things cease, but we have no right to suppose that the Wanyamwezi will therefore become superfluous. A glance over the reports of the

Uganda Railway will show us how fortunate we are in possessing such an element in the social structure as this vigorous tribe. Let us then be wise enough to encourage and develop this economic force for the native's own benefit, and above all to get the full advantage of it ourselves. What is true of the Wanyamwezi is also true of many other tribes. Even now, I cannot forget the impression made on me by the high average of the farming which I saw among my friends in the Rovuma Valley. People who, however often they have been displaced, still cling so firmly to the soil, must certainly have great potentialities for good, or all the teachings of racial psychology and history are falsified. This unexpectedly high stage of culture can only be explained by an evolution extending over a period of incalculable length. There is nothing to disprove the great antiquity of agriculture among the Bantu; they are conservative, as their continent is conservative; the few alien elements still in the economic stage of the collector and hunter—the Bushmen in the most arid parts of the south, and the Pygmies in the most inaccessible forests of Central and West Africa—must have been crowded out by them many centuries ago.

The farming of our natives is done entirely with the hoe—that implement-of-all-work, with the heavy transverse blade which serves alike for breaking up and cleaning the ground, for sowing the crops, and, to a certain extent, for reaping them. We are too much inclined to think of this mode of cultivation as something primitive and inferior, and, in fact, in so far as it dispenses with domestic animals, whether for work or for the supply of manure, it is really very far behind-hand. But we must also take into account that some parts of our colonies are infested with the tsetse-fly, and that the system of cultivating narrow strips of ground entirely with the hoe really marks a very high stage of farming. The best proof of this is the retention of the narrow bed in our gardens, where the cultivation can scarcely be said to be of a more elementary description than that of our fields. It is significant, too, that for the more intensive forms of culture when carried on in the open fields, *e.g.*, flower-growing, as near Erfurt, Quedlinburg, Haarlem, etc., and market-gardening as in the neighbourhood of Brunswick, Hanover, Mainz, and other large

towns, the long, narrow bed is most in favour. Moreover, it is difficult to see how the native could cope with the weeds—the principal danger to his crops—were it not that his narrow beds are easily reached from all sides.

The native mode of agriculture, therefore, need not be interfered with: it has been tested and found excellent.

Another question is, how shall we, on this basis, make our black fellow-subjects useful to ourselves? In my opinion, there are two ways, as to both of which the *pros* and *cons* are about equal. Both have been in operation for some time, so that we have a standard to guide us in forecasting the ultimate development of the whole colony. In the one, the native is not encouraged to advance in his own home and on his own holding, but is trained as a labourer on the plantation of a European master—plantations being laid out wherever suitable soil and tolerable climate promise a good return for outlay. The other method has the progress of the native himself in view, and aims at increasing his economic productivity by multiplying and improving the crops grown by him on his own account, teaching him new wants and at the same time increasing his purchasing power. In this way it is hoped that he will exchange his exports for ours.

The future must show whether the German people will decide for one of these ways to the exclusion of the other, or whether, as heretofore, both will be retained. For the mother country their value is about equal and depends on the degree of activity shown in colonial affairs as a whole. But the second is decidedly to the advantage of the native himself. As a plantation labourer he is and remains a *mshenzi*; as a peasant proprietor he is able to advance. At the same time we must not forget that our colonies were founded in the expectation of providing homes for our surplus population, and that if the native is to claim the most fertile parts of his own country for himself, nothing can come of that *ver sacrum*. It also depends on the general direction of our policy whether the numerical increase and physical improvement of the native are to our interest or not. Some primitive peoples have almost or entirely disappeared under the influence of civilization; the Tasmanians belong to history; the Maoris of New Zealand and the Kanakas of Hawaii are rapidly diminishing, and we

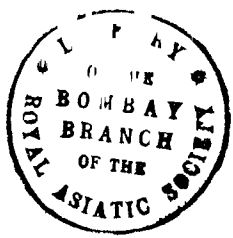
have lately heard of the last Vedda in Ceylon. The negro race does not belong to these candidates for extinction; on the contrary, wherever it has come in contact with the white, it has grown stronger in every respect; there is therefore no fear of its dying out. But shall we go further and, by artificial selection, deliberately raise their coefficient of multiplication? Certainly we ought to do so, for a numerous resident population is under all circumstances a benefit to us. It solves the labour problem for the planter, and, on the other hand, the European manufacturer and merchant will, of course, prefer a large number of customers to a small one. How is this improvement to be initiated? I have nothing further to add to the remarks which, *à propos* of the various diseases and other scourges of this continent, occur in the preceding pages.

In Europe some people are stupid, others of moderate capacity, and yet others decidedly clever. The huge lip-ornaments of the Makonde and Makua women sometimes produce the impression of a simian type of face, and small boys occasionally suggest by their features a not remote kinship with the missing link, but this exhausts the list of excuses I could have alleged for looking down from a superior height on the people in question. In all the months spent among the natives of the Rovuma Valley, I never discovered any reason why we should, as we are so fond of doing, associate the idea of absurdity with the African. On the contrary, the behaviour, not only of the elders, but of the liveliest of the young people in their intercourse with Knudsen and myself, was characterized by a quiet dignity which might well have served as an example to many a European of similar social position. My personal experiences will not allow me to believe in the dogma of the negro's incapacity for development. It cannot be denied that he has achieved a certain intellectual progress, even in North America, though the obstacles there are greater than the facilities. Why, therefore, should he not rise, as soon as the opportunity is offered to him in such a way that he can take advantage of it? Only we must not expect this advance to take place overnight, any more than we can expect a rapidity of economic progress at variance with every law of historical probability.

It is now quite dark; the boat must have changed her

course, for the gale no longer meets us in front, but comes from the port side, so that no doubt we are approaching Crete. To-morrow, or the day after, we shall pass the coast of Greece. I must confess that I am looking forward to a sight of this country, though I do not regard its classic age with the same unbounded and uncritical enthusiasm as many of our countrymen, to whom the ancient Greek is the embodiment of all historical and cultural virtues. One thing only even the blackest envy cannot deny to the Hellenes of old—a courage in colonial enterprise which we should do well to imitate both now and in the future.

This future is still shrouded in mystery. Will our East African colony become a second India? I do not doubt for a moment that it will, and my mind's eye sees the whole country traversed by railway lines. One of these follows the old caravan road from the coast to Tanganyika. The iron horse has superseded the old carrier-transport, and the clattering train now bears the carriers themselves, as well as bulky goods which could never have been put on the market under the old system. One line runs to the Victoria Nyanza and another to distant Nyasa; we are able to link up with the British network of railways in South Africa, with the communications of the Congo State, with the Nile Valley. Thirty years ago Stanley's march to the Lake Region and his boat-voyage down the Congo were epoch-making achievements. We of to-day may perhaps live to make the trip by *train de luxe* from the Cape to Cairo, and from Dar es Salam to Kamerun.


BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

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